

The Australian

Over 830,000 Copies Sold Every Week

Women's Weekly

June 14, 1967

PRICE

15c

New Zealand 1/6 (15c)
New Guinea 33c
Malaysia \$1.00


Printed in Australia for
distribution by post as a
newspaper.

16-page cook book
LOVELY HOT PUDDINGS

Long first instalment
"IT'S AN OLD COUNTRY"
By J. B. Priestley

INSPIRING DIET ADVICE
By Dr. T. I. Rubin

Readers' stories
**MOTHERS WHO
WORK BECAUSE
THEY MUST**



PAPER makes anything from a caftan
to a wedding dress — see pages 2, 16, 17

Overseas prices of The Australian Women's Weekly: New Guinea, 33c; New Zealand, 1/6; Malaysia, \$1.00 (Malaysian currency).

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088 WW, G.P.O.

Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.

Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409F, G.P.O.

Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.

Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 421G, G.P.O.

Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

Printed by Compres Printing Ltd., of 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney, at 61-63 O'Hara St., Alexandria, for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., of 168-174 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

JUNE 14, 1967

Vol. 35, No. 3

OUR COVER

● This elegant striped caftan is made of paper—the popular new “non-woven fabric” on the high fashion scene in America. Everyone's wearing paper (the Duchess of Windsor has a paper caftan), and the clothes range from bikinis to wedding dresses... see pages 16 and 17. Cover picture by Bill Wilson, of our New York staff.

CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES

- London's Party of the Year . . . 4, 5
- Mario of the Caprice . . . 20, 21
- How to Boost Your Diet . . . 28, 29
- Will-power, Dr. T. I. Rubin . . . 28, 29
- 50 LOVELY HOT PUDDINGS . . . Centre lift-out

REGULAR FEATURES

- Social . . . 10, 11
- TV Parade . . . 15
- Australian Almanac . . . 19
- Compact . . . 23
- Letter Box, Dorothy Drain, Ross Campbell . . . 33
- Teenagers' Weekly . . . 35-37
- Stars . . . 40
- House of the Week . . . 45
- Mandrake, Crossword . . . 67

FICTION

- Early One Morning, C. Turner . . . 51
- It's An Old Country (Serial—Part 1), J. B. Priestley . . . 53
- No Special Talent, Dorothy M. Rose . . . 57

FASHION

- Patterns for Party Dresses . . . 24, 25
- Dress Sense, Betty Keep . . . 26
- Needlework Notions . . . 48
- Fashion Frocks . . . 54
- Butterick Patterns . . . 67

HOME AND FAMILY

- Handbags to Make . . . 39
- Readers' Stories . . . 40, 41
- Aboard with Margaret Sydney . . . 43
- Gardening: The Garden in June . . . 47
- Home Hints . . . 48
- Transfer . . . 58
- Prize Recipes . . . 61
- Collectors' Corner . . . 63

They sing songs of the Snowy

● The Settlers three ready to go into action with their songs of the Snowy in the local hotel at Tumut. They are composer Ulick O'Boyle (left), his wife, who sings under the name of Anne Rutherford, and Peter Barry. Anne is wearing what she calls her “early settling lady” outfit—long skirt, lacy blouse, and hair piled up. Ulick is from Ireland; Anne and Peter both came from England.



By
JENNY BOYAN

“Settlers” group turns deeds and dramas of the mountains into music

WHEN bulldozer driver Peter Barry hops on his motor-bike, his guitar strapped on the back, none of the locals at Tumut, N.S.W., pays any attention. They are used to seeing Peter travel up to 300 miles in a week-end just to sing with his friends Ulick O'Boyle and his wife, Anne.

For Ulick, an Irishman, and Anne and Peter, both from England, have formed a swinging group, The Settlers. Unlike many other singing groups, all the songs they sing are original and most are about the places they know best—the Snowy Mountains, the surrounding country, and the hard-working, hard-living people from the area.

The Settlers know the mountains well. Since migrating from England, they have lived and worked there.

In bush hut

Ulick and Anne (who sings under her maiden name of Rutherford) arrived in Australia with children Keiran, now eight, and Shannon, six, five years ago. After a stay in a Sydney hostel they moved to the Snowy.

“We lived in a bush hut at Corryong,” said Anne. “It was marvellous, no water, no electricity, nothing—we really felt like early settlers.”

At Corryong, Ulick worked as a first-aid man.

Before he married Anne, he had spent five years in the Royal Army Medical Corps and two years in Canada as a radiographer with the Department of Health.

After Corryong, the O'Boyles moved to Albury.

“In Albury I had another baby, Conn-Patrick, now three, and Ulick wrote a radio serial, ‘With Winter-botham Down Under,’ which played on Albury radio for 18 months,” said Anne.

But the pull of the Snowy was too strong. They moved back to the mountains—to Jindabyne—where Ulick started writing the songs The Settlers have put on record. Their album, “Songs of the Snowy Mountains,” was released early this year.

The first track on the record is “Jindabyne Farewell,” sung by Peter. It was written by Ulick after Anne had spent the afternoon talking to one of Jindabyne's old-timers. It is the story of an old man and his nostalgia as he lives to see the flooding of the town where he spent his lifetime and the mighty pine-trees his father had planted fall before the rushing waters of Jindabyne Lake.

This song brought Peter, Anne, and Ulick together.

Peter explained: “A friend, who had heard Anne and Ulick, tried to persuade me to join them, but I had had enough of organised singing groups in England. Then I met Ulick and heard ‘Jindabyne Farewell.’ That was the end of me. Here I am one of The Settlers.”

When The Settlers started they had no thought of a record.

“We sang mainly for the fun of it in the local hotel in Jindabyne,” said Ulick. “Then we taped ourselves and sent the tapes to the Cooma radio station. They were requested by listeners so much that we sent them on an off-chance to a recording company. Our album is the result.”

At present their music is just a hobby with financial benefits, so The Settlers are still working on the Snowy. Ulick is with the Forestry Commission, Anne looks after the children and helps in the hotel, and Peter is driving a bulldozer.

Musical family

“I wrote the songs because I had to, they were in my head, so I put them on paper,” said Ulick.

“We're a musical family. My mother directed a Gaelic choir, one brother played the bagpipes, another the harmonica. Just before our album went on the market, I received a letter from my brother in Ireland telling me that he had just recorded an album of Gaelic songs.”

Although Ulick writes and sings songs and sketches, he is not the thin aesthetic type one expects. He is well-built, with brown hair and blue eyes, his favorite sports being Rugby and boxing. He was the Royal Army Medical Corps middleweight boxing champion in 1949.

Anne is a petite blonde with soft grey-blue eyes.

“I wanted to be an actress,” she told me. “At 15 I won a scholarship to the Atelier School of Acting, and at 17 I went to the London School of Dramatic

Art. It was there I met Ulick. My mother wouldn't let me marry him—he was an Irishman—so we eloped to Gretna Green.”

“That was a disaster,” said Ulick. “We didn't know that Gretna Green marriages had been temporarily banned by the Scottish authorities, so we had to establish three weeks residence in Scotland. Anne's mother and I are good friends now. She just couldn't sanction her daughter marrying an Irishman; nothing personal against me.”

Peter is a lanky 6ft. 6in. with blue eyes. His family had a farm in Lancashire and when he left school he went to an agricultural college. After graduating, he worked on the farm, grabbing every spare minute to play the guitar and sing. He was keen on the thought of a musical career and formed a group, The Barrysters.

“But after a while I got very unsettled, the music world was a grind, so I took myself off to Australia,” he said.

“After landing in Sydney, I went straight to the Snowy Mountains. I bought a guitar and became interested in folksinging, especially Aus-

tralian. I joined Anne and Ulick about 18 months ago.”

The songs of the Snowy Mountains are truly Australian. Listening to them one can almost feel the shouts of the men working on dams and down tunnels, see the towering mountains with their tips of snow, the gums shaking in the breeze, and the rough, craggy rocks of Banjo Paterson's poems.

The men who work on the Snowy, who face death and danger day after day, have made song themes for Ulick.

Tribute to men

“Big Pedro” was a Spaniard with a girl in Spain waiting for him, a man's man, and his loss was felt by all who worked with him.

Another was Olaf Groden, a friend of Ulick's, who died after a bulldozer-operating accident. His story and his tragic death are told in “Dozer Driver Man.”

There are tales of other men, a gambler who has fled the city and his past, an old construction man who has turned to drink but is still convinced he can work with the best of them, and the “Cooma Cavaliers”—tribute to all the men of all the nationalities who work on the scheme.

TOMMY HANLON'S Thought for the week

Momma once said: “I get a laugh out of some of the car advertisements you read nowadays, such as ‘This car will do 160 miles an hour,’ or ‘This car will get up to 60 miles an hour in just five seconds,’ and so on. I have just one question to ask these people—where? You are lucky if you can do five or ten miles an hour on super highways during peak times. As for driving in the city, forget it. But I've figured a way to end traffic congestion.”

MOMMA'S MORAL: “Why don't they sell the parking space and give the cars away?”

BIRTHDAY REUNION FOR FORMER ARCHBISHOP

—Even the Australian Fishers and their children were at the party.

• Lord Fisher, former Archbishop of Canterbury, had triple celebrations this year when he and Lady Fisher celebrated their golden wedding anniversary, followed by an 80th birthday party given by the villagers at Sherborne, Dorset, where they live in retirement.



THE climax, a week later, was a family party when 27 sat down to a champagne luncheon.

This third party was delayed a week waiting for the arrival from Australia of their son Charles and his wife and family. He is headmaster at Scotch College, Adelaide.

Another son, Humphrey, and his wife, Diana, who live in Sydney, were in England on holiday and were at the birthday party, leaving soon afterward for Australia.

"Charles' arrival and Humphrey's departure overlapped by a few days," their mother said. "It is about five years since we were all together. The family began to split up when two of our sons went to Australia."

There were no toasts or speeches at the family birthday party. "It was all just family and fun and wonderful to be together again," Lady Fisher said. "Everyone talked and exchanged news and the grandchildren got to know each other."

Lord Fisher and his Australian grandson, Andrew, baby of the Charles Fisher family of six and born in Adelaide, seemed to take to each other immediately. Andrew scarcely left his grandfather the whole afternoon. "We call him our little 'merino,'" his parents told their father.

"Although the golden wedding party was wonderful and given by long-standing friends and relatives in the Drapers' Hall, and the villagers' party was imaginative, touching, and very gay, our happiest moment was when we had all the children and their children around us," said Lady Fisher.

The family party was held at Wellington College, in Berkshire, where their bachelor son, Frank, is Master.

Golden wedding gifts and birthday presents poured in from all over the world.

"One of the most beautiful is a set of blue enamel plates Charles and Anne brought from Australia," said Lady Fisher.

"Mrs. Geoffrey Dutton, of Adelaide, an artist, made them to their special order. They are very beautiful."

— ANNE MATHESON

RIGHT: Lord and Lady Fisher (seated) with their six sons. They are, from left, the Hons. Geoffrey Robert, a doctor, Charles, Adelaide headmaster of Scotch College, Humphrey, BBC representative for Australia and New Zealand, Henry, a Q.C., Francis, Master of Wellington College, England, and Richard Temple, a master at Repton.



ABOVE: Australian contingent at the party. Standing at back, from left, Diana and Humphrey Fisher and Charles and Anne Fisher. On the sofa are Lady Fisher, Andrew, and Lord Fisher. On the floor, from left, are Penny, Mattie, Tim, Geoffrey, and Jane. The children are Charles' and Anne's.

LEFT: Humphrey and Diana Fisher joined in the children's games during the afternoon.

Pictures by Alec Murray



LONDON'S PARTY OF THE YEAR



● THE HON. ANGUS OGILVY, Princess Alexandra's husband, dancing with Mrs. Evelyn de Rothschild at the champagne charity party that followed the London premiere of "Casino Royale."



ABOVE: Viscountess of Chelsea (left), the former Lady Philippa Wallop, daughter of the Earl of Portsmouth, with the Marchioness of Tavistock. The Marchioness, the former Henrietta Tiarks, daughter of a millionaire banker, was London's deb of the year in 1957 and a model before her marriage to the Duke of Bedford's heir.



LEFT: Bearded James Mason partnered a smiling Yvette Mimieux. The party was to aid mentally handicapped children and the restoration of flood-damaged Florentine art treasures.

RIGHT: Mr. Evelyn de Rothschild with Mrs. Jocelyn Stevens, wife of the publisher of the "Queen" magazine, at whose home Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon stayed for their second honeymoon, in the Bahamas.





PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, elegant in a classic gown, her hair softly styled, smiling as she rose from her table to join other guests on the dance floor at London's party of the year at Claridges.

THE James Bond film "Casino Royale" may not be hailed as the film of the year, but the charity champagne party at Claridges that followed its London premiere will undoubtedly be named the party of the year.

There were many men on the guest list, but it was the women who made the party swing with a vibration that even swinging London had not seen for quite a while. They dazzled in their beauty from the classic grace and elegance of Princess Alexandra to the challenge of film star Yvette Mimieux and the fire of starlet Barbara Bouchet.

The 540 danced until 4.30 a.m. to the music of Confrey Phillips' band and the Troggs, when even the hotel guests were suggesting politely that the party might be regarded as over.



Champagne flowed as guests danced to swinging music until 4.30 a.m.



ABOVE: German-born starlet Barbara Bouchet, who now has a Hollywood contract, was eye-catching in a sparkling dress with skirt split high above the knee as she danced with British actor Richard Johnson. **LEFT:** Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hawkins with film producer Bob Parrish.



***Now Holden does for cars
what Tullo does for clothes!***

Breaks out with the high fashion performance of the year! All-new Holden Torana. The sporty new leader of the lower price field. Steals the show from the look-alike lot with a sleek-bodied beauty all its own. An interior smart and plush as a snappy salon. And nice 'n easy handling that knows just how to behave when there's a lady around. (No need to bother your pretty head about mechanical details but a

special suspension and extra-wide track are two of the reasons why.) Call it class. Call it style. Torana's got it. At a price you won't feel guilty about. Your Holden Dealer is the man to see.

What a beautiful way to go!
The stand-out style of Torana and the Real Girl Look of Tullo. Dress and trousers are in the coming colour — camel!

THE GREAT ESCAPE
Torana
by HOLDEN

They call him MR. MERCY and MR. MIDNIGHT

● American pilot Mert Dula has been given these two names since he began working in the Narrabri district in north-west New South Wales.



MERT DULA and his wife, Lee, at their home in Narrabri, where there's always coffee brewing for Mert when he has finished his hazardous work.



IN HIS flying helmet, Mert Dula is a familiar sight. Once he flew B25 bombers; today he flies single-engined aircraft for crop-dusting and mercy missions.

By DICK WORDLEY

As a crop-duster pilot in Australia with a special permit from the Department of Civil Aviation to fly in the dark, it wasn't long before Mert Dula, from California, U.S.A., was being called "Mr. Midnight."

But doctors, ambulance-men, nurses, and especially the parents of a five-year-old girl in the district often refer to him as "Mr. Mercy."

This 47-year-old pilot, who has logged more than 35,000 flying hours since 1939, is one of the most astonishing residents in the cotton-growing country which the Americans and a new breed of Australian farmers have pioneered around Wee Waa and Narrabri in the north-west of New South Wales.

For six months of the year Mert Dula lives in a small house in Narrabri with his wife, Lee, and a lucky, fostered black cat that no one shoots away.

It is a long haul from the days in China, when Mert flew with the famous Flying Tigers and later was one of the American pilots who in a wave of B25s flew in the first low-level bombing mission over Tokyo in 1944.

Today he flies an aircraft that has only one engine—a little white Piper Pawnee, owned by Nicholson Airways—and he flies it at night at 120 miles an hour, a yard off the ground, dusting crops of cotton with defoliant.

But the sick and the injured cannot fit in the single cockpit of the Pawnee, so for mercy flights Mert uses a Cherokee like the one he flew recently on a rainy night in Wee Waa.

It was an emergency. Five-year-old Debby Baker was seriously ill and if she didn't get immediate hospital treatment it could be fatal.

What had started off with a nose-bleed one Sunday morning became an internal haemorrhage which all the efforts of the doctor at Wee Waa could not check. He told Debby's parents, farmers Mr. and Mrs. Allan Baker, that their daughter must be taken to the Tamworth District Hospital.

Speed was necessary. Already Debby was being given emergency blood transfusions.

It was midnight, it was raining, the roads in places were almost impassable, and Tamworth was 130 miles away.

Ambulance-driver Danny

Lewis, of Wee Waa, was prepared to try to drive to Tamworth, but his hopes of success were faint. The only alternative was to take Debby by aircraft.

Wee Waa has a small landing strip made of earth from which crop-dusting planes take off for operations over neighboring cotton farms.

On that night the strip was a wash of mud. More than 140 points of rain had fallen in 12 hours.

In his home in Narrabri, Mert Dula was in bed. The night before he had been up from sunset to sunrise dusting the cotton crop on the 8000 acres owned by the American company Auscott, which had pioneered cotton development in Australia.

Mert's work calls for needle-sharp nerves and precision flying of an incredible nature.

At 1 a.m. the telephone rang in the Dula house. Lee Dula answered it and heard a voice saying, "The doctor at Wee Waa wants to know if it's possible to fly a youngster to Tamworth Hospital?"

Five minutes later Mert was in his mini car, lighting one of his favorite menthol cigarettes, and speeding over muddy roads along the 30-mile stretch to Wee Waa.

When Mert arrived he found the Cherokee had been towed out with a tractor and parked in car wheel tracks between two paddock fences. It was not even on a main dirt road.

At one end of the track a policeman's motor-cycle was parked with its lights full on. At the other end, just behind the tail of the aircraft, was a truck.

Gently, the little girl was lifted into the aeroplane with the doctor and a nursing sister, Marcia Mosely, of Wee Waa, accompanying her.

Flares had been lit along each side of the car tracks. By their wavering light the wing tips were just visible.

Mert climbed in and pulled on his white helmet.

There were no night-flying instruments to help him, but he knew the night like a sky cat. He gunned the motor.

One hour later the lights

of Tamworth Air Base came on. Ten minutes later Debby was in Tamworth Hospital. By morning she was better.

Mert flew back, dropped the Cherokee down in the dawn, got in his car and went home.

That night photographer Ern McQuillan and I arrived in the fields of Auscott to photograph Mert's night-flying operations.

"I've never seen flying like it," recalled McQuillan, who has taken more aerial photographs than most Australian cameramen.

"Mert would take off from a bare bit of flared ground, then fly maybe three miles across the cotton.

"He'd drop the Pawnee down literally with its wheels in the cotton to spray a field about a mile from one end to the other. The only guides he had on the ground were two men markers.

"Both wore white overalls with a torch swinging up and down their shirt-fronts to show him where the field terminated each end.

"On the aircraft's wings were two headlamps.

"He would make about a dozen spray runs, then return to the landing arena for more spray until the field was finished."

Mert arrived home for breakfast. I had an appointment to see him at 3 p.m. after his sleep, but at 9.15 that morning the telephone rang.

Over at Wee Waa a woman had suffered a heart attack and she had to be rushed to Tamworth Hospital.

Again Mert climbed into the mini, headed for the aircraft at Wee Waa.

At Tamworth he could not fly back for two hours. A hinge on the door of the Cherokee had broken. Safety precautions prevented take-off until it was mended.

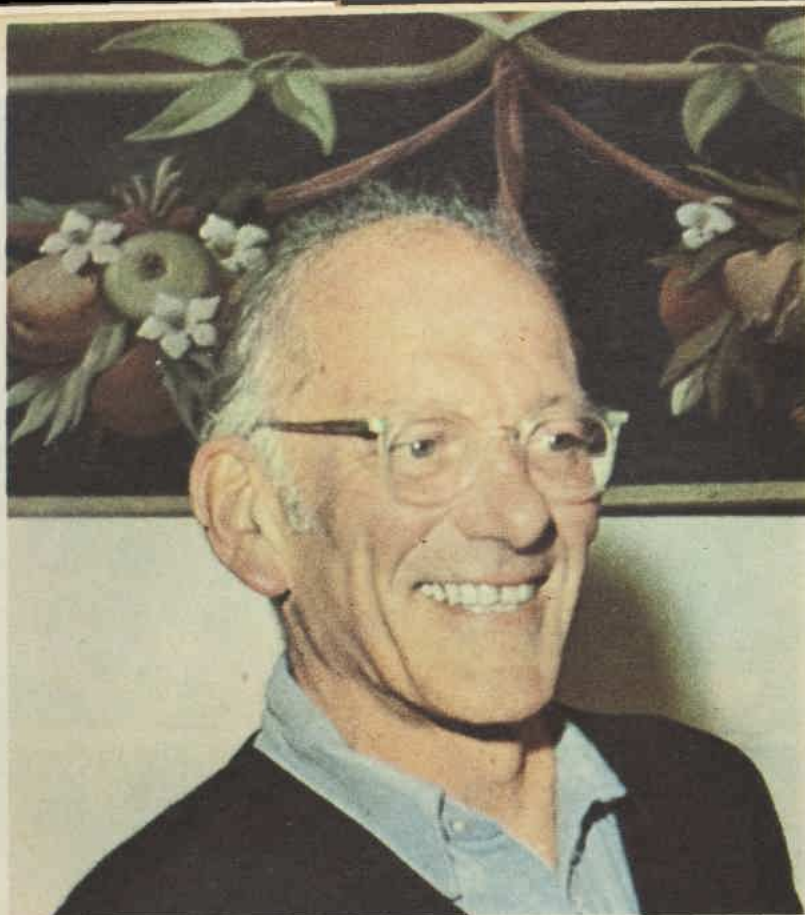
He was ten minutes late for our appointment, and he apologised for being delayed.

Later this month, all the cotton-fields will have been dusted for this season. Mert and Lee will fly back to California and return to Narrabri on contract before Christmas.

Mert is going home for two reasons—to carry out crop-dusting contracts there and to see his two daughters, whose mother was Mert's first wife.

"Somehow," he mused, "wives don't always blend with this business."

As I left, Lee, his third wife, smiled, "It takes all kinds," she said.



A SAILOR

● Half a million people cheered Britain's "old man of the sea," Sir Francis Chichester, when he sailed Gipsy Moth IV up Plymouth Sound to complete his 226-day lone and dangerous voyage round the world. They filled the biggest armada of small boats seen since the days of Dunkirk, and thronged headlands, heights, rocks, roofs, and piers. Cannon boomed, sirens screamed, thousands of car horns tooted in salute to the "glorious fool" who had celebrated his 65th birthday during an exploit which achieved nothing except a place in history.

VICTORY GRIN. Sir Francis Chichester on his arrival.



COMES HOME



PICTURES BY DAVID GRAVES

ABOVE: Just part of the crowds lining the heights and foreshore. AT LEFT: The sight they were waiting to see, the yacht which had set out from Plymouth last August. Sir Francis seemed happy, but confessed that it would take him a little time to "get back into the human race."

HER ANNIVERSARY WILL BE A HAPPIER ONE WITH A Berkeley's Fur

10%
DISCOUNT
FOR CASH
OFF ALL
MARKED
PRICES
OVER £10



GENEROUS
TRADE-IN
ALLOWANCES
AND FUR
RENOVATIONS



MINK

AT HALF PRICE

Usually	Reduced to	Usually	Reduced to
£20- White Lucca Lamb Stole	£12	£190- Mink Cape Stoles and Semi-Straight Stoles in Azurine, Pastel, Tourmaline, Ranch and Sapphire	£79
£39- Marmot Cape Stole	£15	£200- China Mink Jacket	£89
£39- Kangaroo Jackets	£19	£240- Pale Autumn Haze Mink Jacket	£124
£49- Fitch Cape Stole	£29	£300- Ranch Mink Jacket	£149
£69- Full Length Kangaroo Coats	£39	£249- Persian Lamb Full Length Coat	£149
£70- Autumn Haze Mink Stole	£39	£630- Azurine Mink Cape Stole (Top Quality Stranded)	£319
£89- Russian Squirrel Cape Stole	£49	£950- Mink Full Length Coat	£475
£129- Deep Back Kolinsky Cape Stole	£69		

COUPON FOR ONE FREE FROCK

Any customer purchasing a fur over £20 may select, free of charge, a Cocktail Frock to the value of £8 by producing this coupon before the 13th of June, 1967.

WW

THIS WEEK'S SPECIALS

Full Length Evening Gowns reduced to	£10, £20, £30.
Cocktail Frocks	£5 and £8.
Deb. Gowns	£10 and £17.
Going Away Outfits and Mother of the Bride Gowns	£12, £18, £25.
Wedding Gowns	£19 and £29.
Sizes XSSW-XOS.	

BERKELEY of Burwood
146 Burwood Road, Burwood, N.S.W. 74-2973



ENGAGED. Mr. Tony Pfeiffer and Miss Margaret Staggs, who have announced their engagement. Miss Staggs is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Staggs, of Rose Bay, and her fiance is the son of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Pfeiffer, of Vaucluse. They will marry next February.



COMMITTEE MEMBERS Mrs. Robert Raymond (left) and Mrs. Bruce Gyngell at the morning coffee fashion parade given by the Crown Street Hospital Committee at the Cosmopolitan Restaurant at Double Bay. Proceeds will go toward equipment for Crown Street Hospital.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

BUSY with wedding plans are Lynella Nicol and Englishman Vernon Hill, who will marry at St. Michael's Church, Vaucluse, on July 29. Lynella and Vernon, who has been in Australia for eight years, met in London while Lynella was on an overseas trip and Vernon was visiting his mother, Mrs. J. Hepper, of Morchard, Bishop, Devon. Lynella is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Nicol, of Rose Bay. After their marriage, they will make their home in Brisbane, where Vernon, who is a physiotherapist, is studying Medicine at the University of Queensland. Lynella is also a physiotherapist.

ALSO caught up in pre-wedding plans is Vicki Sharp, who will be given a final shower tea by her future mother-in-law, Mrs. John Madgwick, on June 10. Among the guests will be Mrs. Peter Madgwick, Mrs. Ian Murdoch, and Vicki's two bridesmaids, her sister Mandy and Prue Miles, and her mother, Mrs. Derek Sharp, from Melbourne. Vicki marries John Madgwick on June 17 at the Shore Chapel, with a reception to follow at the Wentworth Hotel for one hundred and twenty guests.

PROUD grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. Milton Copp, of Rose Bay, and Mrs. Dundas Gore, of Goondiwindi, Queensland, with the birth of a daughter, Virginia Louise, to Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Gore, of St. Ives, at Royal North Shore Hospital, on May 22. The Gores have another daughter, Penelope, who is two years old.

DATE for your diary... the fancy dress ball at the Maltese Settlers' Club on June 16 to be given by the Robin Hood Committee of New South Wales. Proceeds will aid the socially, physically, and mentally handicapped.

FLYING trip to Melbourne for Mrs. Verna Linton to see her daughter Sally graduate as a Bachelor of Arts from Monash University. Sally's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Newton, also went along to the ceremony and gave a dinner party at their Toorak home as an extra celebration. Sally has joined the teaching staff at Frensham, Mittagong, and is hoping to go overseas next year.

MORE wedding news with the recent arrival in Sydney of Kerry Corcoran, who will marry Peter McCarron at Riverview Chapel on June 8. Kerry and her mother, Mrs. C. Corcoran, travelled up from their property, "Corcoran Plains," at Boorowa, on May 31, and have taken a flat at Elizabeth Bay. Before she left Boorowa, Kerry was given a shower tea by Mrs. Bernard McGrath on the McGraths' property, "Noongah," and a cocktail party by Mrs. John McGrath. Susan Green, Roslyn Partridge, and Kerry's sisters Kathleen and Clare will attend her at the wedding.

JUNE 18 is the date set for the departure of Mrs. George Courtney-Smith, of St. Ives, and her daughter Suzanne, on a four-month world trip. During their overseas holiday they plan to hire cars and tour the Continent and Great Britain and will return home via the United States and Mexico.

A COCKTAIL party is planned for July 20 by the Australasian Pioneers' Club at their club for the members and friends of the Women's Pioneer Society. Proceeds from the party will benefit the society's funds for their Pioneer Pageant Ball to be held at the Town Hall on October 5 during Waratah Festival Week.

MRS. IAN PLATT-HEPWORTH and her sister, Mrs. Graham Cole, have just returned from Bowral after spending a week's holiday there. Mrs. Platt-Hepworth's daughter Sarah also accompanied them. Unfortunately Mr. Cole was unable to join in the vacation, and stayed in Sydney with their three sons, Walter, Christopher, and Nicholas.

BACK from spending eight days at Leura are the Bruce Minells. Mrs. Minell (who was very glad of the opportunity to take a holiday while their house was being redecorated) spent the whole time on walks and golf, and their two children, Charmaine and Roderick, had marvellous fun with their first golfing lessons. Dr. and Mrs. Jeffery Tripp drove up with their children, Debbie and Robert, to join the Minells for a picnic.

STAYING in the same motel at Leura as the Minells were Dr. and Mrs. Lionel Jacobs and their daughters, Sharon and Donna. Dr. and Mrs. Jacobs (who are also keen golfing enthusiasts) were on the golf course by 11 o'clock on their first day up there and the two girls spent their holiday horse-riding.

AMONG the many people from New South Wales who will head north for the Brisbane Cup and Stradbroke Handicap on June 10 and 12 at Eagle Farm racecourse will be Mr. and Mrs. Derek Glasgow. Mrs. Glasgow's two race outfits sound delightful — a red-and-mauve double-breasted tweed suit with a red velvet beret and a lime-green sleeveless dress with matching coat and pillbox.

CHAIRMAN of the AJC, Mr. Brian Crowley, and Mrs. Crowley, and Mr. and Mrs. Rex White will also be flying to Brisbane for the two big race events. On the morning of June 11, the Queensland Turf Club's chairman, Mr. Byrne Hart, and Mrs. Hart will host a party at their Ascot home and guests will include many of the interstate visitors.

DATE for your diary... the Wheelchair and Disabled Association plan a Cavalcade of Fashions, a parade of changing fashions over 150 years, and a formal dinner on June 23 at the Sorlie Room, Arndale Shopping Centre. Funds raised will aid the House With No Steps Appeal.

A FAMILY dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. William Adams at their home at Wahroonga celebrated the engagement of their daughter, Caroline, and Archie Kennedy. Caroline and Archie, who is the son of Mrs. Evelyn Kennedy, of "Merridgerri," Collie, and of the late Mr. D. M. Kennedy, plan to marry early next year.

GREAT excitement in the Peter Kuner household with the arrival of a second daughter, Natasha Elizabeth, who was born at the Women's Hospital, Crown Street. Natasha, who will be christened in the spring, is the second grandchild for Mrs. Kuner's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Ralston, of Woollahra. Very thrilled about having a baby sister is young Ariane, who has been staying with her other grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Kuner, at their Palm Beach home.



ABOVE: Dr. Russell Clark and Miss Jan Donnelly at the Chinese Banquet held by the Rum Runners at the Taiping Restaurant, Haymarket. Guests were greeted by the president of the committee, Miss Frances Wislaw, and the treasurer, Mrs. Bill Metcalf. Proceeds of the evening will help provide resuscitation equipment for Sydney Hospital.



AT RIGHT: Visiting Swedish film director Mr. Jorn Donna and Miss Penny McDonnell at the opening night of the Fourteenth Sydney Film Festival at the Orpheum Theatre, Cremorne. It was held simultaneously with the opening night of the Festival at the Wintergarden at Rose Bay.



AT LEFT: Chancellor of the Macquarie University, Sir Garfield Barwick (left), and Lady Barwick (second from right) talked with the Vice-Chancellor of the University, Emeritus Professor A. G. Mitchell, and Mrs. Mitchell at the afternoon tea which followed the ceremony to mark the beginning of teaching in the University.



BELOW: Mrs. John Bowyer (left) and Mrs. Robert O'Kane at the chicken and champagne luncheon held by the Sydney University Medical Society Ball Committee at the Kirribilli home of Dr. and Mrs. Leonard Rail. Proceeds will aid the War Memorial Library.

ABOVE: Mr. John Walters and Miss Jeanie Drynan, who were among guests who attended the gala opening night of "How's the World Treating You?" by Roger Milner at the Independent Theatre. The comedy was produced by Doris Fitton.



LUNCHEON. Mrs. William McMahon (left), wife of the Federal Treasurer, with the president of the Asthma Foundation of New South Wales, Mr. Justice Hardie, and the president of the women's committee, Mrs. Max Halliday, at the Festival of Fashion parade and luncheon which was given by the Foundation at the Wentworth Hotel for four hundred and fifty guests.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEK



Scientist by day,
musician at night

THE DOUBLE LIFE OF MR. SHORTIS



MR. JOHN SHORTIS with members of the Public Works Concert Orchestra, which he founded 16 years or so ago. The orchestra rehearses regularly — outside office hours. Mr. Shortis is the conductor, and he also composes music, his latest work being a setting of a poem by J. E. Flecker.

ACCORDING to William Shakespeare, "One man in his time plays many parts." But few people play two such different roles as scientist and musician so successfully as Mr. John Shortis, of Earlwood, N.S.W.

During the day Mr. Shortis is chief testing officer of the Materials Testing Laboratory, Department of Public Works, N.S.W. But as soon as the compression and tensile machines — which test

the strength of building materials — whirr to a standstill, he takes on the role of conductor.

"There's nothing really so remarkable about this," he said.

"Many musicians have been also men of science. The 19th-century composer Alexander Borodin was a professor of chemistry in Russia. And, of course, the great mission doctor Albert

By VALERIE CARR

Schweitzer was also a world-celebrated musician."

Mr. Shortis said he grew up in a musical family.

"My mother was a professional singer and conducted a church choir. She also taught music in our house for 30 years.

"My father was an accomplished musician, so were my brother and sister."

But although he began learning to play the violin when he was about eight, young John was more interested in the test-tubes and pipettes in the school laboratory than in music lessons.

Lectures

"Music didn't make a big impact on me until the advent of the first battery wireless, when I was 18," he said.

"Then I couldn't get enough of it, and hardly a week has gone by since when I haven't been connected with some aspect of music."

Continuing to study his chosen profession of chemistry, John Shortis began attending day lectures at the Sydney Conservatorium, where he studied harmony and counterpoint.

"I was more interested in the theory of music," he said. "Here the scientific mind comes in."

"I wanted to know what made music tick, and why the works of the masters are so wonderful to listen to."

(In the opinion of the man of science, music stems from the heart and genius of the composer, "utilising, in an artistic fashion, the laws of physics.")

A year after his graduation, in 1937, Mr. Shortis was appointed as a chemist in the Department of Public Works, N.S.W. Ten years later he took up the baton for the first time to conduct the church choir at Kingsgrove, N.S.W.

John Shortis' double life had now begun.

"Shortly after my debut as a conductor, I sent a circular round the department, asking all staff who played an instrument to come forward."

"It was amazing the talent that came to light. Apart from violinists and trombonists, there was a french-horn player and a bassoon player."

In fact, there were enough instruments to balance an orchestra.

The first recital by the Public Works Concert Orchestra was given in the "Old Tin Shed."

"It stands on the site of Australia's first Government House," Mr. Shortis said, "and was built in 1915 as a temporary building."

"Smiling, he added: "There are still a few bods working there in the Public Service."

According to Mr. Shortis, the ceiling of the "Old Tin Shed" is "very, very low." He recalls that once, when he was conducting the Can-Can movement from Offenbach's "Orpheus in the Underworld," the point of his baton penetrated a glass lampshade over his head.

"It collapsed in a shower of glass all over me. But the orchestra didn't miss a beat."

That was 16 years or so ago. Last month the orchestra, now numbering 35 players — "but it's still purely a staff venture" — began rehearsing in its spanking new "concert hall" — the theatre in the State Office Block, Sydney.

"The acoustics is superb,"



DAYTIME job of Mr. John Shortis is in the Materials Testing Laboratory, Dept. of Public Works, N.S.W., located in Sydney.

Mr. Shortis said, "You can imagine how horrifying it was in the 'Old Tin Shed.' It was impossible to get light and shade into what we were playing."

"The theatre will also be used for lectures, meetings, and film and slide shows."

Composer

Apart from conducting anything from Beethoven's "Egmont" to "Baby Elephant Walk" ("You've got to cater for everyone"), Mr. Shortis also composes music.

"My latest work is a setting of J. E. Flecker's poem

"Golden Journey to Samarkand" for soloists, choir, and orchestra. The oriental flavor gives me the chance to use orchestral color."

Closest to the heart of the man of music, though, is his ambition to conduct two of Berlioz's little-known works.

"I have a special appreciation of this composer, and consider he has been neglected."

Smiling, he added: "But please make it clear that our orchestra rehearses out of office hours. Too many jokes are made about public servants doing nothing but drinking tea."



"ROUNDING THE HORN"
from the famous oil painting
by HUGH SAWREY

FULL COLOUR reproduction (approx. 24" x 30") will be posted to any address in Australia for \$4 (including packing and postage). Send cheque, postal note or money order to:

GRAND CENTRAL GALLERIES,
205 QUEEN STREET, BRISBANE, QLD.

Please send me "ROUNDING THE HORN."

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____

● Dave Allen, on the telephone after his arrival in Sydney. An Irish comedian, he left Australia in 1964 and has been successful on television in Britain.

After a three-year absence, it's plain to see why he is so popular . . .



"I try to make people happy," says Dave Allen

DAVE ALLEN, one of Sydney's TV beloveds, is back in town — quieter, with a few threads of grey in his shiny black hair, but with his engaging Irish charm undiminished.

Sydney first met Dave Allen in 1963 as the compere of TCN9's "Tonight Show."

He is back in Australia for a season at Chequers and also has made a triumphant return to TCN9.

On the night of his arrival Dave was guest-of-honor on the "Tonight Show" with Don Lane, who took over the show from him, and, like Dave, has been successful.

I don't think any compere who has graced, or disgraced, the Sydney TV scene in its ten-year life has ever built up the backlog of real affection among viewers that Dave Allen did.

Many may have been as popular or more so, but viewers still speak lovingly of him, and meeting him again after three years it is plain to see why.

Few show-business people are so genuinely sincere in their regard for people — and he regards the hundreds of thousands of viewers who became his fans as his very real friends.

"I don't care for sentimentality," Dave said when I mentioned his viewers' affectionate regard. "I hope I am a genuine person be-

By NAN MUSGROVE

cause I have to live with myself.

"Shakespeare said, 'To thine own self be true,' and that is my way of life. I live by a small code which is to endeavor never to do anything to anyone I would not do to myself.

"I try to make people happy."

Dave's 19 months in Sydney brought him his greatest happiness: his wife, actress Judith Stott.

I talked to them a few days after their marriage on March 9, 1964. "Marriage to Judith is fine," Dave said.

Rare person

Judith was more articulate.

"I am really ordinary," she said, "but David is a rare person; he is quite remarkable.

"Artists and actors are desperately insecure.

"I find in David something extraordinary, a complete feeling of contentment and happiness."

Many people close to the two wondered whether the marriage would be a success. It is.

I have never seen a man more quietly contented, happier than David is today. He is not excitedly so. He is serenely, deeply happy.

"Marriage to Judith is the finest thing I have experienced in my life," he said.

Obviously, Judith feels the

same way. A fine dramatic actress, Judith has never worked, although she has had the opportunity, since Dave returned to England in December, 1964.

I asked Dave, "Why?"

"Judith is being a mother, it is a full-time job," he said.

"We have two children now, my stepson, Jono (short for Jonathan), and our adopted baby daughter, Jane, who is 18 months old."

Happiness never seems to be entirely complete.

The Allens' happiness is shadowed by the fact that they can't have children. The shadow is very slight, for they have found great joy in their children and are expecting more.

"We have a close friend who is a gynaecologist," Dave said. "When she has a patient who has the sort of personality that fits in with ours and who is expecting a baby she wants adopted, she tells us and we say, 'Right,' and have a baby."

Jane came to us when she was five days old. She's a beauty. We'll have more children when the right one comes along. We both love children, and our house at Ham Common is always bulging with them.

"I bought the house when I went back to England. It is quite big, two-storeyed, with five bedrooms, very close to Richmond Park, one of the last open spaces in England."

Talking of Judith again, Dave said, "Happiness fills her life today.

"I go away quite a lot, and if she was away, too, we don't see any sense in having a marriage and children."

"I know some women have to work, but I am earning enough money for the two of us to live and to raise and educate our children."

Dave is indeed earning the money. He has done well.

He has just finished a six-show season of "Sunday Night At The Palladium," and is going back to compere his own show for ITV, England's commercial TV channel. As well he is sought after for nightclub work in places like the Savoy, Quaglinos, and Top of the Town.

He denied that he had "taken over" the Eamon Andrews show in England; he said he had only taken over the time slot.

"My new show will be a talk show, something, I am hoping, more like what I did here — more informal in attitude and outlook."

Sydneysiders will see Dave Allen in what he describes as his "original form" as a stand-up comedian at Chequers.

As a stand-up comedian he has five main themes: Life, death, drinking, religion, and the English.

I think Dave Allen is much quieter, more mature, and I'd bet anyone he's a better entertainer than he was when he left here three years ago. I'd forgotten what a really funny man he is.

NEXT WEEK

● No book is a substitute for a doctor's advice, but — when you are seeking general information on medical matters, it is important to consult a reliable authority . . . and our 16-page lift-out covers a very wide range (from ACIDITY to VERTIGO) in

Extracts from Pears MEDICAL ENCYCLOPAEDIA



● There are seven secrets in scone-making — and we give them to you, step-by-step, so you can whip up

PERFECT (light as a feather) **SCONES**



MAKE A FOOTBALL FAN KIT!

● It's easy! You need only two rolls of crepe paper (and our helpful instructions) to make a peaked cap, two big pompons, and a king-size waver.



● To bring interest to the spring-summer garden, expert Allan Seale advises on . . .

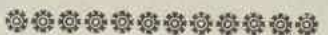
LILIUMS



SUITS ARE IN FOR SPRING

— says Paris

● You'll see the very latest and most elegant styles from the couturiers in our color pictures.



AND . . .

● **IN COLOR:** A preview of the great new Australian TV show "Hunter" — a drama of spies and counter spies.

The discerning Sherlock Holmes

Television

"MY dear fellow, life is infinitely stranger than anything which the mind of man could invent."

Sherlock Holmes, probably fiction's most famous detective, said this to his helpmate and companion, the faithful Dr. Watson, back in 1892, shortly after Sir Arthur Conan Doyle began writing his adventures.

Anyone but Holmes would find it strange indeed that 75 years later his philosophy and detection are, via TV, still popular, still talked about.

Holmes is such an unflappable character that I don't think he would be surprised by the fact that his adventures in moving, talking pictures are now being beamed through space, and picked up on magic boxes in living-rooms all over the world. He would probably simply dismiss it with an "Elementary, my dear Watson."

David Goddard, now of ABC-TV, was the producer of the BBC Sherlock Holmes series, and he tells me that Sherlock wouldn't say that. During research for the BBC series it was found that Holmes never said "Elementary, my dear Watson," in Doyle's original short stories.

He did say "elementary" once, but in a flowing sentence, not addressed to Watson, and the phrase that has become a Sherlock Holmes signature is believed to have been written by some early movie scriptwriter.

TV's Sherlock Holmes series is a delight. The original stories have not been tampered with, and Douglas Wilmer as Sherlock Holmes is excellent. Experts say that not only is his characterisation impeccable, but that he even looks like the illustrations of Holmes drawn by Sydney Paget for the now defunct "Strand" magazine in which the stories first appeared.

The man best known as Sherlock Holmes, and still well remembered today by many, is Basil Rathbone, who from 1939 onward made many Sherlock Holmes movies, both good and bad. But there were notable Sherlocks before him.

There was American actor-playright William Gillette, Eille Norwood, and a silent film hero, Arthur Wontner.

Today we have Douglas Wilmer, and, as Dr. Watson, Nigel Stock. Stock's Watson is a very real human being, without the foolishness and bumbledom of the Watson created by Nigel Bruce, who played the role opposite Basil Rathbone.

In his stories about Sherlock Holmes, the famous detective of Baker Street, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle set a standard which has lived through its excellence; and the TV series has done him proud.

—NAN MUSGROVE

● SHERLOCK HOLMES may be seen on ABC-TV on Mondays at 8.30 p.m. in Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide, and soon in Melbourne, Perth, Hobart.



SHERLOCK HOLMES (Douglas Wilmer), above, does not match today's image of a TV detective. Practising shooting, Sherlock peppered his study walls with bullets in a patriotic V.R. design.

LEFT: DR. WATSON (Nigel Stock) in the TV series is a sensible, reasonably intelligent man, one on whom Holmes can rely as room-mate and friend.

RIGHT: "A drink, my dear Watson," would surely be Holmes' cry when Dr. Watson releases him from the intricate hold he is demonstrating here.



"There's not enough time or energy"

● Mary Travers, of the Peter, Paul and Mary folksinging group, gives her views on life, religion, art, and the future of the trio.

By NAN MUSGROVE

TODAY'S highly industrial society causes men to retreat from one another," Mary Travers told me.

The long-legged blonde of the renowned Peter, Paul and Mary trio was telling me why she thinks people all over the world are avoiding making new friends or communicating with people outside their immediate circle.

During the trio's recent triumphant Australian tour when they made a TV special—to be seen on TCN9 on June 15 at 7.30 p.m.—Mary made headlines by saying that Australians were losing the ability to hold a normal conversation.

"They just walk up and push a piece of paper in front of me to get an autograph," she said. "They don't say who they are, or anything about themselves, just mumble 'thank you.'"

"I find it depressing. You may be sure that wherever you see an animated conversation going on it is between old friends.

World-wide trait

"It is not just Australians who can't or don't talk, it is happening all over the world because of our industrialised society.

"Man is retreating into himself to protect his time and energy. There never seems to be enough of either, so man does not complicate life further by getting involved with others.

"Time and energy are needed more and more, and man seems reluctant to eat into what he has by adding to his circle of friends and acquaintances.

"It is not only happening here, the whole European artistic scene is discussing man's alienation from man."

Winsome Mary most cheerfully ate into her store of time and energy to talk to me, just a few hours before she took off for America.

Mary opened the door of her suite at the Wentworth, looking like a ray of errant sunshine on a bleak day.

She was just out of the shower, and the famous long blonde hair that she wears fringed hung to her shoulders. She had washed it under the shower, and it was still in wet spikes, like the stiff teeth of a comb.

She was wearing a charcoal-grey mini-skirt a good four inches above her knees, a cream turtle-necked pullover, fine white nylon stockings, and flat bone shoes with satin bows.

"Do you mind if I comb

my hair dry as we talk?" she asked, and called her seven-year-old daughter, Erica, to arrange for coffee.

Erica is a miniature Mary except that she wears her flaxen hair in plaits and has less shape. She was wearing blue jeans, a scarlet and white T-shirt, and stiff white bows on her hair.

Mary was called to the phone, and Erica came and showed me a petal that had dropped from a pretty bouquet on a side table.

"This petal is dying," she said, "it is getting soft and dead. It is better to leave flowers in the ground. If they were in soil, they would keep growing and alive."

Television

Mary says she expects Erica to grow up into the world's No. 1 conservationist.

Erica gets furious about slogans being painted on rocks, flowers cut carelessly.

I asked Erica about her baby sister: Was she like her? "No," she said positively, "she looks more like her mother."

It sounded an impossible feat—to look more like her mother than Erica does—but Mary says she is right; that her daughter Alicia, who will be a year old on June 20, looks identical with baby pictures of her.

"Erica is more like my mother," she said.

They must be a striking-looking quartet. Mary, who uses no make-up at all except a little eye-liner, has flesh like white marble. Her skin has no color, but it has a

vital glow as if it had a light behind it, and as she talked and combed her hair the wet spikes dried out to the silky flaxen frame that teenagers everywhere have copied.

Mary's forebears are all English and Irish, but she looks like a throwback to some ancient Viking.

Alicia, too, has hair the same color, "like dandelion fluff." Mary and Erica both pronounce "Alicia" as "Aleecha," and are intrigued by the way Australians say it, pronouncing every vowel.

Mary is a very busy working mother. She says she sees as much of her children as the average working wife.

"Erica goes to the United Nations School in New York

and leaves every morning at 8.30," she said.

"I am on concert tours with Peter and Paul six months of the year in America—three days a week on the road and four days at home.

"My husband, freelance photographer Barry Feinstein, and I and the two girls have a flat in New York and a country home in Connecticut, where we spend weekends and holidays."

Going back to the house is a clutch of Australian paintings that Mary bought on an art spree.

She has Sidney Nolan lithographs, a Boyd etching, oils by Clifton Pugh, Jacqueline Hicks, Gareth Roberts, and when I left her she was off to the Hungry Horse Gallery to buy more.

Mary is mad about Australian paintings, says they have a vitality missing in American art today.

"At home, art is all op and pop and styrofoam balls and junk. I don't find anything uplifting in it.

"One of the things I ask of art is to raise me up, not to present me with something that looks really very medical, like a diagram of hormones, or the body structure in molecules."

Despite her shortage of time, Mary has that special grace of appearing to enjoy a wealth of it.

Occasionally, Erica would erupt into the room, and Mary would be calm and sweet as she spoke to her despite the car waiting downstairs, me with pencil poised, and various business matters to be attended to.

To see Mary and Erica have an earnest conversation



PETER, PAUL AND MARY, who may be seen on TCN9 on Thursday, June 15, at 7.30 p.m. in an hour special, "The BP Super Show presents Peter, Paul and Mary." They sing 20 songs including old favorite "Puff the Magic Dragon."

trip so we big girls could be together by ourselves again."

Erica is the child of Mary's first marriage. Alicia's father, Barry Feinstein, is Jewish, but Mary is bringing her children up without any formal religious training.

"I think to me God is an ethic," she said. "It is interesting to know the ethical structures of all religions. They are all very similar, a little different in rule structure, in language.

"I don't think the essence

"I wasn't singing too loud for me, I was singing too loud for the group. When I overcame this habit and denied myself this pleasure for the group's destiny, I found something much more marvellous and beautiful than if I'd continued on my selfish loud-singing way."

Mary was quite definite about the life span of the Peter, Paul and Mary group.

"I suppose we could go on for ever, but I give it another three years. I think

Peter, Paul and Mary regard Australia rather specially and are already planning a concert tour for 1968. They find audiences here extremely warm and demonstrative.

"I'll tell you something," said Mary. "In Adelaide it was unbelievably cold. I couldn't feel my feet and the boys had trouble playing their guitars because their hands were so cold.

"Peter mentioned this on stage. The next day our dressing-rooms were full of huge electric heaters, they were in the wings, on stage.

"They were installed and provided quite free by a businessman in the audience the night before, who didn't want us to be cold.

"On Sunday morning, a crippled man in a wheelchair pushed his chair nearly two miles in that intense cold to give us some chocolates to eat on the plane to Sydney. They were a gift from the patients at a home to whom we had sent tickets for our concert."

Mary's time really ran out at this point and she put on a citron-yellow coat, called Erica, and we all went off together to the car. I felt mean that I had eaten into their last-minute "treat" time, but Mary put it right.

"Thank you for talking to me," she said.

It was a very nice end to the interview.

"Australian paintings have a vitality"

is really something. Both of them have well-shaped mouths that are red, without lipstick, both have broad, white teeth, both look so strong, so healthy, so alive.

Mary says she would like to have "maybe one more child."

"It's a question of time again. I love children, but I think to really do justice to them you have to have more and more time.

"Take Erica. This trip has been very good for her. She has been an only child for so long when suddenly a new child comes along and says 'move over for me.' She doesn't know I've been given a double portion of love, too, as well as two daughters."

"I brought her on this

of God is any different from one group to another.

"I will teach the children the ethics of religion and how to worship God. There are very beautiful things in all religions, in Catholicism, Judaism, in all of them.

"I think one of the biggest things religion has given man is the desire to overcome his immediate selfish reactions and to be a better human being—I think that is the glory of religion."

Her seven years' work as one of a trio had made her more unselfish, she said.

"When we first began I used to sing too loud—I have been blessed with a lot of power in my singing voice, and it feels simply marvellous to sing loudly.

then we shall all be separately involved in allied fields. I don't think you will see Peter, Paul and Mary singing together four years from now.

"In a way I hope not. It is very exhausting.

"At this stage of our career life, Peter, Paul and I are really like a family. We have all accepted some of the idiosyncrasies of each other, changed some of the others—(like my loud singing).

"And we are really good friends. This has been invaluable. We are able to talk to one another, to get down to basics about our faults. I am really able to say to Peter blatant things about his personality and he to me."

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

Paper clothes—

● No longer a novelty, paper has become established as a dress material and is making quite a rustle on the high-fashion scene — from bikinis to wedding gowns—in America.



RAINCOAT in plastic-coated paper (above) sells for \$7.50. The hat, in the same material, by Emma of New York, costs \$6.



BIKINI (right), wettable, and good for three or four days at the beach if worn with care, is \$4.

In the course of developing from a gimmick to an accepted part of many women's wardrobes, paper has also undergone a name change.

The preferred usage is now "non-woven material" and everybody's buying it—from the Duchess of Windsor to the teenager selling lipstick at a chain store.

The ultimate disposable gown must be the paper wedding dress. Why not? You only wear it once, anyway.

The wedding gown pictured on opposite page is by Elisa Daggs, dean of designers in the non-woven field. It is made to order and costs \$U.S.35 — complete with paper hat and undershorts.

The novelty of paper has

passed somewhat," Miss Daggs said in her Fifth Avenue workroom. "People are now more interested in quality. I concentrate on designing clothes from the point of view of fashion, for fashionable women."

Miss Daggs was a fashion editor — with "Vogue" and "Harper's Bazaar" — before she started her own firm to design paper clothes. "Now," as she tells visitors, "there isn't a store in America without paper dresses. My designs are in 75 stores alone." The Elisa Daggs label is on dresses sold by Bonwit Teller, Lord and Taylor, and most of the other Fifth Avenue shops.

And it was only a year ago that the first paper dress was offered, and that just as a promotional idea. A paper company, hoping to sell more paper table napkins and

facial tissues, offered a paper dress to anybody who clipped out an advertisement and sent it in with a dollar.

The response was so overwhelming that the company fell weeks behind in satisfying the completely unexpected demand for half a million of their throw-away paper shifts. The dress made as much news on the financial as on the fashion pages.

Another company stepped in and took "non-wovens" a stage further, making beach ponchos and jump suits, and selling them at about \$4. The company, previously known for its seamless nylon tights, made \$U.S.8,000,000 in the first year of its "Wastebasket Boutique" paper fashions. It was the "wastebasket" line that established paper garments in every American de-

partment store — and even more in the hearts of financial vice-presidents of paper mills.

The "wastebasket" line emphasised low price. Miss Daggs emphasises high style. But higher styling has brought higher prices and the Elisa Daggs dresses cost around \$6 to \$8, apart from the made-to-order wedding dress.

"I'm designing mainly evening clothes and beach clothes, clothes for the weekend," Miss Daggs said. "First of all, they have to be imaginative. A woman will pay more for a basic dress, a wool, say, and she will expect to wear it often. She isn't going to buy a paper dress for the office."

"But she may not go to the beach often enough to invest in a number of beach

outfits, for instance — and paper's future is in these less frequently worn clothes."

Miss Daggs has worked with the American paper company that dominates the field in non-woven dress materials for six years — long before the paper dress breakthrough — and advises them on materials.

The material most often used is paper wadding on a rayon scrim. If it is to be used for wettable garments, the paper is bonded with a plastic material.

The Elisa Daggs bikini above is said to be wearable in the water, but the prudent bather would be expected to avoid surf. The raincoat is also coated and showerproof.

"Paper needs an entirely different architecture," Miss

Daggs said. "You can't make a tight paper dress, and you have to be very careful about stress points."

The paper garments must have clever fastenings. Elisa Daggs uses a plastic with a brush-like surface that adheres to itself, the bristles on one patch meshing with the bristles on the other.

The raincoat has these patches inside the fly front, in the place buttons are ordinarily found.

The caftan, or, as Miss Daggs prefers, the burnoose, has become the most popular paper dress since it is the easiest to make. It is worn loose and has no fastenings. It was a caftan that the Duchess of Windsor bought in New York, specially made for her by Adolfo.

— Story and pictures by **BILL WILSON**, New York

once low price, now high style



COCKTAIL dress, strapless, wrap-around style, is reversible. It can also be worn with narrow straps. The dress is secured with patches of interlocking plastic bristles around the top. At right, the wedding outfit designed by Elisa Daggs. The hat, dress, and the lace at the neckline are all paper. Undershorts are paper on a nylon half-slip. Flowers, confetti are paper, the ribbon is silk, and the shoes are leather.





"Aren't you wearing Tweed ()?"

Elegant women the world over delight in the famous fragrance of Tweed. Like the jet set who fly Qantas round the world.

LENTHÉRIC LONDON • PARIS • NEW YORK

LN.9.FPM

AUSTRALIAN ALMANAC

• A weekly series by
Bill Beatty

JUNE 11

1770 The Endeavour struck a coral reef, now known as Endeavour Reef, a little north of Weary Bay, Qld. A sail, on to which hair, oakum, and wool were sewn, was passed under the bows and dragged over the hole the coral had made in the vessel. A week later Captain Cook beached the Endeavour in the Endeavour River, near the present site of Cooktown, and repaired the ship.

1853 Death of explorer Francis Barrallier, who arrived in Australia in 1800 as an ensign in the New South Wales Corps and was promoted to engineer and artillery officer the next year. He sailed with Lieut. James Grant in the Lady Nelson to explore Bass Strait and was responsible for charting Western Port and other coastal districts. He also accompanied Grant to the Hunter River, where he surveyed Coal Harbor and part of the river. During his inland explorations he always managed to keep friendly relations with the Aborigines. He was an able engineer. One of his tasks when he returned to England was the supervision of the erection of the Nelson monument in Trafalgar Square.

1864 Death of William Lithgow, after whom the city of Lithgow is named. He was an Auditor-General of New South Wales and a private secretary to Governor Darling.

1865 At Tambaroora, N.S.W., the Gold Commissioner's clerk, a young man who afterwards became Mr. Justice Innes, rode a horse named Doctor in a race meeting. To make weight he carried 13lb. of gold in his belt. Doctor came second.

JUNE 12

1789 Governor Phillip discovered that Broken Bay was the estuary of a river. He was rowed up the broad stream, to which he gave the name Hawkesbury. Broken Bay was used as a refuge by small coastal vessels for many years. On the southern headland, known as Barranjoey, a Customs House was opened in April, 1843. It continued to operate until the end of 1900.

1845 Discovery of copper at Burra, South Australia. The colony of South Australia was only seven years old and on the verge of ruin and desertion when a child gathering wildflowers brought news of a pretty patch of blue ground in a valley called Burra Burra, near where she lived. Her father investigated and found traces of copper, which was then worth a king's ransom.

Miners were brought from Wales, Spaniards and mules from South America, and for the next 20 years a thousand men were employed on a 24-hour shift that yielded copper worth millions of dollars. Today the mines are a memory; Burra is the centre of a farming and pastoral area.

1872 Royal Mint, Melbourne, opened for business. In its first years, it received nearly 13,000,000oz. of gold. The record year was 1899, when 1,373,000oz. of fine gold was received.

JUNE 13

1810 Matthew Flinders liberated at Mauritius. On his way home to England in 1803, Flinders found that his vessel, the Cumberland, was leaking badly, so he made for the Ile de France (Mauritius), a French colony. He was unaware that war between France and England had again broken out. As he was making for port, a French schooner ran before him and reported that she had been chased by an English ship. On his arrival, a French officer demanded his passport.

Through a misunderstanding, his passport was made out for his old ship, the Investigator, instead of the Cumberland. This needed explaining, and the French Governor, suspecting that Flinders was a spy, invited him to dinner. Flinders, resenting the treatment to which he had been subjected, refused. The French Governor in turn resented this refusal and made Flinders a prisoner.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 14, 1967



BARRANJOEY HEADLAND at the entrance to Broken Bay, N.S.W. Palm Beach is on the right, Pittwater on the left. Photograph by Douglass Baglin.

During his years of captivity, Flinders was treated with kindness and courtesy.

1816 Road completed through the Sydney Botanic Gardens to Mrs. Macquarie's Chair.

1893 Application lodged for reward claim of the Kalgoolie goldfield by its discoverer, Patrick Hannan. The find at once became public property. A large part of the population of Coolgardie immediately left for the new field, which was to become the site of the most important gold-bearing area in Western Australia.

JUNE 14

1875 Brisbane's first railway opened. This was ten years after the first railway in Queensland (from Ipswich to Bigge's Camp, now Grandchester) was opened. The Brisbane railway, which connected Ipswich, finished at Roma Street, but the final link was not completed until 13 months later when the bridge over the Brisbane River at Indooroopilly was finished.

1883 Railway communication between Sydney and Melbourne established with the building of the Wodonga Bridge.

1907 Melbourne-Sydney telephone officially opened. The first telephone exchange in Australia was opened in Melbourne as far back as 1878, the system being operated by a private company whose charges were later alleged to be exorbitant. Nine years later the Government bought out the company.

JUNE 15

1843 First election of Legislative Councilors in Sydney.

1874 First Victoria Bridge, Brisbane, opened. A swing bridge, it was carried away by floods in 1893.

1879 Discovery of tin at Tinaroo, Queensland. When John Atherton and James Robson were prospecting in the ranges near

Emerald End, Atherton found tin on what is now known as Tinaroo Creek. It is said that when he found his dish filled with tin, he shouted with joy, "Tin, Hurroo!" And so the field received its name. Atherton also discovered tin on the site of the present town of Herberton.

Tinaroo Creek Falls is the site of the big storage dam upon which a \$40,000,000 irrigation project is based. The Herberton discovery uncovered the famous lode which became the Great Northern tinmine.

John Atherton was a pioneer pastoralist in the Armidale area of New South Wales before going to Queensland.

He was a familiar sight in Mareeba, riding about the district on a very small donkey. He always wore a red shirt and a cabbage-tree hat. The Atherton Tableland and the town of Atherton perpetuate his name.

JUNE 16

1792 Birth of Sir Thomas Livingstone Mitchell. Surveyor-General of New South Wales and explorer, Mitchell discovered the lower courses of the Peel (Namoi), Gwydir, and Dumaresq Rivers and traced the Darling 300 miles down from Bourke. He also discovered the Avoca and Glenelg Rivers. In 1845, with Edmund Kennedy as his second-in-command, he discovered the Warrego and Barcoo Rivers. His mission was to find a river running into the Gulf of Carpentaria, and, although he was unsuccessful, his exploration led to the opening up of the rich pastoral areas of Central Queensland.

These journeys were, however, merely episodes in the exacting and constantly increasing work of the surveyor-generalship.

1806 Birth of Edward Davy, pioneer and inventor. Davy was one of the inventors of the electric telegraph, and a working model

embodying his improvements was shown in London in 1837. He had a varied career. In South Australia, he was Editor of the Adelaide "Examiner" for three years. In 1848, he began managing the Yatala smelting works and four years later had charge of the Government assay office. He then moved to Victoria, where he engaged in farming, but, as this was not successful, he returned to his original profession and practised as a physician for the rest of his life.

JUNE 17

1867 Birth of Henry Lawson, poet and short-story writer. Lawson was the son of Peter Larsen, a Norwegian sailor, who forsook his ship to seek his fortune in the gold rushes of the 1860s. He was born at the diggings near Grenfell, N.S.W., and his youth was spent in the bush in the neighborhood of Mudgee. Having acquired a knowledge of housepainting, coachpainting, and the like, Lawson came to Sydney in 1883 and eked out an existence. He also worked in Melbourne and in Albany, Western Australia. Between his various jobs, he was experimenting with freelance journalism. At the same time he was helping his mother with two of her literary ventures, "The Republican" and "The Dawn." The latter was a feminist journal, edited, printed, and published solely by women for 17 years.

The Sydney "Bulletin" gave Henry Lawson his great opportunity — a commission to tramp from Bourke to Hungerford and back to study the people outback, and to give expression to them through its pages.

Subsequently Lawson edited the "Worker" for a brief period before leaving for New Zealand. Although generally accepted as one of Australia's national poets, his prose stories, which gained for him a world-wide reputation, are his best work.

1891 Labor Party first entered the New South Wales Parliament.

Mario, of London's Caprice, tells of

Famous host's 50 years of setbacks, successes



FAMED all over the world for his food and personality, Mario, of London's Caprice restaurant, has retired through ill health.

WHEN Mario, of the Caprice, London's showplace for the stars of entertainment, announced his retirement, it made sad news in every country in the world.

For Mario the restaurateur had two vast talents, cooking and making people happy.

And for more than 50 years he did this so superbly that wherever good food is discussed Mario's name is in the thoughts of all who know and love him.

Proof of his great accomplishment was in the hundreds of letters and telegrams that are pouring into the Caprice. For news that Mario was retiring was flashed around the world. The arts know no Iron Curtain.

Being a restaurateur is something of an art. Mario, a true artist, expressed himself in the way he knew best, by creating a place for those whose talents called for good food and the right atmosphere in which to relax. This was the Caprice.

Mario put his heart and soul into the place. He loves it so. His beloved restaurant is equally loved by all the celebrities who crowd there, stage and film stars, diplomats, politicians, writers and artists, ballet dancers, critics and columnists, people from the world of fashion, tycoons and visiting firemen.

He wanted them all to be happy, and having created the Caprice he retires to hover concernedly over its fine cuisine and unparalleled atmosphere.

At 78 he still refuses to admit full retirement.

"Just say I'm on half-time," he said as he made a swift tour of the kitchens he planned to the last detail, and has brought up to date with every modern labor-saving device.

Mario explained, "A good restaurant pivots on the kitchens, like a well-run home. If you don't get your kitchen right, you will always have headaches."

The Caprice is very small for such a famous restaurant. It is hidden away in a cul-de-sac off London's Piccadilly. The Ritz Hotel casts a long shadow which just brushes the Caprice but for all its grandeur never overshadows it.

How Mario came to make a success of the Caprice is a story touched with poignancy.

"I was nearly 60 years old, had been out of work for two years and coming to

the end of my savings," he told me.

"You see, I was thought to be finished. And even with Digby Morton, the couturier, recommending me to the owner of a famous restaurant near Covent Garden, I was turned down."

But Mario, who for 28 years had been a London landmark as the man who made the Ivy (WAS the Ivy) restaurant, had many friends among the theatre people who flocked there.

His parting from the Ivy in 1945 had been a bitter personal blow.

By
ANNE MATHESON
of our London staff

But friends rallied. Playwright Terence Rattigan, the late Ivor Novello, Margery Sharp, the authoress, Mervyn Johns, the actor, and Sir Denys Lawson, one-time Lord Mayor of London, all offered loans, investments, support.

"The Caprice was owned by two Australians, Alan and Ken Hall, well known in the catering trade for their quality inns and for work with the Red Cross and wartime food rationing.

"I had asked if I could

buy. But they wouldn't sell, and the next thing I saw the Caprice advertised with Ricci D'Ajou as manager.

"Well," I thought, "that is that."

"But a nightclub manager cannot run a restaurant. Nobody is really happy."

"The Hall brothers asked me to come in. And later I raised the capital and bought it from them."

"I cannot say that right from the beginning the Caprice was a success."

"In fact, it was a real heartbreak."

"Moroni will never know what those early struggles were like," he said. (John Moroni has taken his place at the Caprice as manager.)

"All the staff went with Ricci D'Ajou when I took over. I thought I was sunk."

"And a few days after opening I had only two customers — Beverley Nichols and Jimmie Drawbell, two well-known literary personalities."

"The place was a sea of empty tables. I offered them a drink, but Jimmie Drawbell, refusing, said: 'No, Mario, we would be drinking all your profit.'

"I tried to grin cheerfully, but it was very forced. And I said to my two old

friends, 'Since there are no profits have a drink with me, anyway, it may bring me luck.'

"Well," said Mario, "that is all over now. Then it was nothing but struggle and disappointment."

At a time when most men are looking forward to retiring, Mario was working 17 hours a day.

He has been a formidable runner (as the thieves who stole his trophies know) and he made a marathon of marketing in the early hours at Covent Garden.

He cooked and supervised delectable dishes from the available food (London was still rationed in 1947 when Mario took over the Caprice).

And when the guests arrived he was the same Mario in neat, pin-striped suit, dapper, and with that innate *savoir-faire* that had enabled him to attract a devoted clientele to the Ivy. Within three months of his opening it was impossible to get a table at the Caprice.

"We had weathered the storm," he told me, "and never again was I to see that awful sight of not a single customer and a dozen waiters standing around trying to look busy, rearranging the cutlery."

Over the years, and now, they are juggling every night with chairs and tables to cope with the after-theatre suppers. The bar is crowded until midnight with people waiting for tables.

"The Caprice has always been too small," sighed Mario. "But if it had been double the size it would have lost half its atmosphere."

He showed me how the tables are juggled.

Legs can be screwed on and taken off. They are solid, round, old-fashioned mahogany legs on castors. The table tops are in all sizes, small and large, round and oval.

Set against the banquettes lining the red, ruffled-silk walls they can be quickly rearranged if a large party arrives without booking. A table big enough to seat everybody is wheeled into place and the mahogany legs are screwed in.

"It is a furnishing tip more than one bright homemaker has copied," said Mario.

Early days at the Caprice were full of triumph and despair.

Eileen Herlie, rushing there by taxi at 10 p.m. after playing in Jean Cocteau's "The Eagle Has Two Heads," was full of apologies for being late.

"But I assured her she was not, and she could come right in and stay as late as she liked, right up till 2.30 in the morning," he told me. "We were still suffering a hangover of the blackout, and restaurants in town closed early. I was determined on another policy."

"That news got around the theatrical world and the Caprice began to fill rapidly."

So rapidly, in fact, that soon Mario was misjudging his capacity and lent six waiters to serve at a party Ivor Novello was giving in his flat after the first night of "King's Rhapsody."

"Bookings were down, anyway, because so many of my regulars were going to Ivor's party. I felt certain I could cope."

"I was dead wrong. We were inundated."

"The restaurant, the bar, the cloakrooms were full. People were arguing as they queued outside the swing doors. Tempers were running high."

Terence Rattigan was assuring his guests, Richard Widmark and Mai Zetterling, that I could always find them a table. My heart sank.

"Nice and understanding clients were leaving without coffee to make room for newcomers. But still there was not enough room."

"Then in walked Sir Anthony Eden, now Lord Avon, with a party, including Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier."

"All they wanted was a quiet meal. But where?"

At the Caprice that night there was neither a spare chair or movable table.

Then Mario thought of the bar.

"I sat the Oliviers there on high stools and served them cold chicken and champagne. They were squeezed elbow to elbow between James Stewart, Alfred Hitchcock, and Danny Kaye's party."

Next evening Ivor Novello dined at the Caprice with his co-stars, Vanessa Lee and Olive Gilbert.

With gratitude he shook Mario's hand. "My party was a great success, thanks to you," he said, beaming.

"The Caprice was anything but a success last night — thanks to you," Mario replied, smiling now that near disaster had been averted.

"Ivor Novello was one of the kindest and most lovable men," Mario told me. "Night after night in the early critical weeks he came to the Caprice bringing parties of famous people — the late Tyrone Power, Lynn Fontaine and Alfred Lunt, the two Hermiones — Baddeley and Ginglyd, Michael Redgrave, Emyln Williams, Elisabeth Welch, the late Errol Flynn."

Mario, talking of the early days and comparing them to the great success of the Caprice, said: "My first New Year's Eve was the saddest in my life. I brought my guitar and sang Neapolitan love songs — rather ineptly. I'm afraid. My voice sounded thin and weak in the rooms, which were very empty. I did try to be gay that first New Year of the Caprice, but as midnight struck and the few diners were toasting the New Year I was sobbing quietly to myself behind the deserted bar."



THE CAPRICE, small and unpretentious-looking for such a famous restaurant, is hidden away in a cul-de-sac off London's Piccadilly.



DINING-ROOMS are cosy, often crowded. "If the place was twice the size," says owner Mario, "it would lose half its atmosphere."

the stars' food fads and fancies

What Margaret and Tony eat; How Hitchcock cut his weight

New Year's Eve celebrations today are riotous. When the revelry is at its height there are high-spirited and spontaneous performances from such toppers that if they were paid it would cost a fortune.

Hermione Baddeley will take the mike and comper, Margaret Leighton, Beatrice Lillie, Hermione Gingold, and Kenneth More will all join in with a turn. Laurence Harvey will do his song-and-dance act.

But it doesn't have to be New Year's Eve for the regulars at the Caprice to put on an act.

A charlady shuffling in one day at lunchtime seemed to be making a nuisance of herself at the tables of John Mills, Van Johnson, Danny Kaye, and Noel Coward.

"I was in the middle of taking a complicated order from Stanley Baker and Ginger Rogers when I caught sight of this woman and wondered what she was doing at the Caprice and how she could be politely shown the door, when it turned out to be Hermione Gingold," said Mario.

"Don't you recognise your old chum?" she asked turning a red and blowsy face beneath a gaudy scarf toward me.

"I couldn't mistake that drawl. Hermione was rehearsing for a 'Night of a Hundred Stars,' and had rushed around in a taxi to play this joke on me.

"Alfred Hitchcock is another great practical joker."

This director has long been a Mario follower, right back to the old days at the Ivy.

"He had a magnificent appetite," said Mario, "and ate truly gargantuan meals, especially if lunching with Charles Laughton.

"But when he came to the Caprice things were different. He had been put on a diet and reduced his 20 stone by more than seven.

"Yet he enjoyed his food and the diet didn't affect his high spirits and sense of fun.

"You know," said Mario, "you can eat well on a diet, if you eat carefully."

Of Hitchcock's diet he said, "He always ate well and settled on a grilled steak for lunch and grilled meat with no fat whatever for dinner.

"Occasionally he would have a grilled Dover sole, a nice big one, which is a very satisfying meal for a man. He will touch nothing farinaceous, neither peas nor broad beans, no bread or potatoes, no cheese.

"He always eats plenty of green vegetables with his grills. And he enjoys a good wine, being careful not to drink too much. He knows

his wines, and can talk about them for hours on end. He always finishes with a good Havana cigar and a cup of coffee.

"Hitchcock loves restaurants, and is my most genial ambassador, bringing in American stage and screen celebrities, writers, producers.

"It is wonderful to see him so much lighter in weight yet still enjoying a good table."

Mario has grown to know the food fads of all his clients.

"Everyone has a fad and a fancy. It wouldn't be fun if they didn't," he said.

"Take Laurence Harvey, for instance. He is a fanciful eater. He usually has a run on a dish, then switches to another and doesn't go back to that.

"Once it was fish pie cooked specially for him. But with a difference. Laurence Harvey insisted on a piece of flaked kipper being

Invited to Margaret's wedding

added to the scampi, lobster, mussels, prawns, and salmon in the pie.

"I make a white sauce with a little onion fried in the butter to give it piquancy, then add the fish, with mussels last, as they take less time and harden if overcooked.

"When all the fish is very lightly cooked in the sauce, pour in a glass of champagne for buoyancy. Then turn the fish in this sauce into an old-fashioned pie dish.

"Sprinkle with grated cheese and put beneath the grill to toast."

Mario has never had a nickname, but Laurence Harvey always called him "Daddy."

Harvey, when he has chicken, likes it plain. No trim whatever.

The Earl of Harewood likes kid and when it is in season he is always at the Caprice enjoying roast kid.

"I cook it in butter with rosemary," said Mario. "Nothing else. There is a very short season for kid when it is young. As soon as the weather starts to warm up it smells."

When Princess Margaret and Tony Armstrong Jones were married, Mario was invited to the wedding. They had been to lunch at the Caprice, where Tony was a frequenter.

Yet their engagement was as much a surprise to Mario as it was to the rest of the world.

"I remember one day Tony bringing in a pretty girl in dark glasses, and with



PRINCESS MARGARET and Lord Snowdon both like lamb cutlets cooked in Mario's special way.

Mario puts a chicken in a cocotte (casserole) with only a turn of the pepper mill, a walnut of butter, and a tablespoon of water. This is cooked very slowly and served without sauce or gravy.

"It tastes deliciously of itself," said the maestro of the Caprice.

Another tip Mario gave me about cold chicken: "Never put it in the refrigerator and never serve it really cold. Just let it cool off and by the time it gets to the table it tastes like chicken. Leave it for too long, or put the chicken in the refrigerator, and it will taste like leftovers."

two friends they sat over lunch until four o'clock.

"Tony ate well. He understands food and takes his time choosing. I remember the girl with him seemed to have a small appetite. She did not go through the menu the way he did.

"After they had gone, I thought, That girl looks like someone I have seen before.

"But with a pair of dark glasses and a scarf tying her hair back, it is easy to mistake one girl for another. They come here often now."

Princess Margaret likes lamb cutlets. So does Tony. Mario serves the Princess one thick cutlet with all the meat and fat trimmed from the bone. He serves Tony two. They have these with creamed potatoes and peas.

The cutlets are first marinated in just a spot of olive oil, wrapped in fresh mint leaves, and left for no more than two hours.

Heat the grill and do the cutlets five minutes each side. Send to the table standing against a mound of creamed potatoes.

Mario has named some of his famous dishes after friends and clients.

There are "Bombe Ivor Novello," "Bombe Gladys Cooper," "Souffle Marie Tempest," and "Haddock Arnold Bennett."

"Bennett," he said, "was a frequenter of the Ivy and left his name on many of the menus."

There is "Omelet Arnold Bennett" as well as the haddock dish.

Mario makes a special dish called "Bouillabaise Noel Coward," but says it is useless attempting this dish unless the fish needed are available — and fresh.

But then everything is fresh in Mario's kitchens at the Caprice. On a long tour of inspection he pointed this out with pride. "Only tinned tomatoes are used, because they can sometimes be served in a way that fresh tomatoes may not."

Mario's clients are not all theatre people. Long before he came to the Caprice he had both Lloyd George and Winston Churchill as frequent lunchtime clients. In fact, when he was at Romano's in the Strand and he had to get signatures to

obtain a wine licence both signed the petition.

Once when buying strawberries at Covent Garden he noticed they were from the gardens at Chartwell, and when unpacked saw they were nose upward, so that some of the tips had been bruised.

He complained and the wholesaler passed on the complaint to the grower.

A few days later a message came from Sir Winston himself. It said he had been the packer and added, "Tell Mario I don't like things lying down, but always standing, head in the air, even strawberries."

The Caprice is a meeting place for those looking for acting talent.

The story of how Susan Shentall was discovered by Mario himself is well known. Mario had already suggested Laurence Harvey for the Rank film "Romeo and Juliet" and promised Renato Castellani to find a Juliet.

Susan came in with her parents, and Mario, breaking the habit of a lifetime, interrupted their meal with an excited, "You look the kind of girl to play Juliet."

He told me, "They thought I was crackers. In fact, they were rather horrified. But I insisted they tell me where they lived."

Ringling the director he said, "I've found your Juliet." He gave her an audition and she got the part.

There is an amusing ending to the story, for his wife, Josephine, hearing how he had helped out, said, "Just like you, always doing things for other people. Why don't you do something for me for a change?"

He looked at Josephine, his comely wife of 50 happy married years, and said, "But, my dear, you didn't tell me you wanted to play Juliet."



MAI ZETTERLING enjoyed a crowded night at Mario's Caprice.



RICHARD WIDMARK was caught in an exciting night of crowding.



GINGER ROGERS was amused with a prank by Hermione Gingold.



LORD AND LADY AVON (formerly Sir Anthony and Lady Eden) figured in a busy night that tested Mario's managerial skill to the utmost.



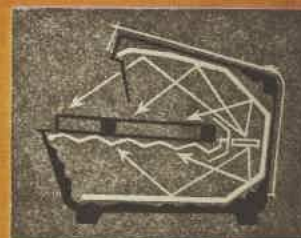
ALFRED HITCHCOCK cut his weight from 20st. to 13st. He dieted under Mario's supervision; eats grills, nothing farinaceous, no bread or potatoes.



This is the fantastic new REFLECTOR TOASTER



Unique
Reflected Heat
Toasts faster
— saves electricity



and it toasts all these EXTRA things!

Crumpets



Open Sandwiches



Cheese on Toast



MORE than a new toaster — a new **kind** of toaster . . . and you'll wonder why someone didn't think of it before. Simply place bread (or crumpets or open sandwiches or frozen waffles or pancakes) on toaster rack, and the unique reflected heat toasts **both** sides at once, lets you **see** when it's done.

No more "brown in the middle, light on the sides" toast, the reflected heat covers the entire bread surface, toasts evenly, deliciously . . . saves electricity too! It's the kind of advance you'd expect from G-E, world's largest electrical enterprise . . .
....go see it today at your favourite store!

GENERAL  ELECTRIC*

*TRADE MARK OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY—U.S.A.
AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC (APPLIANCES) PTY. LTD., NOTTING HILL, VICTORIA

and what a wonderful gift
at only **\$14.95.** (£7.9.6)

COMPACT



● Mrs. Forestier-Walker working on Christopher Holt's portrait. He sketched her, too.

DEEP THOUGHT, LIKE GRANDPA

■ Never let it be said there's no truth in the "chip off the old block" maxim.

Regaling seven-year-old Christopher Holt (grandson of the Prime Minister) with a story while she was painting his portrait in Melbourne, visiting English artist Mrs. Mollie Forestier-Walker asked: "Where would you look for buried treasure?"

Quick as a flash, the answer came back: "I'd go skindiving for it."

Actually, Christopher admitted he had not yet been allowed to share the favorite family sport when on seaside holidays with his parents and grandparents. But he is obviously counting the days until he is considered old enough to do so.

● Tells story

The serial story, usually about a squirrel called Ferdinand and two children, is Mrs. Forestier-Walker's pet gambit when she is painting children.

She finds it keeps them interested and stops them from fidgeting.

She calls on experiences from her travels round the world for her plot and says, after her visit to Australia, there'll be wombats and koalas in future episodes.

Describing Christopher, son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Holt, of Melbourne, as "a bit wriggly but a wonderful subject to paint," Mrs. Forestier-Walker was amazed at the speed with which the portrait was accomplished.

She usually works in pastels when painting children, because this is a faster

● There are orange-blossom times in Japan as well as cherry-blossom ones. This year tradition dictates that every sixth day is Daian Day, specially lucky for marriage. Weddings are so popular on these days that railways put on Honeymoon Specials!

medium than oils. Christopher's picture required only two sittings, despite fairly frequent dashes round the room to stretch his legs; sorties into the garden to watch road-menders at work in the street outside the house; and demonstrating how he could watch her through the drawn curtains without being seen, by using a periscope from his comprehensive "spy kit."

Christopher, himself a keen painter and only too happy to show visitors his big folder of drawings (some of which he will classify slightly apologetically as "done when I was much

HOW many music-lovers have heard a hackbrett? Or even know what one is?

Forerunner of the piano, the hackbrett dates back to the Middle Ages, and is one of the 50-odd musical instruments, including the little-known raffele (a small zither) and schwegelpfeife (Alpine piccolo) played by the Engel family.

(Herr and Frau Engel, with their four sons and three daughters, recently enchanted Australia with their native Tyrolean folksongs, dances, and ensembles.)

"The hackbrett is so old that no one knows its origin," said 29-year-old Max, second-born of the Engel children, who plays eight instruments, as well as singing and dancing. "In Hungary it's called the zymbal, and in England the dulcimer."

"It's played with sticks," he added, running his fingers over the hackbrett's strings to produce a harpsichord-like sound. "It's beautiful for Christmas music."

The Engels started making music purely for their own amusement when they were evacuated to a tiny Tyrolean village during World War II. Their teacher was father, Fritz, who collected folk musical instruments as a hobby.

"At first we just sang and played recorders," Max said. "Then we learnt simple percussion instruments."

younger"), whiled away a lot of time with a crayon sketch of Mrs. Forestier-Walker.

"It's not terribly good, I'm afraid," he said when he gave it to her. "I'm better at tractors."

However, Mrs. Forestier-Walker says it will join another youthful effort she cherishes. "That was done of me by Paul Brandan, whose mother is Princess Katherine of Greece, aunt of King Constantine."

Mrs. Forestier-Walker also sketches and paints land-

scapes, but portraits—especially those of children—have become something of a specialty. There are many famous and royal names in her list of subjects.

She has studios in London, in Cornwall, and at her house in Bequia, in the West Indies. There is also a studio in the house on her sheep farm in North Wales, which she regards as home. "Although I'm usually too busy being a housewife and seeing friends to paint when I'm there."

★ Pat Gregory (right), who skated around the world as the star of top English and American ice shows, had one regret when she returned to Australia to settle down after ten years of touring—she had never visited the East.

She put her dream "on ice" while she and husband—manager Hal Downey made their home at Manly, began their long-awaited family with Tracey-Lee (now four years old), and built up their own ice-skating company with Pat as star.

Then the chance came—a six-month tour of the East with her own company.

To learn the details, we called on Pat at her final Sydney rehearsals before she left for Hong Kong to open there this week.

Very trim and shapely in her close-fitting red practice outfit, and with gamin-cut auburn hair, it was hard to believe Pat has been skating professionally for 20 years.

"For the first six weeks of the tour we will be appearing at two night-clubs in Hong Kong," Pat said.

"We go to Singapore and Bangkok, then spend three months in Japan."

"I've always wanted to visit these places, as they sound so exciting. Our only worry has been for our daughter. At first we planned to take her with us, but with rioting in Hong Kong we felt it best to leave her at home with my family."

Pat and Hal are taking a company of 16 per-

formers on the tour and \$10,000 worth of equipment, including two ice rinks.

The performers include dancers, a couple of variety acts, and six

skaters. They are staging two shows, one with a Paris theme and the other a winter setting, which has meant two lots of sets and costumes.

When they return, Pat

will continue with her very successful engagements at clubs here. She has never tired of skating, which has been her whole life, and has no thoughts of retirement.

EASTERN DREAM DID NOT GO WEST!

Two words spelt out success

■ "Persian cat" . . . these two words mean a lot to 16-year-old Marion Austen, of Launceston, Tas., because they started her off in a successful and profitable hobby.

In 1964 the Australian Cat Club ran a competition in Tasmania to see how many words could be made from "Persian cat," and Marion won with 500 words. First prize? A blue point Siamese female cat.

Marion's interest in cats had begun earlier when her sister gave her Sammy, a large white cat with one blue and one hazel eye.

Sammy arrived the day after the Cat Club competition, so he was followed soon afterwards by the prize.

Now Marion is one of the most serious Siamese breeders in Launceston and her cattery, "Ausmari," is well-known in Tasmania. The name is a combination of Marion's names.

Marion's bedroom walls are covered with ribbons won at various shows in Tasmania and Victoria, and the shelves are loaded with silver trophies, mostly won by the prize aristocratic blue point, Grand Champion Felidae Blue Nerina — "Rina" for short.

Rina was "Kitten of the Year" in 1965 in Launceston. This means that between

four and nine months, when she became a cat, she won enough points at various cat shows for the award. This year Rina won the exalted title "Cat of the Year."

Possible future "cats of the year" are in Rina's fourth litter. There were six in this litter.

Marion expects to get about 18 guineas each.

Other money comes in from her boarding cattery, where she boards cats while their owners are on holiday.

This sideline started about two years ago when one woman asked her to look after her pet cat.

Marion is training to be a cat judge, and plans to take exams when she is 18.

When she leaves technical college at the end of this year, she'll work in an office—her cats influenced her in this decision.

"I couldn't be a teacher or anything that might take me away from home and my cats," she said.



● Marion with Rina (left) and Sammy.

AFTER-DARK FASHIONS SHOW NEW ELEGANCE AND DASH



1691.—Evening dress and coat (above). Pattern also includes the same design in street-length. The dress has a skirt with a panel effect in front. The skirt is attached to a foundation at the high waistline and has a short matching overblouse. The high-collared coat has double fastenings. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. 1691 Vogue Couturier design by Fabiani, of Italy. Price \$2.30 includes postage.



1677. — High-waisted A-line dress and matching jacket (left). Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. 1677 Vogue Couturier design by Belinda Bellville, of London. Price \$1.40 includes postage.



1687. — Graceful floor-length evening dress (right). Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, and 20 for 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40in. bust. 1687 Vogue Couturier design by John Cavanagh, of London. Price \$1.60 includes postage.



1717. — Full tent dress has a back-button closing and fullness held in by a self-belt. The wrist-length sleeves have buttoned cuffs. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. 1717 Vogue Paris Original by Christian Dior. Price \$1.60 includes postage.

—MAKE ONE FROM A PATTERN

● Here is a preview of the newest trends for the winter party season. They include designs by such famous names as Christian Dior, Pucci and Fabiani, of Italy, and Belinda Bellville and John Cavanagh, of London. Patterns are available for each — from the Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted. They are also available in leading stores throughout Australia and New Zealand.



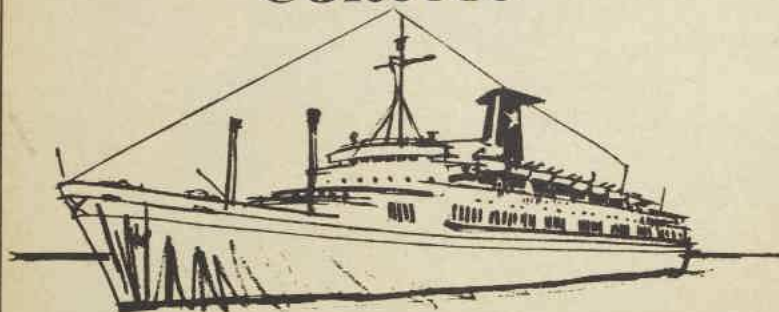
1692.—Exotic one-piece evening pyjamas (above). A short jacket is included in the pattern. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. 1692 Vogue Couturier design by Pucci. Price \$1.40 includes postage.

1668.—Evening dress and matching coat (far right and right). Pattern also includes same designs in full length. The dress is back-buttoned, bare and slim. The coat has a single-breasted fastening. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. 1668 Vogue Paris Original by Dior. Price \$1.80 includes postage.



WIN

an exciting **FLOTTA LAURO** holiday for two to Italy in the **Milano Menu Magic Contest**



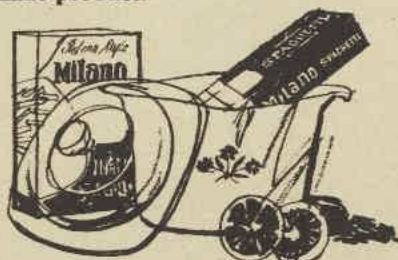
Sail first class on the luxurious Flotta Lauro liners 'ANGELINA LAURO' and 'ACHILLE LAURO'... three lazy weeks of ocean cruising... then 4 weeks in romantic Italy before sailing for home. **PLUS: \$500** spending money if the winning entry is accompanied by a pack top from any Milano product.

CONSOLATION PRIZES:

50 new model Corning Ware 6½ pint saucepans — latest addition to the Corning Ware range.

HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

From the 20 spaghetti and noodle dishes listed below, simply choose the 7 dishes that you consider most suitable to be served (either as a main course or as an entree) on 7 successive days on board the 'Angelina Lauro'. Then, in less than 25 words, tell us why you serve Milano products. The contest will be judged by the Chief Chef of the Flotta Lauro line.



CONDITIONS:

1. Neatness will be taken into account. 2. The judge's decision is final. 3. No correspondence will be entered into. 4. No entries accepted from employees or relatives of employees of Nabisco Pty. Ltd., its advertising agents or the prize suppliers. 5. Entries close

Saturday, July 15th, 1967. 6. Winner's trip to be taken no later than the last sailing in 1967. 7. Successful contestants will be notified by mail. 8. Completion of the entry form is your acceptance of these conditions. Only one prize per person.

Enter now

Further entry forms are available from your grocer or supermarket.

MAIL THIS COUPON TO
Milano Menu Magic Contest
P.O. Box 4405
G.P.O. Melbourne

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
STATE _____

In order of preference, number the seven dishes you consider most suitable to be served on seven successive days aboard the 'Angelina Lauro'.

- ☐ **Almond-Poppy-Seed Noodles**
Rich, buttery, almond flavoured noodles, served with chicken or meat.
- ☐ **California Spaghetti**
Flavoured with olives and garlic.
- ☐ **Spaghetti Mushroom Platter**
Mushroom sauce poured over spaghetti.
- ☐ **Noodles with Ham and Mushrooms**
Mixture of ham, mushrooms, white sauce, noodles — baked.
- ☐ **Creamy Macaroni and Green Beans**
Beans, cheese, white sauce, baked with noodles.
- ☐ **Olive Macaroni Surprise**
Macaroni, olives, cheese sauce and seasonings.
- ☐ **Ham-Macaroni Mousse**
Moulded salad with macaroni, ham, mayonnaise, vegetable juice.
- ☐ **Summer Meat Loaf**
Luncheon meat, salad vegetables, macaroni and seasonings.
- ☐ **Butter Crumb Noodles**
Noodles served instead of potatoes, buttery and crunchy.
- ☐ **Lasagne**
Layers of wide noodles, tomato and meat sauce, cheese. Baked.

- ☐ **Spaghetti con Salsa di Pomodoro Vino**
Spaghetti with Wine Tomato Sauce.
- ☐ **Conchiglie con Salsa alle Vongole**
Shells with Clam Sauce.
- ☐ **Spaghetti Parmesan**
Spaghetti tossed with cheese, butter and herbs.
- ☐ **Spaghetti and Crab**
Tomato crab sauce over spaghetti.
- ☐ **Chuck Wagon Macaroni**
Zippy Macaroni with cheese and chili sauce.
- ☐ **Baked Spaghetti Special**
Casserole beef, bacon, cheese, tangy tomato sauce.
- ☐ **Spaghetti with Prawns**
Tomato sauce filled with mushrooms, prawns, over spaghetti.
- ☐ **Savoury Beef and Macaroni**
Macaroni with seasoned beef in tangy tomato sauce.
- ☐ **Frankfurter Casserole**
A cheesy frankfurter and macaroni casserole.
- ☐ **Zucchini Sauce with Fine Noodles**
Baby marrows in tomato sauce over noodles.

I serve Milano products because _____

HM20/67

DRESS SENSE

By BETTY KEEP

● This slightly A-line dress in evening- or floor-length is chosen for a young married woman. Part of the reader's letter and my reply are published below.

"I want to make a tailored evening dress using 3-7/8 yards of a beautiful white fabric with a raised surface. I don't have very many occasions to dress formally, so I want a style that will not date quickly. I take a size 14."

The design I have chosen for you, illustrated at right, is sleeveless, has an A-line silhouette, a high yoke finished with a self-bow, and a round, collarless neckline. Under the illustration are how-to-order details.

"Could you let me have a paper pattern for a size 44in. bust? The style I want is a shirt-dress."

Our pattern department includes a front-buttoned, step-in shirt-dress in the size you require. The design is finished with above-wrist sleeves. To order, please quote Butterick pattern 2977. Price 63c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"When is it correct to wear a kilt-skirt? I have bought one in bright green and it's above knee-length. What type of sweater and shoes should I wear with the kilt?"

You can wear a kilt on any occasion you would wear a skirt. It will look best with textured stockings, low-heeled shoes, and a turtle-neck sweater.

"Do you think a white fitted sheath would suit me? The dress is for a late-day party in July and I want something warm. I have a 29in. bust and 28in. waist. I have dark hair and eyes and a creamy skin. I am 29."

Not a fitted sheath. My choice would be an easy-fit

A-line dress in rose-red velvet or creamy beige smooth-surface wool.

"My husband-to-be wants me to carry a prayer book instead of bridal flowers — would this be correct?"

Quite correct and a charming idea, too. It is a pretty idea to cover the prayer book in the same material as your dress and attach to it a white flower with white satin ribbon.

"Could you give me two colors that combine well for a winter coat-and-frock ensemble?"

Burnt orange or vivid emerald-green for the coat and cream wool for the dress.

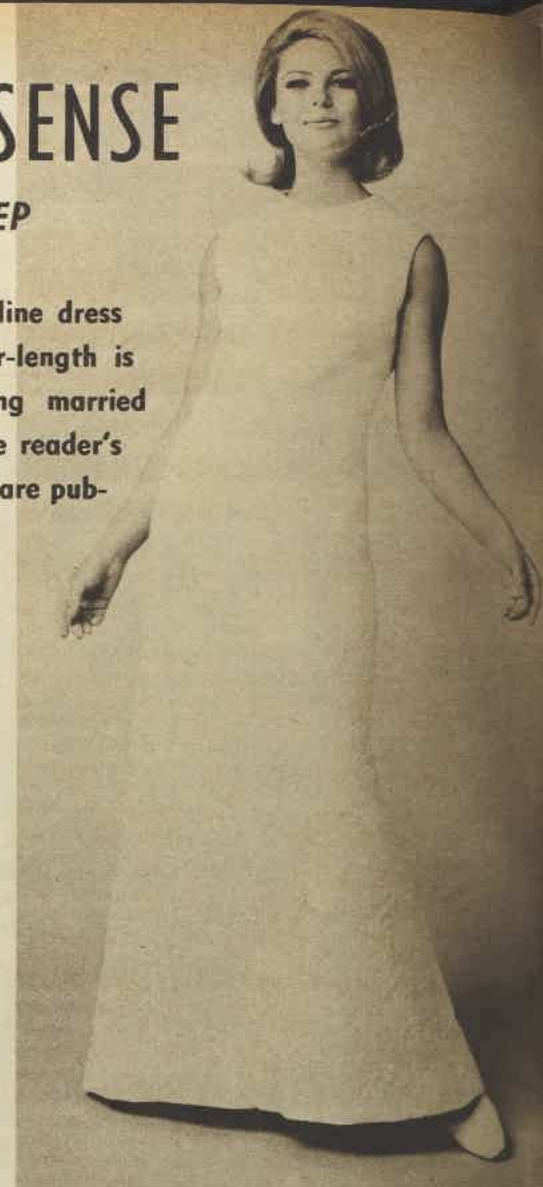
"I have made a shirt-waisted dress, and with all the mod clothes

around it makes me feel old-fashioned. The dress is blue. Can you suggest anything to liven it up?"

Wear the dress with a flower-printed Carnaby Street man's tie. The tie will give the dress a lift.

"I have a dark grey flannel suit from last winter and wondered if you would advise me about color for accessories. I want the suit to look up to date, as I have some long-time friends visiting Sydney. I am 23."

My choice would be a white or orange turtle-neck sweater, low-heeled black patent shoes, and a black patent bag, white gloves, and gold ball earrings.



4190.—Dress in two lengths, evening or street, in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 4190. Price 80c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD



Hate that grey? wash it away!*

Makes your husband feel younger too,
just to look at you!

Now! Colour only the grey without changing your natural hair colour!*

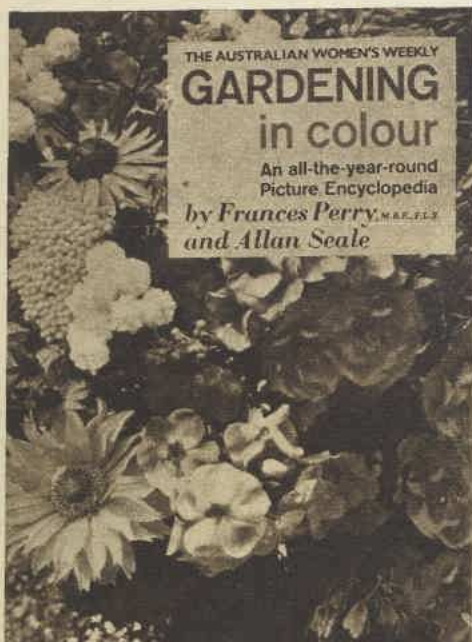


Grey hair, even when premature, says you're older than you are! So if you hate that grey, wash it away with new Loving Care Hair Colour Lotion. It's easy to do! There's nothing to mix or add. Just choose the tone most like your own . . . and pour it on, right out of the bottle! Gently, so skilfully does Loving Care wash in the young colour that your own shade appears unchanged. But you're rid of grey! And all anyone sees is that you look so much prettier, younger, after the very first wash.

Loving Care won't rub off, won't brush off. Contains no peroxide. Leaves hair shiny, vital, in better condition than ever. Best of all—just washed in about once a month, Loving Care keeps grey away so you can forget you ever had any! So try it! Ask your chemist for Clairol's Loving Care, today!

Loving Care* hair colour lotion
by  Clairol

● New book is a "must" for garden lovers



● "GARDENING IN COLOUR" is a new approach in gardening books. It is interesting, easy to follow, and beautifully presented.

It is generously illustrated with nearly 500 clear photographs—250 in full natural color. "Gardening in Colour" is a most comprehensive general garden book. It has detailed chapters on garden design, giving special emphasis to small gardens, and others on soils and fertilisers, trees and shrubs, windowboxes and hanging baskets, bulbs, roses, carnations, chrysanthemums, dahlias, sweet-peas, lawns, annuals and perennials, citrus and other fruits, orchids, indoor plants, vegetables, cacti and succulents, pot-plants, pests and diseases, ponds and water plants, ferns, and other subjects to do with gardening.

The original text of "Gardening in Colour" was by Frances Perry, the well-known English garden authority.

Allan Seale revised the new edition, rewriting some chapters entirely and adding others for Australian and New Zealand conditions.

It makes allowances for every climate from Cape York to Hobart, and Auckland to Perth.

This is a book with something to offer all plant lovers, both experienced gardeners and beginners, whether their interests lie in extensive gardens or are confined to a few pot-plants.

It is on sale now at all bookshops and news-agents. Price is \$3.95.

... AND

A BEST-SELLER COOK BOOK

● A new edition of "Cookery in Colour," by famous British cook - demonstrator Marguerite Patten in conjunction with Leila Howard of The Australian Women's Weekly, is now available at all book-sellers, price \$3.95.

Sales of this splendid cookery book have reached a near-record figure. In a few months' time they are expected to reach 200,000.

● This is the article which inspired Mrs. Judith McFadden, Mt. Colah, N.S.W., whose story was in last week's issue, to reduce her weight by three stone to 10st. 2lb. "How nice you look," friends told her as she grew glamorously slimmer. Mrs. McFadden followed our "Best-ever diet" (reprinted last week), and stuck to Dr. Rubin's reducing principles, which we first published in a lift-out with our issue of September 28 last year. She also did simple yoga exercises obtained from another of our lift-outs, "Yoga At Home," published in November, 1964.

HOW TO BOOST YOUR DIETING WILL-POWER

● Condensed from Dr. Theodore Isaac Rubin's
"A THIN BOOK BY A FORMERLY FAT PSYCHIATRIST"

THE diet you follow doesn't matter. Perhaps this sounds funny. But there are any number of good diets that work. Fundamentally, the problem is one of attitude rather than diet.

I have been fat. I have also treated fat people. I have helped myself, and I've helped them. I would like to help you. I believe I can.

Fatness is sickness

Being fat is a sickness. The affliction is fat — extra fat that strains the heart, blocks the arteries, and raises the blood pressure.

Mainly, though, it makes you look old and clumsy and ugly. Worse still, all fat people look alike because fat has a way of ironing out features.

This sickness, perhaps like no other, is terribly destructive to the personality and to social life. Nobody loves a fat man, including himself.

I hope I've piqued your vanity. Being destructive, that will probably have more effect than an appeal for concern for your health.

All right, you are sick. If you feel sorry for yourself, that is good. You have every reason to feel sorry for yourself. You are a sick person. Step one is to admit that you are sick. This is crucial.

Ask yourself how long you have been fat, how fat, through how many diets and promises. Ask yourself what it's done to you, how it has affected your life and your relationships with other people.

If you're ready to admit that overeating and being fat are an obsession, a compulsion, that you are addicted to eating too much food — you are on your way.

Hopelessness

Do you want to get well? Of course you do. But can you? If you are a chronic case, you probably think you can't. Chronically fat people really feel hopeless of the possibility of change.

This hopelessness is the second-best way to maintain the status quo: "Why try? It won't work, anyway. May as well eat. I'm 30lb. overweight; another couple of pounds before I diet won't matter . . ."

The rationalisations are endless. You will attempt to use them again and again as justifications for overeating.

The fact is that your illness can be cured. Other people have made it and so can you. But you must be realistic about this struggle. That is just what it's going to be — a long, hard struggle for which you must be thoroughly prepared.

Working units

Fat people tend to be expansive, to operate in an all-or-nothing way. Therefore, you are very likely to set exorbitant goals. This can be very dangerous, as discouragement — especially early in the game — can be completely devastating.

Now, I'm not suggesting that you minimise the problem. Being 70lb. overweight is being 70lb. overweight. But thinking in terms of 70lb. — from the beginning — is also unrealistic.

Goal One is to indicate to yourself that it can be done. This is why I recommend an immediate crash diet designed

to lose ten percent of the total weight you want to lose.

Your doctor can advise you about a crash diet. Do not starve! There are crash diets in which you can eat. Your doctor will probably recommend a high-protein low-carbohydrate diet. This is fine.

Remember to drink lots of water. Constipation is often an initial response to serious dieting and can be both painful and demoralising.

After this initial goal has been achieved, you may feel, "What is seven out of 70? Practically nothing . . ."

But seven out of 70 is ten percent — a wonderful accomplishment.

Later on, 20 percent is a good goal. For example, let's say your overweight is down to 30lb. Six pounds is then the next good goal to contemplate.

Prepare to fail

If you expect perfect dieting, you are already on your way to a massive failure.

So you will have failures. Be prepared for them.

Let us say you are breaking your diet. You are on an eating binge. Now, to any extent — and I mean to any extent whatever — that you can limit this binge, you are fighting failure and later despair.

Even in failure, keep success in mind. Three-quarters of a milkshake is better than a full one; half is better still. It's hard. All your past conditioning implores you to go on. But settle for what you have had; then stop.

And once the binge is over, do not hate yourself, or even feel guilty.

You did it. Now what can you do about it? Isn't this an old habit: depression, eating, then even more depression? Learn what you can from this.

Ammunition foods and emergency foods

Ammunition foods are foods to help prevent failure and to limit it.

It is too much for you to hope to succeed in eating your three diet meals and nothing else. This is not realistic or in keeping with a long-standing way of life.

But there are ways of eating between meals. Cheese and nuts and crackers are very tasty — and extremely destructive to a diet. Ammunition foods, on the other hand, satisfy both appetite and diet. These are foods which you must prepare and always keep in the house.

Let me list just some: sour pickles (not sweet-and-sour), tomato juice, celery stalks, cooked mushrooms, sauerkraut, strawberries, tomatoes, brussels sprouts, carrot sticks, lettuce leaves, cucumbers, and cauliflower.

There are also emergency foods.

You must have something sweet? Have some low-calorie chocolate pudding or half a melon or, if more solid food is necessary, a small steak.

Time

Taking your time in getting thin is most important. First, it gives your body an opportunity to get used to its new dimensions. The stomach has a chance to shrink. The skin has a chance to tighten.

More important, your psychology regarding yourself

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 14, 1967

and yourself in relation to food will have had a chance for healthy, permanent change.
It takes time to substitute other interests and activities for eating.

"Goal" units

Taking time involves units again — not the practical working units I spoke about before, but much larger "goal" units. I feel that goal units can be from 10lb. to not more than 20lb.

This means, for example, that 60lb. can be segmented into six 10lb. units or three 20lb. units.

The choice of unit size should depend on what is practically possible for you in terms of prolonged disciplined eating.

Therefore . . . you diet until you arrive at the end of a goal unit, vacation from dieting for a month, then diet again.

This is hard. But, in learning that it can be done, your morale and your sense of self-control will improve.

Another reason is that a "vacation" from dieting after reaching a goal unit means going on a maintenance diet — the diet you will ultimately go on for the rest of your life to maintain your weight.

The scales

Compulsive use of the scales early in the game (and I've known people who jumped on them about 20 times a day) can be quite discouraging.

Regardless of the diet you go on, don't expect big changes immediately. They just won't happen, not even with complete starvation.

Oh, there will be changes shortly, especially with an early crash diet, but not quickly enough to satisfy most people.

Also, initial significant-looking weight loss will probably be due to an early loss of water, because taking in less food means having less salt in the body to bind the water.

So in the very beginning the scales may indicate nothing at all. Don't blame them, or yourself.

Exercise

There are people who will have you believe you can trim off your overweight with exercise. Massage treatments of all kinds are also advocated.

Exercise alone simply will not do it! Massage, while it may be pleasant, will have even less effect. You may achieve some small redistribution of fat through the exclusive use of exercise, but the chances are excellent that you will retain your weight within five pounds.

But there is another very important aspect of exercise for fat people.

The fat person has, to a great extent, lost touch with her physical self. Emotionally, she has put as much distance as possible between herself and her body.

How is this demonstrated? By no longer having a good feeling for your body. Exercise helps you enjoy the feeling of it again.

This is especially true when changes — healthy, flattering changes — are taking place. As you get thin, you will feel better about your body, and your image of it will slowly change.

Exercise will enhance this change in feeling and will accelerate this process.

The diet I like best

First, I want to stress again: See your own doctor. Before dieting, it is important to equate your diet with any physical conditions that may exist.

I also feel it is very important that you understand the diet you will be on.

I don't mean the simple "eat this" and "don't eat that." Get your doctor to explain what your diet is all about, what it consists of, and how and why it works. It is vital to your sense of responsibility that you understand what you are doing.

Now, the diet I like best is the high-protein and low-carbohydrate one.

What is so wonderful about protein and so villainous about carbohydrates?

Protein is not just low in calories. It acts as a kind of metabolic catalyst; it burns itself up very readily and also stimulates the rapid metabolising of other foods.

Carbohydrates, on the other hand, are believed to have the reverse effect. Some researchers feel carbohydrates may be a factor in the retention of cholesterol in the bloodstream which eventually leads to arterial degeneration and heart and circulatory diseases.

So I recommend the high-protein, low-carbohydrate diet with the accessory "emergency and ammunition" foods mentioned before.

For others

Motivating patients to do something about themselves in order to get well is still an item that defies doctors. Motivation must come from the patient.

But what if it just isn't there?

Well, how about those around you? Is there anybody you feel something for? Do it for them until you see some results.

Results — thinness — will encourage you to go on for them and for you as well.

D-Day ought to be chosen with care. Important enterprises deserve the very best kind of send-off.

When D-Day arrives

For several days now, you will have had your house cleared of excess fattening food, and you now have plenty of ammunition food, comfort food, and emergency supplies on hand and easy to reach.

Ideally, the next few days should be pleasant but well organised — not weekends of unplanned "free" time with nothing to do but eat. Ordinary work-days are fine, but guard against excess work and fatigue.

These should be busy days but take-it-easy days.

Do not undertake other large, self-interest tasks at this time. You will certainly fail, and you may become very depressed. Dieting is enough for now.

Auxiliary measures

Do not suffer unnecessarily. Use every means at your command to arrive at your goal healthily and comfortably.

You will find it most helpful to socialise, talk, be active in causes, visit museums, see plays, see movies. Do things. Be with people.

This is no time to give up smoking. I do not suggest that you establish this habit. But, if you smoke, expect a slight increase. Try not to let this get out of hand — but don't be hard with yourself over a temporary increase.

If your diet and scruples permit, I also see nothing wrong with a cocktail in the evening. This can be something to look forward to. In short, be kind to yourself.

Try to increase pleasant activities. Do all you can to raise and sustain your morale. Your diet will take care of the weight; you must take care of yourself.

● *Before you diet, check with your doctor. And before you diet — think! Dieting is hard. But this persuasive diet argument by Dr. Theodore Isaac Rubin, who describes himself as a "formerly fat psychiatrist," is designed to help. He knows slimmers' problems because he himself dieted to reduce weight.*

I like tea

I find it comforting to drink tea, especially during periods of fatigue and when pressured by the vicissitudes of dieting.

If you don't like tea, choose clear broth or sugarless coffee or bouillon — just as long as it's calorie-free and comforting.

Help!

Emergency: you are about to go on a binge.

Quick! Drink two glasses of no-calorie soda, tea, instant coffee, bouillon, or plain water. It will blow you up inside. Then eat two pickles (large ones) and a whole cantaloup (a medium one).

Then . . . get out of the house and walk. Here you are, starving, fatigued, filled only by carbonated gas, water, and the equivalent of grass, and I ask you to go for a walk!

But do it. Get out and walk — walk — walk away from the house (where you got fat in the first place) and away from the refrigerator. Keep going!

Picture yourself and how you look now. Are you passing a store window? Look at it and your reflection. Look at the pretty clothes for thin people.

You are on your way, and who is responsible? You are. By this time, that overwhelming urge to eat poison foods is disappearing. You have survived an acute emergency.

When you get back to the house, either get busy or go to sleep. Don't subject yourself to more unnecessary risk. In the morning when you wake up, please be fully aware that you have scored a major victory. You have proved you have self-control, and you can do it again.

Not only that. From now on, it's going to be easier.

Doldrums

There may be times in your regime when things don't seem to be going well. You will be doing all the required things without visible change.

This is very likely to occur after a sharp, initial weight loss and also about two-thirds of the way to your desired goal. Be prepared for it, so you don't get unduly discouraged.

What is usually happening is a reshifting of weight distribution and, particularly, rebalancing of your body's tissue-water. Stick to the regime, and you will pass from this "doldrum" state to a satisfactory period of measurable weight loss.

About the water business—to give an over-simplified explanation, what happens is this: Salt binds liquid, which means that it keeps water in the tissues. A depletion of food and salt results in a freeing of water, so the kidneys excrete more water through urination.

So initial dieting will result in a loss of weight due to water loss. However, as the diet proceeds, the salt will gradually be replaced, as will the water — unless, of course, you remain on a salt-free diet. This is not advisable unless specifically prescribed by a doctor.

If a doldrum period becomes interminable — and this despite faithful, formerly effective dieting — do see your doctor.

It is possible that your diet needs some modification, or that you are accumulating water for one reason or another. Your doctor may then prescribe medication.

But remember that taking pills indiscriminately on your own can be very dangerous. The hormonal balance of the body is a very important and delicate one, and should be treated with respect.

Evening evaluation

It is a good idea to spend a few minutes each evening evaluating the day.

Were there any difficult periods? How did you get through them? Are there any areas that can be improved tomorrow? Were there any significant victories? How is your morale? Is there any way to improve it tomorrow?

This evaluation should be helpful. Please don't use it as self-punishment.

Your friendliest enemies

Beware of your well-meaning friends and relatives. Many of them will be serious deterrents to your goal.

There will be people who insist that you eat out. They will tell you that you can eat dieting food, and then will guide you to restaurants offering the most tempting and fattening foods — all poison for you.

There will be the force-feeders, who will pressure you endlessly to eat something — "a little something, at least." "So go off your diet just this once." "Don't be so hard on yourself." The list could go on and on. Each of you will undoubtedly be in contact with your own particular kind of sabotaging specialist. Please remember that your first duty is to yourself.

Maintenance

You are at your goal. Congratulations! You've done it — you're actually thin.

Well, now that congratulations are over — back to work. Please remember that, as a formerly fat person (of several years' duration), you are something like the former alcoholic. The fat is gone; this is not true of your susceptibility and addiction to food.

You just can't eat wildly and indiscriminately — not if you want to remain thin. Now and then you may allow yourself tiny periods of freedom. But you must make sure these periods remain tiny.

Even more dangerous will be the tendency to slip gradually into a larger and larger eating habit, and to ignore or rationalise a small but steady weight gain.

The most successful maintenance diet will probably be based on the principles of your reducing diet. They have worked, so they are good.

Of course, the maintenance diet will have modifications, including greater leeway and occasional divergencies.

I would like to stress once again the value of having dieted slowly.

Because you have taken a considerable time to lose weight, both your psychology (regarding food) and your stomach have been considerably reduced. The maintenance diet should feel like enough.

Be especially careful — and this is most important — during periods of stress. Remember that, despite your recent victory, you have subjected yourself to years of conditioning in which stress and depression were handled with food.

Now, during your maintenance period — the rest of your life — the scales will be most important. Make sure your scales are good. Use them once a day, before breakfast and before dressing, and use them consistently.

Here is a suggested way:

Let us say your weight is 9st. 9lb. Then bring your weight down to 9st. 6lb. If you continue to weigh between 9st. 6lb. and 9st. 9lb.—a fluctuation of three pounds—your maintenance diet is working.

If you drop below 9st. 6lb., an increase is in order. If you rise above 9st. 9lb., immediately begin your reducing diet again.

BUT to give you ample leeway, do not go back to your maintenance diet until you go down to 9st. 7lb.—two pounds below your desired goal. At 9st. 7lb., go back on a slightly reduced maintenance diet.

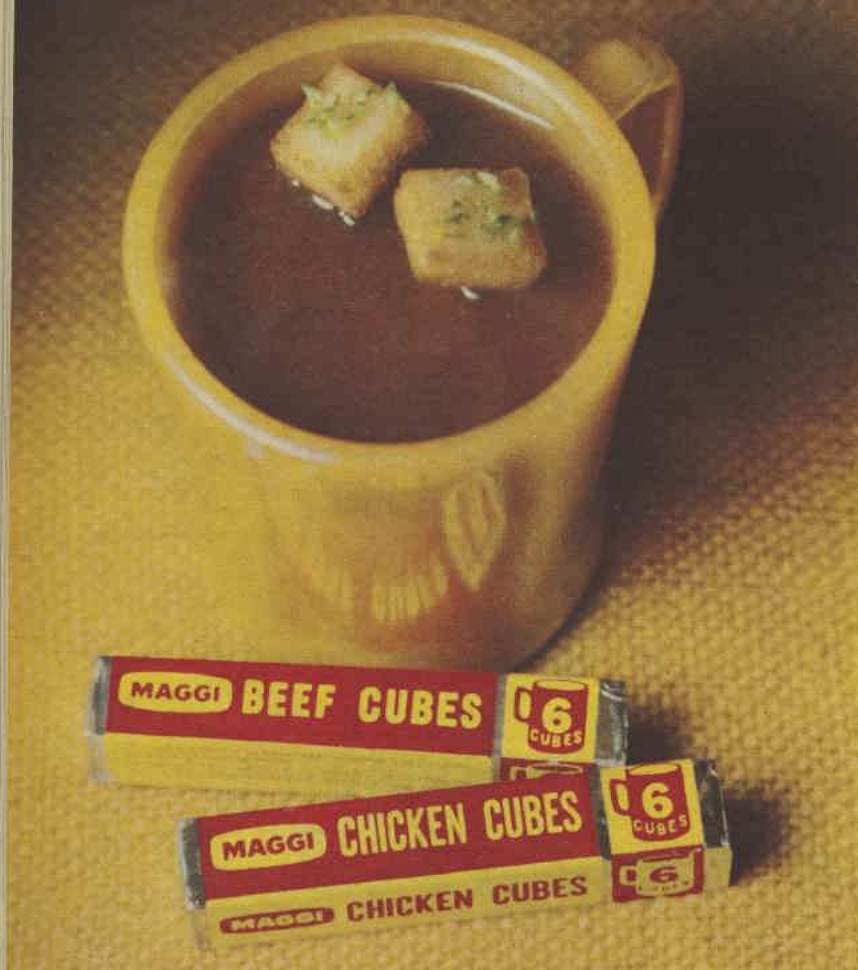
Follow this rule carefully and you will never get back into serious trouble. Eventually you will become so well stabilised that there will be practically no fluctuation.

Well, you are on your way. Again, I want to congratulate you. I won't wish you luck. It's not luck that brought you this far. It's self and self-esteem, and you have proved that you've plenty of that.

And by the way, welcome to the fraternity of thin people formerly fat!

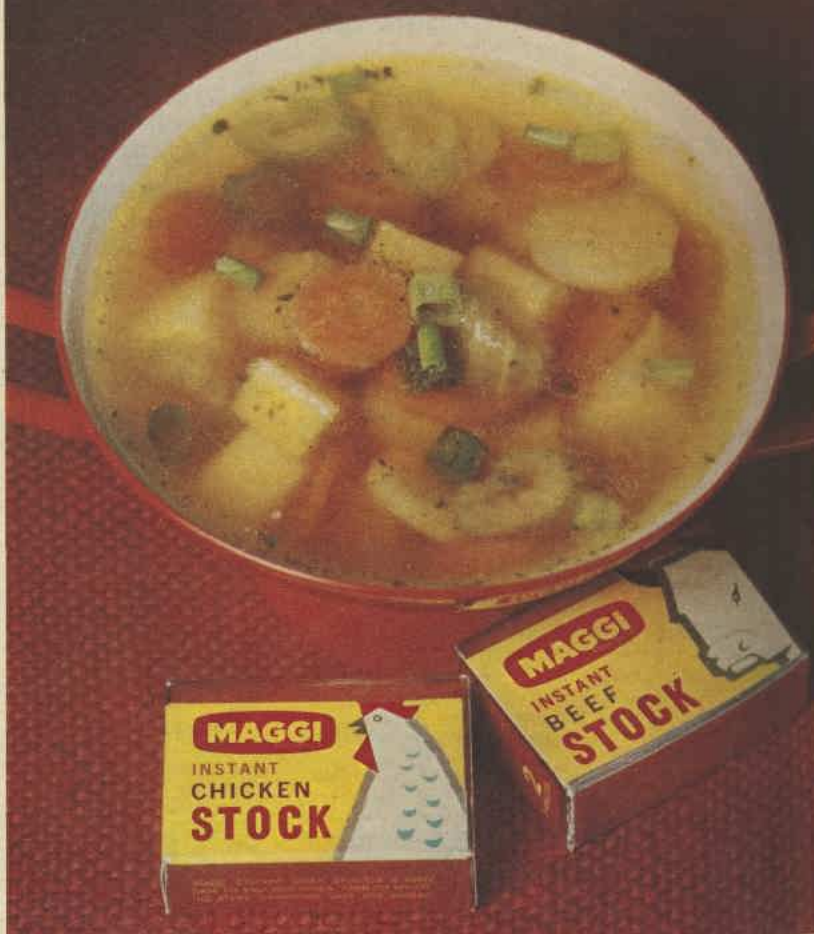
Only **MAGGI** gives you

*Cubes...
make heart-warming
winter broth.*



For a great winter drink, just drop a Maggi Stock Cube into hot water and in a couple of seconds it's ready. It's hot and heart-warming, nourishing too. And Maggi Stock Cubes are just the thing to give extra "oomph" to stews and casseroles. Both Tablets and Cubes are available in beef and chicken.

*Tablets...
make rich soup stock
in seconds*



Make delicious, rich, home-made soup the easy boneless way with Maggi Stock Tablets. Just pop a Maggi Stock Tablet into hot water—they dissolve instantly into the meatiest stock of all. Add extra "meat" to stews and casseroles, too. Just add a Maggi Stock Tablet.

(and both give extra flavour to stews & casseroles)

two kinds of stock

Save these wonderful Maggi Stock Recipes . . .

PEACH PORKBURGERS

1 MAGGI Instant Beef Stock Tablet.
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup hot water.
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup peach syrup.
 $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. fillet of pork—chopped finely.
 1 oz. butter.
 8 peach halves.
 4 hamburger buns.
 ground cloves.

Method. Dissolve MAGGI Instant Beef Stock Tablet in hot water. Add peach syrup. Sauté pork in 1 oz. melted butter, add liquid and simmer until cooked. Pour off excessive liquid. Combine with 4 peach halves, chopped. Spread mixture on toasted buns and place remaining peach halves on top. Sprinkle with ground cloves. Serves 4.

CHICKEN ACAPULCO

3 tbsp. oil.
 2 tbsp. chopped onion.
 2 tbsp. chopped capsicum.
 1 chicken or 2 large chicken breasts.
 1 tsp. paprika.
 1 cup water.
 1 MAGGI Instant Chicken Stock Tablet.
 2 tbsp. Tomato Juice.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup uncooked rice.

Method. Heat oil, sauté onion and capsicum. Add chicken cut into serving pieces and cook until browned on both sides. Stir in paprika. Gradually add stock made from water and half of MAGGI Instant Chicken Stock Tablet. Simmer until chicken is tender. Just before serving, stir in Tomato Juice. Serve with rice, which has been cooked in boiling water, seasoned with the remaining Instant Chicken Stock Tablet half. Serves 4.

SWEET AND SOUR TUNA

1 onion—chopped.
 1 stick celery—chopped.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ capsicum—chopped.
 oil.
 2 tbsp. soy sauce.
 1 cup hot water.
 1 MAGGI Beef Stock Cube.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup pineapple syrup.
 3 lev. tbsp. cornflour—blended in a little water.
 1 x 15 oz. can pineapple pieces.
 2 tbsp. vinegar.
 1 med. can tuna.

Method. Sauté onion, celery and capsicum in a little oil until tender. Add soy, water, MAGGI Beef Stock Cube and pineapple syrup. Thicken with blended cornflour. Bring to boil, simmer gently for five minutes. Add drained pineapple, vinegar and tuna. Heat through—Serve with rice. Serves 4.

CORNISH PASTIES

2 medium raw potatoes.
 $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. topside.
 1 grated carrot.
 2 tbsp. chopped onion.
 1 MAGGI Instant Beef Stock Tablet.
 3 tbsp. boiling water.
 1 lb. shortcrust pastry.
 egg.

Method. Cut potatoes and meat into small cubes. Add grated carrot and onion. Season. Dissolve Beef Stock Tablet in boiling water. Pour over meat mixture. Roll out the pastry thinly. Cut into shapes with a saucer. Place 1 tbsp. of mixture on each round, dampen edges, fold over, press edges of pastry over and flute with fingers, stand pasties upright on a baking sheet. Brush with beaten egg and bake in hot oven for 10 minutes, then reduce to moderate oven for approximately 45 minutes. Serves 8-10.

SOUP MEXICAIN

2 MAGGI Instant Beef Stock Tablets.
 1 pint boiling water.
 1 lb. small school prawns—peeled.
 1 tbsp. finely chopped onion.
 pinch ground coriander (optional).
 2 large tomatoes—chopped coarsely.
 1 green capsicum—chopped finely.
 pinch cayenne pepper.
 juice of 2 lemons.

Method. Dissolve MAGGI Instant Beef Stock Tablets in water. Add remaining ingredients. Simmer for 2 minutes. Serve hot or cold. Serves 4.

MINESTRONE SOUP

2 MAGGI Chicken Stock Tablets.
 2 cloves garlic—crushed.
 1" fresh root ginger—finely chopped.
 $\frac{3}{4}$ pints water.
 $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. peas.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. beans in 2" lengths.
 2 carrots in 2" strips.
 3 shallots in 2" lengths.
 4 oz. cooked chicken—diced.
 1 cup macaroni.

Method. Whisk MAGGI Stock Tablets, garlic and ginger into water. Simmer for 15 minutes. Add peas, beans, carrots, shallots, chicken and macaroni, simmer until macaroni is tender, approximately 15 minutes. Adjust seasoning. Serves 6-8.

CHICKEN ADOBO

1 chicken or 2 lbs. chicken breasts.
 2 tsp. minced garlic.
 1 tsp. ground pepper.
 1 bay leaf.
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar.
 2 tbsp. soy sauce.
 2 tsp. sugar.
 3 cups water.
 1 MAGGI Instant Chicken Stock Tablet.
 1 tbsp. oil or lard.

Method. Cut chicken into serving pieces. Place chicken, garlic, pepper, bay leaf, vinegar, soy sauce, sugar, water and MAGGI Chicken Stock Tablet into a saucepan. Bring to the boil. Cover and lower heat, cook until chicken is tender. Add oil. Remove chicken, place on serving platter. Cook sauce a little longer to reduce. Strain sauce and pour over chicken pieces. Serve hot. Serves 4 to 5.

SUNDOWNERS CASSEROLE

3 tbsp. prepared bread stuffing.
 6 large slices of roast lamb.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ MAGGI Instant Beef Stock Tablet.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water.
 2 oz. butter.
 2 tbsp. red currant jelly.
 cornflour.

Method. Place a dsp. of bread stuffing on each slice of meat. Roll up and secure with toothpicks. Place in casserole. Combine Instant Beef Stock Tablet, water, butter and red currant jelly. Pour over meat. Bake in moderate oven for 15 minutes, basting several times. Remove from oven. Keep meat warm. Bring gravy to boiling point and thicken with a little cornflour. Pour over lamb. Serve with creamy mashed potatoes. Serves 3.

FRANKFURTERS WITH SPANISH SAUCE

1 onion—finely chopped.
 1 oz. butter—melted.
 1 tomato—chopped.
 1 tbsp. chives or shallots.
 2 tbsp. vinegar.
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup lemon juice.
 2 tbsp. Worcestershire Sauce.
 1 lev. tsp. dry mustard.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lev. tsp. salt.
 1 crumbled MAGGI Beef Stock Cube.
 1 lb. frankfurters.

Method. Sauté onion in butter until tender. Add tomato, chives or shallots, vinegar, lemon juice, Worcestershire Sauce, mustard, salt and crumbled MAGGI Beef Stock Cube. Simmer gently for five minutes. Serve with cooked frankfurters, fluffy mashed potatoes and green peas. Serves 4.

BEAN SALAD

1 lb. French beans—sliced.
 3 tbsp. oil.
 1 tbsp. vinegar (white or tarragon).
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt.
 3 MAGGI Chicken Stock Cubes.
 2 tbsp. finely chopped onion.
 1 tbsp. almonds—sliced.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ red capsicum—chopped.

Method. Place beans in boiling water, and boil for 5 minutes (beans should still be crisp). Combine oil, vinegar and salt. Shake well. Drain beans and add dressing, crushed MAGGI Chicken Stock Cubes, onion, almonds and capsicum. Serve hot or cold. Serves 6.

SAVOURY RICE AND ALMOND STUFFING

4 MAGGI Chicken Stock Cubes.
 2 cups boiled rice—unsalted.
 1 small onion—chopped.
 1 bacon rasher—chopped.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ green apple—chopped.
 2 oz. almonds—blanched.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter.
 1 dsp. finely chopped parsley.

Method. Crush Cubes and mix through rice. Sauté onion, bacon, apple and almonds in butter, add to rice. Use as stuffing or as an accompaniment with poultry.

Why does Maggi give you two kinds of stock?—because Tablets make the best soup stock and Cubes make the best hot drinks (and both add extra flavour to stews and casseroles). You see . . .

At **MAGGI**
 ...we really care

"I love knitting for the children," says Alison Singleton. "It's so much fun making clothes like these: sweaters in Patons pure new wool Bluebell."



Matching shirt-styled sweaters from Patons Book 807.

Meet Melinda, Meet James. Alison Singleton's children. These are the lucky young ones for whom she's constantly knitting; and for whom she knitted the sweaters they're wearing here.

Alison says that she knits so much because she finds it a soothing and peaceful occupation. "But I really love knitting for the children", she says. "I like choosing patterns just a little bit different from the children's clothes that one can buy.

"Take the sweaters that Jamie and Melinda are wearing. I found them in Patons Book 807 and knitted them both from the one pattern. The only difference is in the trimming. Jamie's is more tailored. Melinda's more dainty.

"These styles are designed for Patons Bluebell but Bluebell is one of my favourite yarns anyway. It really looks beautiful when it's knitted up—I suppose that's because it is pure new wool and wool has a special look.

"And it wears very well because it is Patonised and that makes it really shrink-resistant — which is absolutely essential when you're knitting for children.

"Yes, I'm really happy with the way these sweaters turned out. And I'm happy with this Book No. 807. It's a beautiful knitting book for children."

Knit it with Patons and you'll be proud of it.

Patons



Should the girls pay for drinks?

WHILE travelling overseas like "Jayar," I, too, found that it was generally frowned upon when a woman offered to shout the next round of drinks in mixed company. I was told that it was considered bad manners and also unfeminine. Apparently Australian women are the only ones who do this, and Australia the only place where it is allowed.

\$2 to L.E. (name supplied), North Dandenong, Vic.

TAKE your turn at shouting, by all means, but do it gracefully. Ask the man you know best (or, in a group of semi-strangers, the youngest one is a good choice) to pay your round for you. If the men refuse, you must accept gracefully. It is ill-mannered to insist too forcefully. Offer the money quietly, saying, "Please act as host for me this time," or words to that effect. You will find that most people are quite sensible about such things nowadays.

\$2 to Audrey Baxendale, Southport, Qld.

NO embarrassment about women shouting in mixed company need arise if all those in the party put their money in the centre of the table. It eliminates the ones who won't pay their way, and you can always leave when you want to. I don't think it wrong to want to shout in turn.

\$2 to "Pay Up" (name supplied), Home Hill, Qld.

IT is all right for a woman to take her shout if she is in the company of other women. But when the company is mixed it is very unfeminine and hurts the men's ego when they think they are being gentlemen.

\$2 to Margaret Wigg, Deniliquin, N.S.W.

YES, I'm sure Australian women are the only ones in the world who would shout a round of drinks. You would never find a Frenchwoman paying for drinks in mixed company. So wake up and, next time you are asked, accept gracefully—or you may find that very soon you will be buying your own drinks all the time.

\$2 to J.M. (name supplied), Alfred Cove, W.A.

I WONDER if "Jayar" is one of those women who complain that Australian men are ungallant—and fail to show the small courtesies that flatter their femininity? Small wonder, if the women insist on behaving like "one of the boys." Allow the men the privilege of organising and paying for the drinks while you sit back and look feminine. For student and teenage dates on a near-empty pocket, it is a different matter. But even then it preserves his morale and her image better if she allows him to order and handle the money.

\$2 to "Old Fashioned" (name supplied), Carlton, Vic.



LETTER BOX

Rice pudding lure

A HOTEL stated that the favorite desserts for most of the men eating there were old-fashioned rice pudding and caramel custard. Apparently since the advent of ice-cream in cans, they are given ice-cream at home because it is simpler for the housewife. So, wives, beware. The "other women" may enter your husband's life—not by the aid of artificial eyelashes but because she can cook a good old-fashioned rice pudding.

\$2 to Mrs. Elizabeth Granfelt, Clayfield, Qld.

Bequests not fair

ONLY my husband and I know how we have worked and saved to get a nice home, furniture, and a car. My family and his have just enjoyed themselves, living from week to week. Now we find we have been left out of wills on both sides because it is thought we don't need money and others do. I don't think it is fair. No matter what our children have, we will divide what we have to leave equally between them.

\$2 to E.B. (name supplied), Newcastle, N.S.W.

Mum was a great Dad

REVERSING the "Dad was Mother, too" letter, my mother, widowed, with two daughters, put us through high school, uncomplainingly chopped wood, painted the house, repaired locks and electrical appliances, did the gardening, grew her own vegetables, cooked, washed, cleaned the house, and worked five days a week. Mothers make the best fathers.

\$2 to L. B. Rutherford, North Caulfield, Vic.

Whistle for hiker

ONE hears so often about hikers becoming separated from each other in difficult country. Here could be another use for the whistle suggested for the elderly by a reader. If every hiker carried a whistle, any who became lost could use it, thus directing the searchers and saving much anxiety and expense.

\$2 to Mrs. L. Urquhart, Goulburn, N.S.W.

A "feather-brained" housewife

BECAUSE I believe that there are flying saucers from outer space, that the world will eventually destroy itself, that no matter how sick or badly injured you cannot go till your time is up, and that only one person in ten will give a helping hand without expecting something in return, I'm told that I am just an ordinary, feather-brained housewife. I wonder what beliefs make other ordinary, feather-brained housewives?

\$2 to "Right or Wrong" (name supplied), Ashfield, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

GRAND PASSION

HOW much should a woman love her floor-coverings?

If I were asked this (and nobody has asked me yet) I would say: Not too little and not too much.

I have known women who were cold and lacking in affection for floor-coverings. As a result their carpets were spotty and neglected. On the other hand some women have such passionate feelings about their carpets that they hate anyone to touch them.

Mrs. Bonwit, for example, rarely invites people to her house. She is frightened they will have dirty shoes, or spill something on the wall-to-walls.

A certain amount of regard for floor-coverings is fair enough. They

cost quite a bit. But a person who idolises them suffers too much when they are damaged.

I saw an example of this when I went to a party at the Yabneys'.

Their living-room carpet is white, and Mrs. Yabney has battled for years to maintain its purity.

Before the party she was uneasy in case things were spilt.

"Don't worry," her husband told



her. "They're all good business friends of mine and their wives. You couldn't meet a more well-behaved bunch."

The guests were well behaved for the first half-hour or so. But Mr. Yabney kept plying them with a refreshment he called Mosman Mickey.

They began singing songs and splashing Mosman Mickey about.

During the buffet supper a Mr.

Hodges tried to demonstrate a yoga pose. He slipped and knocked a glass of red wine on the carpet.

"I'm terribly sorry," he said.

"It's nothing at all," said Mrs. Yabney with a tragic expression.

Mrs. Dingwall laughed so much at a funny story that she spilt her coffee. Mrs. Yabney gave a low moan as she ran for the floorcloth.

Cigarette ash was falling on the carpet right and left. When someone upset a glass of Fizza-Kola, the poor hostess broke down. She staggered to her bedroom for a good cry.

"We had a marvellous time!" said the guests as they left.

Mrs. Yabney, red-eyed, said: "So glad you could come." But she obviously regarded them as carpet-snakes.

The carpet has been shampooed and is now an off-white. It doesn't look too bad, but Mrs. Yabney—I am told—is inconsolable.

She loved her carpet not wisely but too well.

The danger, in such cases, is that disappointed love may turn to hate. Some women become confirmed carpet-haters. They even beat their carpets.



TERRIBLE, ISN'T IT?

Far too many fabrics, carpets, and wallpapers are available for interior decoration today, so London decorator David Hicks told a New York reporter. "It's just too much," he said. "Everything is available to everyone."

"Isn't it frightful? The hoi polloi Can buy whatever they like, dear boy, And furthermore they can have what WE Might consider ourselves (just possibly) Or might have considered in days gone by," (And here he paused for an exquisite sigh) "Providing, of course, they've the money to spend, Which they often do. It's the absolute end."

He mightn't have meant it the way it sounds But he ought to be careful the way he expounds, For the average shopper, like you and me, Is filled with a wry and unholy glee.

— Dorothy Drain

Made amends 30 years later

RETURNING to the country town where I had spent my childhood, I made a request to which the present occupants of our former house, amused and interested, agreed. I was allowed to crawl under the house (easy for an eight-year-old, but not for a woman of 40), and retrieved from a dark corner under the floorboards my sister's gold locket, which in a fit of childish jealousy and spite I had concealed over 30 years ago. If only we were given the same chance to rectify all our worst actions!

\$2 to "Anti-crime" (name supplied), Narrabundah, A.C.T.



Knitwear from Scotland

So popular has our high quality Knitwear been in Australia that we have decided to offer you another chance to obtain a fabulous garment from the heart of the Scottish Border country.

The beautiful ADEN cardigan (illustrated above) with notched collar and long sleeves, is in Spindrift lambswool and has been specially selected by the craftsmen of W. S. Robertson for your lasting pleasure.

The colours are a dream: Blue-bell Melange, Mink, Red Camella, Sandringham Blue, Pineapple, Redcoat Melange, Linden Green, Blue Melange and Spruce Melange.

And the cost, for a classical garment, of this quality, is temptingly low. Sizes 34" to 42": £5 Sterling. Size 44": £5/4/- Sterling.

To complete an eye-catching ensemble are skirts, in colours to match these listed above. The style BRECON: a fully lined and tailored skirt, gently flared. Hip sizes 36" to 42": £5/9/6 Sterling. Size 44": £5/14/6 Sterling.

Or the fashionable Balmoral. A fully lined tailored skirt straight shape, Dior pleat at centre back. Hip Sizes 36" to 42": £5/13/6 Sterling. Size 44": £6 Sterling.

Surface mail 7/-. Air Mail 14/-.

Don't let distance deter you. Many Australian women have taken happy advantage of our previous offer (to the envy of their friends). If you are not completely satisfied your money will be returned immediately.

Write to Mr. W. D. Fairgrieve, Director, Mail Order Dept., and your letter will receive personal and prompt attention.

Free brochure of full range of garments on request.

W.S. Robertson LTD. HAWICK SCOTLAND

The Ideal Gift!

A SUBSCRIPTION TO

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

RATES	1 YEAR	1 YEAR
Australia	\$4.75	\$9.50
N. Guinea	\$5.65	\$11.30
N. Zealand	\$6.50	\$13.00
and Fiji		
Brit. Dom.	\$6.55	\$13.10
Foreign	\$7.85	\$15.70

New from **Master Foods**

A meat tenderiser that really works

Makes all meat tender, juicier, tastier. Buy cuts at half the price and make them as nice to eat as the dearest. Think of the savings on your weekly food budget. Another pure food product from Master Foods.



MF227



No looking back for the Bee Gees

For teenagers



● In Britain the Bee Gees have a rare moment of relaxation . . . From left, Robin Gibb, Colin Peterson, and Robin's brothers, Barry and Maurice.

FOLLOWING in the cuban-heeled footsteps of the Beatles is a mighty tall order. But Australian pop group the Bee Gees have already taken a couple of giant strides in the right direction.

In three short and exciting months they have become the most-talked-about "new" group to hit the British pop scene since the Beatles yeah-yeahed their way to show-business immortality four years ago.

In the jargon of the trade, "it's all happening" for this chirpy trio of brothers — plus friend.

They have been signed to a five-year management contract by the Beatles' agents, Nems Enterprises; clinched a sensational \$200,000 or so recording deal with the top-flight Atlantic label in America; and have been lauded by Brian Epstein as the greatest "happening" since the Beatles.

It has all been a bit overwhelming for Barry Gibb, 19, his 17-year-old twin brothers, Maurice and Robin, and drummer Colin Peterson, 19. But it is no surprise to the army of fans who followed the progress of the Bee Gees in Australia.

The group is still pretty much unknown in Britain but Nems are giving the four

some the biggest promotional push in many a long day.

And there is no disputing the experience of the Gibb brothers in the recording business.

The boys were destined for success as soon as they left their hometown of Manchester, England, with their family and migrated to Australia.

They waxed their first number in Australia when Barry was 14 and his brothers were 12.

Unique sound

(The Bee Gees were first introduced to radio listeners by Brisbane disc jockey Bill Gates. Bill heard the group at the Redcliffe Speedway, near Brisbane, where they were singing over the PA system while cars warmed up between races.)

He liked what he heard and decided they were worth promoting.

"They had a unique sound even then," said Bill recently. "We bought them some new guitars and made some tapes for air

play. This got them known initially, and then jobs followed in hotels . . . until the problem of their ages arose.

"At early recording sessions the big problem was keeping the twins from wrecking the place. We'd spend a whole day just mucking around trying to get them organised," said Bill.

It seems Maurice and Robin raced around the studio pushing buttons, turning dials, and causing general havoc.

Barry was already a talented songwriter at 15. "He could knock out a song in five minutes," said Bill Gates. "At one time we had three songs ready to tape and wanted another. We asked Barry if he had a song written and he replied: 'No, but I'll write one now.'"

The boys first appeared on TV in May, 1964, on QTQ9's "Teen Beat" show. They sang "Peace of Mind" and "Don't Say Goodbye."

When they sailed from Sydney Harbor last February to have a crack at the big time in London, their record "Spicks and Specks" was still riding high in Australia.

Since they left they have sandwiched in a trip to New York, to clinch the contract with Atlantic, between a successful English tour with "Fats" Domino and endless hours of recording their first single and an album of all their own compositions.

The boys live with their parents and young brother Andy, 9, in a rented North London house. Drummer Colin, who gained childhood fame in the film "Smiley," has his own flat in another part of town.

Colin, an old friend of the Gibb boys, joined the group in London.

Return doubts

The brothers doubt if they will ever return to Australia to live, but they are hoping to go back on tours once they have established themselves as overseas artists.

"We loved it out there," said Barry, "and it gave us plenty of opportunities to develop. But now we reckon we have got to try to make it here where there are far broader horizons.

"Besides, since my trip to America I have fallen in love with the States.

"I'd love to buy a house there, and as soon as the money starts rolling in I think I will."

Story: KERRY McGLYNN and LIANE MAXFIELD — Picture: DAVID GRAVES

Beautiful on your wall
Elegant in your living room
Functional in your kitchen

JUNGHANS TRANSISTORISED BATTERY CLOCKS

Imagine! The heart of these Craftsman-made clocks is the amazing transistor and the humble torch battery. Junghans, Europe's largest maker of watches and clocks, have perfected the ultimate in clock design and accuracy, based on these two simple elements.



Never needs winding, no wiring, no installation costs. **JUST HANG IT ON THE WALL AND FORGET IT.** One battery lasts 12 months or more.

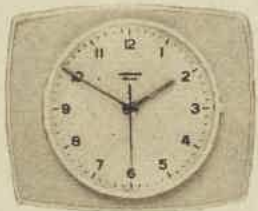
**BRASS
MANTEL CLOCK**
A superb clock with filigree hands, engraved ivory and brass dial and case, 8 in. by 4½ in. Only \$51.95.



**SUNBURST
CLOCK**
A glorious piece to grace your living room whether furnished in contemporary or traditional style. 8 in. dial and 17 in. sunburst are in rich brass, black enamel hands. Only \$35.75.

**KITCHEN
CLOCK**

Just one of many attractive styles. 6 in. dial is set in porcelain surround. Choice of colors to suit your kitchen. Only \$13.95.



ASK FOR
battery operated, transistorised
JUNGHANS CLOCKS

fully guaranteed — at all good jewellers and department stores.

OS 1478

New Discovery Now Makes It Possible to Shrink and Heal Haemorrhoids Without Surgery

Stops Itch—Relieves Pain in Minutes

New York, N.Y. (Special): A world-famous institute has discovered a new substance which has the astonishing ability to shrink haemorrhoids without surgery. The sufferer first notices almost unbelievable relief, in minutes, from itching, burning and pain. Then this substance speeds up healing of the injured tissues all while it quickly reduces painful swelling. Tests conducted under a doctor's observations proved this so—even in cases of 10 to 20 years' standing. The secret is the new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®)—now offered in both ointment

or suppository form called Preparation H. In addition to actually shrinking piles—Preparation H lubricates and makes bowel movements less painful. It helps to prevent infection (a principal cause of haemorrhoids). Only Preparation H contains this magic new substance which quickly helps heal injured cells back to normal and stimulates regrowth of healthy tissue again. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories (easier to use away from home). Available at all chemists.

N675

● Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay \$2 for each letter used.

On the same wavelength

● My parents and those of my friend, who lives next door, came up with a solution for holiday boredom. They invested in a reasonably priced walkie-talkie set. At first we were satisfied with wires extending from our bathroom to my friend's kitchen. However, we became more ambitious and, by adding more wire, could finally communicate from bed to bed. We had many enjoyable conversations in the early hours of the morning and I sent music through to her, with my transistor against the mouthpiece, and she read to me from a magazine.

—“MAGGIE,” North Balwyn, Vic.

Swan song

I WAS disgusted to read of two members of an English pop group being on drug

charges. This group has thousands of fans, including me, who live by everything it does and says. In my opinion these pop stars have failed their fans in every way. Surely they must have some conscience. Or do they still expect their fans to be enthusiastic about them? — J.N., Noble Park, Vic.

FUND-RAISER

■ To raise funds for the flooded areas of Queensland, my school let students wear anything they liked for one day, charging 5c for any infringement of normal school dress. Some people, like me, thought it a good chance to wreck our uniform by wearing, for example, mismatched stockings and shoes, wrong ties, belts, and hats, etc. Of course, some people were rather conservative, and some (not many) wore full uniform. But the 400 students raised nearly \$150. — T. C., Gatton, Qld.

Out of step

WHAT'S wrong with you boys who sit in groups at dances and watch everyone else having fun? You pay to get in, then just watch, and afterwards wonder why you didn't enjoy yourselves. Do you feel self-conscious about dancing, or are you afraid the girls will turn you down? Whatever it is, next time you are at a dance, instead of just sitting, imagine how awful a girl

feels when she thinks she isn't nice enough for a boy to ask her to dance. Any girl who does turn you down is not worth bothering about. — L. G. McCallum, Virginia, Qld.

Cure for shyness

PROBABLY the most shy person in our class at school, I determined not to be in that category much longer. In a battle to win self-confidence I enrolled in as many societies and clubs as I could — public speaking, debating, drama, etc. Had I not done this I would possibly still be in the same position as before. But I can now go and speak to people without making a fool of myself. — “Dodie,” Hobart.

Record win

BEING a teenager, I listen to the radio quite a lot, and I am wondering when people are going to stop criticising disc-jockeys. I think they are marvellous — I mean, there aren't many people who can ignore nasty remarks and remain pleasant as they do. No matter how out of sorts or irritable they may feel, the DJs still sound bright and happy. Even with all the horrible things people say about them, they keep their shows interesting and lively. — “DJs Forever,” Fairlight, N.S.W.

Tomorrow's hopes

I PLAN to win a Teachers' College scholarship with a university course attached. I will teach for five years, as set down in the regulations of the scholarship. Then, having saved what I hope will be a considerable sum of money, I will buy a motor-bike and go on an overseas trip. The bike will probably save a large amount in transport costs. Also, as I plan to work my way, I will just about always have money in hand. The university degree will be to my advantage when I come back and look for a job. — M.D., Wyong, N.S.W.

ROUND ROBIN Adair



NO ROYAL (dress) HIGHNESS

I FELT sorry for Prince Charles the other day. Schoolgirls invited to attend a dance organised by Charles at his school were forbidden to wear mini-skirts.

They were also ordered to go easy on make-up.

It seems that, in the dress case, the Prince has to be influenced by a Magna Carta — while his subjects have a Mini, Carta!

It is a sad thought that, apparently, mini-skirted bird-watching cannot be a sport of kings (or, at least, princes). Chefs can prepare dishes fit for a king, but dress designers and cosmeticians cannot.

It is also tough to consider that this sort of a ruler is used to measure hem lengths.

I hope that Charles fights royal officials, who, it is suggested, dictated the mini ban.

It would be good to see him bucking 'em at the Palace.

He would have ammunition for such a fight.

A royal figure in the past earned a nickname by admiring an earlier version of the mini-skirt.

Charles Stuart was once asked how he liked Scots lassies in kilts.

“Bonny,” he said — and the name stuck.

Besides having been at Timbertop, today's Charles might be interested in Twiggies.

I know it could be said that un-kneesy rests the head that wears a crown.

But a king-to-be should know how his subjects stand!

Beauty in brief:

FIGURE IT THIS WAY

If you believe that good posture is a bore, think again. The figure is two-thirds of feminine beauty, and, it is comforting to realise, something we can all control.

So, for a start—how do YOU walk? Get someone to tell you.

If your posture is faulty, practise walking as if you were balancing a big basket on your head. Keep eyes level, chest high, and feet pointing ahead, walking straight on two parallel lines about 2in. apart.

Imagine that firm hands are holding your torso so that there is central control, or make believe that your torso is a pail of water from which you must not spill a drop.

Walk backward a few steps when your posture is automatically good, and then forward again.

How do you sit? Try to sit right back into your chair so that your spine is close up against the chair back. Keep your head up, your ribs high and not slumped, concertina-like, into your waist, and relax your shoulders back and down.

— Carolyn Earle

Teen “knights”

AS an Australian teenager, I would like to say that the age of chivalry in older men is dead. My views on this were confirmed when several men pushed in front of me to board a bus, leaving me to fight my way on. I have never, as yet, encountered this kind of behaviour among my own age group. — Jane Codey, Woollahra, N.S.W.

Now “DEEP HEAT” treatment warms away rheumatism

Since the earliest days of medicine, warmth has played a major role in treatment of rheumatism, lumbago and fibrositis. Even before these afflictions got their names, people knew warmth was the most effective treatment for a stiff neck, an aching back, strains, sprains, or any other muscular ache or pain. Deep down penetrating warmth is the secret of Mentholatum DEEP HEAT rub. DEEP HEAT contains one of the most powerful warming agents ever discovered. Rubbed gently into your skin over the painful area, DEEP

HEAT rub goes right down through the pores, and spreads its glowing warmth beneath the skin, freeing those pain-locked muscles and restoring your blood circulation to normal. Just seconds after you replace the cap on your tube of DEEP HEAT rub, you feel it working, warming as the pain begins to melt away. Always keep a tube of non-greasy, non-staining DEEP HEAT rub on hand to treat those sudden attacks of shooting muscular pain. Standard tubes only 80 cents, new large size \$1.55 from Chemists everywhere.

LOVE AND NO KISSES

"MY boyfriend and I have been going out for nearly four months and he hasn't even tried to kiss me. I have hinted but to no avail. Do you think he really likes me or just doesn't know how to kiss? How can I remedy this situation? I am nearly 19."

"Puzzled," W.A.
 • The only remedy is understanding and patience. Obviously something is preventing him from expressing his feelings outwardly. Perhaps he has been hurt in the past, or has high ideals on the part respect plays in a boy-girl relationship. Of course he likes you! No boy dates a girl he isn't interested in for four months. Don't rush him — or you may frighten him away.

Old-fashioned jealousy

"I AM very much in love with a boy whom I have been going out with for 18 months. Just recently I went to another State on a working holiday, and as work was pretty scarce I took a barmaid's job. When I wrote and told my boyfriend, he was very upset about it, and said that if I didn't quit straight away everything would be finished. Needless to say, after ringing him, I quit, but ever since I have had my doubts about his motives. I have never discussed it with him since the day I rang him."

"Fred," Qld.
 • Perhaps this boy has old-fashioned ideas about barmaids, dating from the days when they were among the few women who talked to men without introduction! More likely he doesn't trust your affection for him, fearing you'll be attracted to the other men you meet. Love without trust can bring a lot of unhappiness to both partners. If you are thinking of marrying him, you should discuss the matter with him.

BEATNIK



More than friends

"I AM 22 and have been going out with a 19-year-old boy whom I have known for many years. We were just good friends, but now we both feel we are in love. My problem is my parents are very much against this romance because of the difference in our ages, even though my boyfriend is very mature for his age. My mother says it is not possible to know a person all my life and not be in love before this. She says it is only infatuation. Although I don't want to hurt my parents in any way, I could not give up my boyfriend. What should I do?"

"Confused," N.S.W.
 • Have your parents asked you

to give this boy up? If not, carry on as you are for a little longer and, in time, seeing you together, your parents will accept that there is more than mere friendship between you. Explain to your mother that often two people can know each other for many years without recognising their true feelings.

Too shy to speak

"I AM a shy 14-year-old girl deeply in love with a 15-year-old boy. Although he likes me a lot, we hardly ever talk to each other. He smiles at me and I always smile back. Could you possibly suggest a way I could overcome my shyness?"

"Bashful," Vic.

HERE'S YOUR

ANSWER

(from Louise Hunter)

• Find out from his friends what his special interests are and read up on them so that next time he smiles you can make a few bright comments on his favorite topic. Once he knows you have something in common I'm sure all shyness between you will be forgotten.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Australian Cheese Italian Flavour

Why wait till you eat at a bistro to enjoy these extra adventures in flavour. Australian-made Parmesan Cheese grated and sprinkled on soups, noodles, pastas and meat dishes gives the full, piquant flavour you associate with Italian cooking. Australian Parmesan makes such a delicious difference and adds all the natural protein goodness of cheese.

Try grated parmesan on minestrone

MINESTRONE

Standard 8 oz. measuring cup is used.
 All spoon measurements are level.

3 sticks celery; 1 large carrot; 1 small cabbage heart; 2 medium tomatoes; 2 oz. spaghetti; 1 large onion, minced; 3 pots stock; 4 oz. peas; 1 teaspoon chopped parsley; pinch of sage; salt, pepper; 4 oz. grated Australian Parmesan cheese.

Shred celery, carrot, cabbage and chop tomatoes. Place spaghetti, carrot, celery and onion in stock, bring to boil and simmer gently for one hour. Add remaining ingredients apart from the cheese and continue cooking 20-30 minutes. Season to taste. Serve sprinkled with grated cheese. Serves six.

Discover Australian Cheese



AUSTRALIAN PARMESAN

A hard, pale yellow cheese with granular texture and a full piquant flavour. Appreciated most when grated in soup and sauces and dishes of Italian heritage. Also a popular table cheese.



AUSTRALIAN CHEDDAR

Australian natural Cheddar is firm, smooth and light yellow coloured. Cheddars are available in mild to sharp flavours to suit all tastes. Use grated Cheddar in sauces or to top hot savoury dishes and soups.



AUSTRALIAN PECORINO

This is a hard, pale yellow cheese with a sharp tangy flavour. Serve grated on soups, sauces, baked food, vegetables and pasta. Goes well with full bodied red wines.



AUSTRALIAN ROMANO

Another hard, pale yellow cheese with a full to sharp flavour, grates well for use in cooking, and is an especially delicious table cheese. Goes superbly with dry red wines.



Inserted in the interests of better nutrition by the Australian Dairy Produce Board.

BEAUTIFUL OPPORTUNITY

...DISCOVER WHAT THE WORLD'S
MOST FAMOUS MAKE-UP CAN
DO FOR YOUR COMPLEXION

How sheer ... how natural ... how flattering can
a make-up be? You won't know ... until you've
tried Max Factor Creme Puff ... and see *your*
complexion come to *beautiful* life. Creme Puff
puffs on in seconds ... but its sheer natural look
lasts for hours. For Creme Puff is an exclusive
Max Factor blend of sheerest powders, creamy
foundation, beauty-giving moisturisers.
Discover it today ... in three different formulas ...
for Dry, Oily or Normal Skin.

MAX FACTOR CREME PUFF



THE HANDKNIT BAG— A FASHION FIRST

● Simple shape with detachable handles, this handy bag will serve you well all winter long.

Materials: 4 balls Woolworths St. Mark Nylo Sports Wool; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 7 needles; 1 cable needle; 4yd. lining; 1 button; one pair 7in. handles.

Measurements: 8½in. by 11in.

Tension: 6 sts. to 1in.

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 68 sts. Work k 1, p 1 rib for 1½in. Change to No. 7 needles and patt.:

1st Row (wrong side of work): K 1, * insert needle in next st. knitways, wind wool twice round needle and pull both loops through, p 4, k 1, winding wool twice round needle, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, * sl. 1, drop next loop, k 4, sl. 1, drop next loop, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: K 1, * sl. 1, p 4, sl. 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

4th Row: K 1, * sl. 1 to cable needle and place at front of work, k 2 then k st. from cable needle, sl. 2 to cable needle and place at back, k 1 then k 2 sts. from cable needle, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

5th Row: K 1, * p 2 (k 1 winding wool twice round needle) twice, p 2, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

6th Row: K 1, * k 2, (sl. 1, drop next loop) twice, k 2, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

7th Row: K 1, * p 2, sl. 2, p 2, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

8th Row: K 1, * sl. 2 to cable needle and place at back, k 1 then k 2 from cable needle, sl. 1 to cable needle and place at front, k 2 then k 1 from cable needle, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

Rep. last 8 rows until work measures 17in., ending on 8th row of patt.

Change to No. 10 needles and work k 1, p 1 rib for 1½in. Cast off loosely in rib.

TAB

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 17 sts. and work (k 1, p 1) to last st., k 1. **Next Row:** (P 1, k 1) to last st., p 1. Rep. last 2 rows until work measures 3in.

Next Row: Work 2 tog., work 5 rib, cast off 3, rib

to last 2 sts., work 2 tog. **Next Row:** Work 2 tog., rib 4, cast on 3, rib 4, work 2 tog. Cont. in rib, dec. 1 st. each end every row to last 3 sts. Work 3 tog., fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Cut lining same size as knitted piece. Seam lining, leaving 3in. open at each side top. Seam sides of bag, leaving 3in. open at each side top. Insert lining and tack to ribbing at each side top. Fold ribbing in half over lining and sl-st. as hem. Sl-st. side openings of lining to side openings of knitted piece. Insert handle. Stitch straight end of tab to one side centre at edge of ribbing. Sew on button.

CROCHETED IN MOHAIR

● If you need a striking accessory to high-light winter clothes, this roomy mohair bag in cluster-stitch will do the trick.



Materials: 5 balls Emu Filigree; No. 8 crochet hook; 11½in. frame.

Make 50 ch.

Next Row: Tr. in 4th ch. from hook, tr. in each ch. to end, 1 ch., turn.

Comm. patt.

1st Row: D.c. in each st. to end, 1 ch., turn.

2nd Row: 1 d.c., * 1 d.tr. 5 times in next d.c., leaving last loop of each d.tr. on hook, yarn over hook and draw through loops (cluster), 3 d.c. in next 3 d.c., rep. from * ending with 1 d.c. instead of 3, 1 ch., turn.

3rd Row: 1 d.c. in each st., 1 ch., turn.

4th Row: 3 d.c., * 5-d.tr. cluster in next d.c., 3 d.c., rep. from * to end, 1 ch., turn.

5th Row: As 3rd row.

Rep. rows 2 to 5 incl. for patt. Cont. for 16in. or length required. Work 1 row tr. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Join sides. Sew top to frame, across top and down to hinges at either side. Line if desired.



What's so different about the one up front?

Only Harpic is specially formulated for toilets
So it does everything—
Kills germs, odours, stains
and all deposits
(it takes a special formula to do all that).

◆ Safe for septic tanks. Harpic can be safely used in the bowl of a toilet connected to a septic tank.

◆ Harpic is specially made to kill germs—penetrates ALL 3 danger zones (the bowl, the water level and the hidden S-bend).

◆ Harpic smells cleaner — it

deodorizes, leaving a pleasant fragrance, cleans and disinfects in one application.

◆ Harpic now comes in an unbreakable plastic pack with a bright new design.

◆ Available in 2 sizes—the 1 lb. pack, and now in a large, economy size Harpic (1½ lbs.).

AS I READ THE STARS

By Elsa Murray: Week starting June 7.

- ARIES**
MAR. 21-APR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, rose, navy.
* Lucky days, Thursday, Tues.
- TAURUS**
APR. 21-MAY 20
* Lucky number this week, 8.
* Gambling colors, tricolors.
* Lucky days, Wed., Monday.
- GEMINI**
MAY 21-JUNE 21
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, blue, grey.
* Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
- CANCER**
JUNE 22-JULY 22
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, orange, green.
* Lucky days, Friday, Monday.
- LEO**
JULY 23-AUG. 22
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, red, yellow.
* Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.
- VIRGO**
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, green, red.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.
- LIBRA**
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, green, blue.
* Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
- SCORPIO**
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, black, green.
* Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.
- SAGITTARIUS**
NOV. 23-DEC. 21
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, lilac, gold.
* Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
- CAPRICORN**
DEC. 22-JAN. 20
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, black, white.
* Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
- AQUARIUS**
JAN. 21-FEB. 19
* Lucky number this week, 8.
* Gambling colors, lilac, green.
* Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.
- PISCES**
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, red, brown.
* Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.

NO CAR!

WITH a sinking feeling, I tried to turn the front wheels again. Still no use. My old (up till now reliable) car's steering had definitely failed.

I suppose I was lucky it happened outside our home — no need for towing services — but I groaned inwardly. HOW was I going to manage without her?

The shopping, weekend visits, car-pool, church, meetings, etc., these, for a family of five living over a mile from civilisation, had been no problem. But now we had problems.

That evening my husband, John, began the tedious job of dismantling the steering. If all went well, he said, the job would be over in a few weeks of spare hours.

The next day, Friday, was my shopping day. I grimly set forth with three children, pusher, and dog, who was usually accommodated in the car and had no intention of being left behind.

I had almost forgotten the feeling of being behind a pusher, and I must admit that after negotiating the first hill I realised how unfit I was.

Apart from this puffing and wheezing, suddenly I was enjoying it. Also, it occurred to me that my

baby, 18 months of age, had never even been out in a pusher before.

He enjoyed this outing immensely. And the gardens in our area — I had never noticed their appeal, or appreciated how garden-conscious this neighborhood was, when speeding by with eyes glued to the road.

On my arrival at the shopping centre I headed for my favorite super-

By SANDY WADE

market and asked about deliveries.

My fears proved groundless. The day went smoothly. Deliveries were arranged easily (free of charge), there were no parking problems, no meters, marked tyres, or tickets. (I'd had more than my fair share lately!)

In a way, it was like a holiday, especially when an elderly lady, cutting flowers in her front garden, presented me with a bunch. I blessed the day old "Melba" (our Singer car) conked out.

The children slept soundly after lunch, during which time I read, baked, put away the groceries which had been delivered by the cheery boy from the supermarket, who obliged me with the valuable information that, when tele-

phoning my order, I would be advised of "specials."

This was what I should have been doing all the while. Long had I been a compulsive buyer, arriving home with exotic tinned delicacies just because they caught the eye.

When John returned that evening I'm sure he expected to find his wife a mental and physical wreck. His surprise was obvious.

However, not every day was strewn with roses. For instance, the disastrous trip to my mother's.

It was my mother's birthday, so this trip was a must. Only ten miles by car (a simple matter), it developed into a hazardous trek, with three children, travelling the nine miles by train to the city, then negotiating slippery steps to catch, by the skin of our teeth, another train at the other end of the station.

During the trip Richie, two, had an "accident," Barbie was sick, and James, the baby, screamed every time the train started up. I'd forgotten how jerky trains are.

One fact that did emerge while we were car-less was how kind people are. For instance, a stranger whose child attended the same kindergarten offered to drive Barbie to and from each day, even though, as I later discovered, it would have meant a great deal of inconvenience.

However, I declined, as the others in the car-pool cheerfully took this over and were overwhelming in their help at other times. So were neighbors eager to help.

As for our social life, it was hardly impaired, except that now our friends visited us. It was quite enjoyable staying home to meet friends instead of going out.

Even our garden benefited. Spurred on by what other gardeners achieved, I tried to improve ours, and the result was worth it.

Meanwhile, John was engrossed with the intricacies of the old Singer, slowly testing each part of the steering. As it turned out, the trouble was simple once he had found it.

At last, after one month and three days, the long-awaited day arrived. Our old "Melba" was road-worthy.

On looking back, I've decided it was a valuable experience. We came through happier, healthier (I lost 7lb. by walking), richer in friends, and with a firm belief in people's goodwill and a resolution to be likewise.

John's patience in taking the car down deserves a tribute, too, and, above all, I am gratefully aware that a car is no more than a luxury to be appreciated, certainly NOT a necessity.

For parents of high-school students:

HELP YOUR CHILDREN TO STUDY

LOUISE WINGATE, a secondary schoolteacher with the Victorian Education Department for 13 years and now a mother of three children, offers these suggestions for helping students through the difficult high-school years:

ENCOURAGE your children to read as much as possible. Written expression tends to be weak, and can only be improved by extensive reading, which will increase the vocabulary. If you have a municipal library in your district, go along as a family, get to know the librarian, and discuss the books with her.

Use discretion over television programs. Discuss with the children the plays you do see. They are expected to analyse plays in their English textbooks, so make it realistic by discussing the ones you watch together.

Read the newspapers and encourage discussion on current affairs at the meal table. "Clear Thinking" is on the English curriculum, but, unfortunately for many children, it begins and ends in the classroom.

See that your children have a suitable place for homework. Try to minimise distracting noise, and be firm about radio and television. Perhaps some routine homework can be done with background noise, but for real concentration there must be quiet. Don't let your children tell you that they can't work in silence. Examinations are conducted in silence, so they may as well condition themselves.

Take an interest in your children's studies. Hear Latin roots or French verbs. I will be forever grateful to my own mother, who used to lend a sympathetic ear to my weekly attempts at English composition, giving ideas here or criticism there as she worked away at the ironing.

Most parents go through unnecessary agonies at examination time. If you have tried to keep your children steadily working throughout the term, there is no need for feverish activity at the end. I know parents who work their children up to a high pitch of nervous

tension, then doctor them with sedatives to get them through the ordeal. Create a calm atmosphere in the home, and don't act as though the fate of the world depends on the passing of one examination. Some children do need a bit of prodding, but don't nag.

Do not be shy about speaking to the teachers. They are human beings, too, and have your children's interests at heart. An understanding of the home background helps their handling of a child. Many times, after talking with a parent and learning about some problem at home, a teacher's whole approach to the child will be changed.

Most schools have an "Open Day," when parents are invited to visit the school. If possible, it is a wonderful encouragement if both parents can attend.

Choosing a career. Second or third year in secondary school isn't too soon to start making inquiries about careers. Early specialisation in subjects such as typing, shorthand, mathematics, languages may be necessary. But keep your ideas flexible. Your child's interests may change, or quotas for courses may be limited. Examine your own motives, too. I have known children forced into the wrong careers because of their parents' social or "get-rich-quick" ambitions. These children are now dissatisfied young adults.

When my children were small I often heard, from older friends and acquaintances, "You think you have problems. Just wait till the children are in their teens!" True, the problems do seem greater, and the children not as amenable to parental control, but whatever you feel inside, keep a calm, relaxed attitude, and make it clear that you are genuinely interested in the day-by-day lives of your children. You can't do more.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 14, 1967



Enjoy even warmth with or without an electric blanket

Protect you from cold that strikes from beneath. From sudden changes in temperature. Stay wrinkle free all night. Protect your mattress from wear and staining. Double the life of mattresses and electric blankets.

Single bed \$3.25, double bed \$4.85



H. A. KING & CO. PLENTY ROAD, PRESTON

WHY DO MOTHERS WORK?

(It's just a simple matter of economy)

A lot of nonsense is talked about "liberating" women to go out to work, say two mothers who went back because they had to have the money.

Poverty in this affluent society

• "To stay at home and bring up our children in the old, accepted way is a luxury we cannot afford": a country mother tells how she had to go to work to keep up with the bare necessities of family living.

A YEAR ago we were in such desperate economic straits that I took a week's refresher course on my old work, comptometer operating, and, with mixed feelings, applied for a job.

I am married and have three children, age 11, eight, and seven. When I applied for the job I felt well, although I had had asthma and was afraid it would recur and I would be able to work only for a limited time.

I had to take a test, and after 11 years away from the comptometer, the "but-terflies" were acute, but I got the job. As time went by I was surprised, and my depressed ego elated, to find I acquitted myself well with my younger workmates.

The firm gave me a rise, and I enjoyed my work and the company — and the first-hand insight into the mod way of life, so different from my contemporaries at the same age.

I did have a guilty feeling, often, that I should be enjoying myself in a new role, away from the family.

As for the family — the children were allotted small tasks and my husband, too, was called upon to take an active part in the domestic side, which he had always shunned. Everyone hated it, but I was determined to keep on.

My vacuum-cleaner had given out, after 18 years' faithful service, and to try to train three children to be tidy with a single wardrobe-dressing-table combination was well nigh impossible.

Another winter with thin blankets on the children's beds was before me, and after 11 years of married life I knew I had no way of replacing any of these things on a working man's wage.

My teeth, which had not had attention for six years, ached painfully when I had hot, cold, or sweet food.

I did have a choice — mine or the children's teeth to be seen to! My husband belongs to that large band of unenlightened Australians who advocate leaving teeth to decay, then having the lot out. I don't consider dental care a luxury, but it was till then for me.

And have you ever faced Christmas with no money to buy presents? That happened to me last year, and spurred me to take the plunge.

I have wonderful children, two of them conscientious with their schoolwork and receiving reports I am proud of. The other is easily distracted, but with encouragement has improved out of all knowledge, making his good marks all the more dear to me.

He merited in my eyes some reward — not an extravagant gift, for I don't indulge the children. I try to teach them the true

meaning of Christmas, not the commercial extravagance now thrust upon us.

Now, with careful handling of the money I earned, I was able to set right many such things. We enjoyed three weeks' holiday at a seaside resort, the first holiday since we had the children.

That was when I gave notice. Since then, I have been cooking favorite dishes and catching up on jobs which had been shelved during my sojourn at work.

In theory, I believe a mother's place is in the home, training the children for the life ahead of them. I like to make small incidents that happen in our daily life an object lesson, but if I'm not with the children, how can this take place? A person paid to mind them rarely could be bothered.

I read recently that a survey is to take place into the reasons married women return to work, and the effect this has upon the families.

I would say economics is the chief reason. I don't want to leave my home and youngsters indefinitely. I certainly don't want them to become delinquents or to get in with the wrong company, but there have been times when we haven't had enough food to last till next pay day.

Medicines must be bought when illness hits, and as the children grow so does the grocery bill. We hear so much about this affluent society we're living in, but there is real poverty very close by. (My heart goes out to the pensioners!)

I have had to let friendships slip because I haven't the fares to visit, or if I were to invite them to lunch or afternoon tea I would have to cut down on the family's needs.

I've had to scrape together the fares for the summer swimming classes, doing all sorts of "robbing Peter to pay Paul" tricks with the housekeeping money.

As the family grows and our expenses, I can see I will have to go back to work again, perhaps part-time or temporary.

THE FACTORY: "A bleak tabernacle"

• "I wrote this because friends in a factory where I was working complained about the unrealistic attitude many seem to have about why a housewife works." — MARGARET SLOAN.

HUNDREDS of words have been written about the working mother. I read them with interest, as I am the mother of four young children, and from time to time am obliged to find work.

There is a great deal of nonsense written on this subject. The writers fall into two sharply divided factions.

One party would have us housewives "unleash our talents from the kitchen sink," presumably for mankind's benefit.

The other insists that we must be at home, representing security to the family at all times. The real truth is different.

Most housewives (spare us, please, from being called homemakers) find it extremely difficult to make ends meet, because of the deplorably high cost of decent housing. Many aren't eligible for War Service homes, or for one of the Housing Commission's "boxes."

Therefore, when a crisis such as sickness arises, there is no money tucked away in the "kitty." So the housewife decides to go to work!

Not all of them have a background of teaching, nursing, or secretarial work, so there isn't always the question of unleashing talent from the kitchen sink. In fact, she may not find it easy to get work.

A factory or laundry is her best bet. With a bit of luck, a few lies about her age, ability, experience, and the number of children she has (it is fatal to admit having more than two school-age children), she may land a job at \$24 a week, \$8 of which must be handed over to whatever child-minding centre has been engaged to look after her baby — its existence, of course, being kept secret.

The work in the factory is unbearably tedious. Minutes seem like hours.

Our housewife may sit or stand all day, in an always cold room, under a notice advising her not to spit on the floor (the dignity of labor?).

By her side may be the omnipresent time-and-motion-study man urging her on with his stop-watch to greater speed at her incredibly monotonous task of, perhaps, placing a screw in a hole.

She can have no possible interest in her work. Her only enthusiasm is for pay day. Her mind is far away, perhaps with the baby. Is he crying? One day can seem a week.

After a few months of this torture — and it is torture, physical pain is easier to bear than boredom — she will be forced to give up her job. The undeclared baby will develop measles, and she will be released from bondage for the time being.

There is no meeting of minds, no discussing new ideas in this type of work. Her workmates will be people like herself, interested only in pay day and the knocking-off whistle at half-past four.

Home is an oasis, the factory a bleak tabernacle where she must worship, eight hours a day, the unlovely god of industry, in order to keep the oasis for herself and her family.

This is the truth about the working mother. No pseudo-psychological arguments about needing fulfilment outside the home make any sense to her.

She doesn't need some well-fed moralist to tell her that "A woman's place is in the home."

She has no talents worth unleashing on the world. She simply needs the money.

Mother is "a luxury we appreciate"

THERE are three of us, three "poor neglected waifs on the verge of delinquency" — because our mother works. But have we really missed so much? Neighbors say we have.

Some children I know come home from school, cast a glance and brief "Hello, Mum," then, tossing clothes and cases to right and left, vanish to a friend's home, munching snacks swept up in their whirlwind descent on home.

Thus they greet their mother, who

pride and care and which would do credit to children beyond her eight years.

Other tasks are shared between my elder sister and myself. She does the washing, drudgery to many but a status symbol to her, a token of seniority.

At 4.30 every day I empty the teapot and fill the kettle, set out Mum's cup, and leave matches and ashtray ready to hand. Her slippers are often forgotten in the excitement of her arrival, but I try to remember.

VALERIE NEWSUM, aged 14, of Picnic Point, N.S.W., defends her working mother

works all day for their comfort. To her children she is a mere convenience, yet she is respected by other women, who feel she is fulfilling her role as a mother.

Our mother enjoys far more affection and appreciation, yet she is condemned by other women, who consider she is failing in her duty.

Although we return to an empty house, our whirlwind descent is not upon the refrigerator, but upon the housework. To the youngest falls the task of setting the table, which she does with great

work, our working mother has helped make us a real part of our home.

To many other children, homes are only shelters, tended by mother/care-takers who seldom rate a passing glance, and as impersonal as a railway station.

Our mother was forced to work through necessity, and if we have helped to make those years a little easier, we are content.

When our working mother is no longer a working mother, we will be

able to appreciate in her all the qualities which pass unnoticed in the mother who has always been there.

The luxury you have enjoyed for years, and come to expect, ceases to be a luxury. Only when you have gone without it for years do you see it in its true value.

No, we are not neglected, nor are we alone. We are very close to our working mother, and we love and appreciate her so much more for all the times when she has not been there.

Coffee goes
creamy,
smooth & creamy
when you add
double rich
Carnation milk





ABROAD . . . with Margaret Sydney



● Just about the first thing that happened to us in Ireland was a roadside meeting with a man who said, "Could you oblige me with a bit of the road?" We had stopped beside him to ask the way to Blarney Castle.

TUPP (my American friend) and I don't usually give lifts to lone male hitch-hikers in our own countries, but there's all the difference in the world between a hitch-hiker and someone who asks to be obliged with a bit of the road as if it was all your own. So we gave him a lift and he told us that the glorious deep yellow bush growing everywhere in the wildest profusion was furze (other people gave other names for it later).

He took a dim view of our intention of going on to Killarney. "You'll find nothing there but rocks and lakes," he said slightly of some of the most famous rocks and lakes in the world.

After he'd left us, when we'd obliged him with the only bit of our road that was of any use to him, we went on to Blarney, climbed the narrow spiralling stairs, and stood in the rain on the slippery stones of the parapet. We didn't kiss the Blarney Stone because it seemed too new and touristy a thing to do in the face of those 500-year-old walls.

But we did see the gallery from which the defenders of the castle could pour down boiling oil and tar on any of their enemies who breached the gate; the draughty confinement in which people lived (the Earl's bedroom an irregular-shaped 10ft. by 6ft. with a fine corbelled window looking 210ft. down on to his water meadows); the kennel-like recesses where a servant could lie on a pallet outside his master's door; the sloping recesses in the 14ft. walls at every arrow-slit at every turn of the endless stairs where a man could crouch or sprawl while he stood guard.

And we saw the hideous pattern of names cut into the stone of the castle's walls — not by any means all of them scratched in this desecrating century, either.

Then we went on to Killarney, with its "nothing but lakes and rocks."

Never the same for more than a mile or two

IRELAND is sheer magic. I knew the "little bit of heaven" stuff, and the emerald isle stuff, and that the Irish thought very highly of it.

What I didn't know was that Ireland is never the same for more than a mile or two, that at every third turn in the road you feel you've come into another country, that a rise or fall of a hundred feet or so brings you suddenly into a landscape of a new color, a new vegetation, a new geology.

The heights are rocky and gaunt, jagged white-lichened rock everywhere, no trees, and tundra-like silky tussocks of bronze grass.

In the valleys, the soil is black, the grass is truly emerald (and dotted with shaggy sheep with mottled black-and-white faces and wool that looks whiter-than-white to Australian eyes used to the mole-color of a sheep in full wool), and the variety of mixing and matching greens in trees and bushes and hedges and wayside plants is stunning and startling. To be color-blind in Ireland would, indeed, be to have been cursed by the gods!

Even the color of the road changes with those quick changes in the scenery — in some areas the gravel is green, in some grey, in some pink, and you glide from color to color on first-class roads empty of traffic.

After a while, you get to feel that the whole place is sickeningly overcrowded if you can see two other cars as well as your own at any given moment.

The roads are busy only in the early morning, when they're loud with little two-wheeled carts drawn by horses or by diminutive sad-looking donkeys, each cart carrying a can or two of milk and a driver sitting on the side or else standing so that he towers above his load and his little steed.

Where there are no hedges, there are miles upon miles of beautiful old stone wall, the tops often clotted with ivies and trailing grasses and bluebells and little trees.

Rhododendrons grow wild along the roadsides among the yews and the beeches and the copper beeches and the hollies and the ivy, the Queen Anne's lace, ladies' slippers, daffodils, and a thousand things we couldn't identify, lilacs, horse-chestnuts, forsythia, and the wonderful yellow-gold of the furze or gorse or forbush or whatever it is.

At dusk and in the early morning, the mountains are cut in half by trails of soft cloud, so that only the bases and the peaks are visible, and for double measure they're reflected in lakes where the water is so still that the colors are perfectly reproduced.

We took to obliging people with a bit of the road whenever we got the chance, and we learnt some pretty interest-

ing things — how many of them accurate I just don't know.

For instance, in the south, all the great land holdings have been broken up, and the farms are six to eight acres, with the really big ones an immense 14.

The children go to school until 14, except for those who are going on to technical school—they can leave at 12.

The only crops grown are potatoes and root vegetables; the cattle are Kerries, though you see the occasional Friesian herd; they have only about seven weeks of snow and it doesn't lie about for long.

The Irish don't like fish (true, I should think, because it doesn't appear much on menus, and then only sea fish).

The southern counties have all the mixture of suspicion

and pity and derision for the Dubliners that the people of any one part of Australia have for the unfortunates who inhabit any other part.

Nobody mentions "the Troubles" with any bitterness, at least in the presence of tourists, but any ruined building is said to have been destroyed "during the Troubles," even when it's obvious that ivy has been growing from its roofless walls for hundreds of years — and maybe that's fair enough in Irish eyes.

Ireland sent all that Irish blood that's been churning round unnoticed in my veins for umpteen years rushing deliriously to my head.

I'm somewhere else altogether while I'm writing this, and I keep looking at things and thinking how beautiful, how strange, how exciting — but I wish I was back in Ireland!

Nobody much in England likes Irish currency with its harps and its bulls and its fish, so Tupp and I go on dropping it hopefully into wishing wells. Maybe it can work its magic even in foreign waters and we'll get back.

MICHELLE FIQUET USES A LUXURY TALC EVERY DAY.



Michelle Fiquet of Arcachon, France—art student, traveller, now living in Sydney.

IS SHE RICH OR IS SHE SMART?
MICHELLE IS FRENCH, ALL WOMAN, AND VERY SMART. SHE LIKES LUXURIES YOU CAN AFFORD REGULARLY. LIKE TEAL*, THE LUXURY TALC PERFUMED BY ROBERTET OF PARIS, PRICED SO YOU CAN AFFORD IT EVERY DAY. THAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TEAL AND THE OTHER LUXURY TALCS. "VIVE LA DIFFERENCE!"

Johnson & Johnson

*Regd. Trade Mark.

Crunch & crunch



What a mouth-watering way to stay slim!

Forget about starvation diets! Stay slim this delicious way, with crisp, fresh Ryvita crispbread. Crunch! Eat hearty—there's lots more where this came from. Low on calories, high on nourishment and satisfaction.

Crunch! Eat as much as you like, without waistline worries. Enjoy Ryvita crispbread with any of these stay-slim toppings, or maybe with just a dab of butter. It's so tasty! **RYVITA CRISP RYE BREAD**



HOUSE of the WEEK

Design solves problems of suburban site

A SUBURBAN lot, with its restrictions on views and privacy, together with the northern aspect on a side boundary, created special problems for Mr. and Mrs. R. Baudino when planning their home at Deakin, Canberra.

In addition the site had a fall from south to north. But architect Peter Courtney solved some of these problems by designing a split-level home, orientated to the north for maximum sunlight.

To complement this, Mr. Baudino's landscaping has included trees and shrubs which provide sufficient privacy as well as unobscured views.

The 15-square home is built of white bagged brick, with oregon beams spanning the full width of the house and extending out over a deck. Large sliding glass doors with sliding insect screens open to this deck from the large living and dining area. Floors throughout the house are of brush box—carpet is used only in the main bedroom.

The kitchen is at the rear of the house and, because of the wonderful views available from it, has a special eye-level window backing the work bench. This window, and all the cupboards in the kitchen, were designed especially for Mrs. Baudino, who is only 5ft. 1in. in height. Wall cupboards are placed at a lower level for easy reach.

Heating in the living area is either from an open fireplace or an oil heater set into the wall. The back of the heater extends into the laundry, and a cupboard built round it provides a drying cabinet for clothes in winter.

In the courtyard Mr. Baudino has built an enchanting rock pool surrounded by a mass of colorful flowers, and a barbecue. A low, curved brick wall acts as a boundary for the courtyard, and a little wooden gate provides entry to this area from the street. Three silver birches in front of wall give privacy.

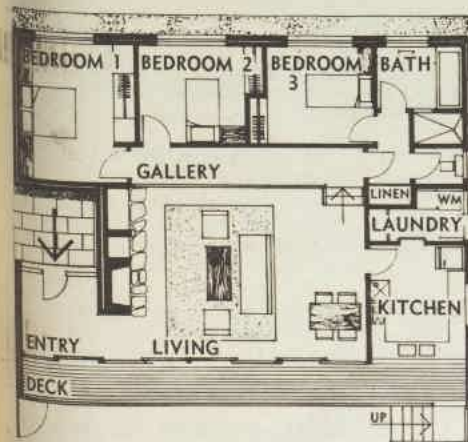
Story by Sandra Funnell

Pictures by Peter Hardacre

1. Dark stained wood of fascias, beams, and decking is marked contrast to white painted brick in Mr. and Mrs. R. Baudino's home at Deakin, Canberra. Deck overlooks courtyard.

2. High-level windows in living area give tree-top views. Dining area is at opposite end of this room; entry at the end of corridor on left. Door on right is to the main bedroom.

3. Eye-level window in the kitchen gives wonderful view across plains to mountains. Window and all cupboards were specially designed for Mrs. Baudino's small height. Cupboards are of walnut.

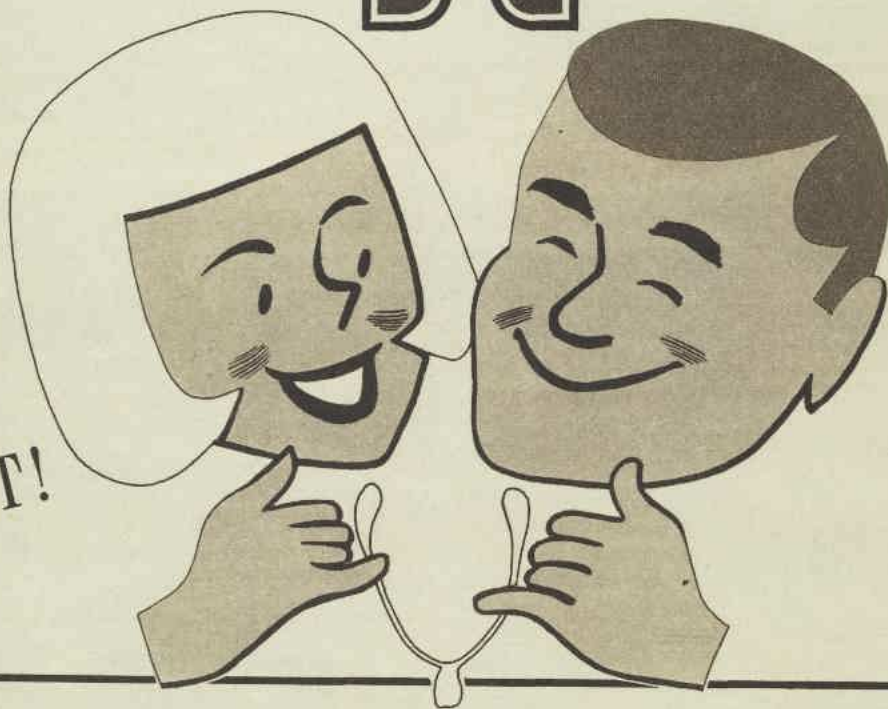


**\$10,000
IN CASH
TO BE WON**

**CADBURY'S
'WIN-A-WISH'
COMPETITION**

IT'S FUN!

IT'S
DIFFERENT!



IT'S
SO EASY

- JUST
MAKE A
WISH!

JUST MAKE A WISH
- you could win big money

Enter now for one of the most excitingly simple contests ever planned — Cadbury's 'WIN-A-WISH' Competition. A most original, novel, intriguing wish could win you a big cash prize. Is it a fully-manned luxury yacht to take fifty friends on a millionaire's cruise, a journey by submarine under the Polar Cap, or a glamorous wardrobe designed entirely in mink? First prize is \$5,000, second \$3,000, third \$2,000 — the first thousand entrants will each receive a box of Cadbury's Black Cat Chocolates.



**FREE ENTRY! Use this entry form or a facsimile of it to enter
CADBURY'S 'WIN-A-WISH' COMPETITION**

Entries may be on plain paper where State regulations require it.

1. Now, make your wish, using not more than twenty-five extra words.

My \$5,000 wish is:

The prizes will go to the entries that the judges consider to be the most original, novel and intriguing. The wish you make need not be binding. In the event of your entry being successful, you may spend the prize money any way you like.

2. Place the numbers 1 to 6 against the following chocolate blocks in order of their popularity.

- ☐ CADBURY'S NUT MILK
- ☐ CADBURY'S BRAZIL NUT
- ☐ CADBURY'S DAIRY MILK
- ☐ CADBURY'S FRUIT & NUT MILK
- ☐ CADBURY'S CARAMELLO
- ☐ CADBURY'S ENERGY

3. Clearly print your name and full address in the space:

STATE W.V.

4. Post your entry to:
Cadbury's 'Win-A-Wish' Competition, Hobart, Tasmania.

5. There is no ENTRY FEE! Any number of entries may be sent in, provided each is accompanied by a label from any Cadbury block. Do not send labels with entries from those States where regulations forbid their use.

6. Last day for receipt of entries is Monday, July 17th, 1967.

7. First Prize . . . \$5,000. Second Prize . . . \$3,000. Third Prize . . . \$2,000. The first thousand entrants will each receive a half pound box of Cadbury's new, distinctive Black Cat Chocolates.

8. Prize winners will be notified by post and listed in the daily press on Thursday, August 10th, 1967.

9. The decision of the judges will be final and no correspondence will be entered into regarding the contest.

10. Cadbury's 'WIN-A-WISH' Competition is open to anyone in Australia except the employees (and their families) of Cadbury-Fry-Pascall Pty. Ltd. and their advertising agents.

Get further free entry forms wherever Cadbury's block chocolate is sold! Or write to Cadbury's Claremont, Tasmania.

The garden in JUNE

By ALLAN SEALE

EXCEPT for planting roses and deciduous trees, June in the garden mostly involves maintenance and waiting. Patience is needed.

Seedlings may look the same size as they were a month ago, but they are busy making root growth.

And it can seem so long since those BULBS were planted that one is tempted to probe below the surface to see that all is well. (Experienced gardeners may do so with impunity — forgetting the times they damaged tulips and hyacinths because of similar doubts.)

Bulb progress depends on variety, soil temperature, and treatment of the bulbs before planting. Hyacinths may not show through until late July, and hyacinth blooms now in florists' shops have been specially forced.

Tulips planted in the normal manner may not emerge until late August. Those stimulated by chilling appear much earlier. Daffodil behaviour depends on variety. The popular King Alfred is one of the earliest to flower, but emerges later than most of the mid-season types.

Be careful with cultivation, as bulb shoots may be close to the surface. It is safer to pull weeds, or, at the most, lightly skim the surface, to break the crust and destroy young weed growth.

Inspect bulbs in bowls occasionally to make sure they are moist. Where there are no drainage holes, prop the containers on their sides for a few minutes

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 128



● Calla lilies, grown by Mr. C. N. Smith, of Hanlon's Road, Bilpin, N.S.W.

after watering, to allow surplus moisture to drain away.

Resist the temptation to bring bowls into light until shoots and roots are well developed, usually eight weeks after planting. Better to leave them a week or two longer than to bring them out prematurely.

CALLAS

Yellow arums, also known as callas but more correctly as Zantedeschia elliptica, should be lifted now unless they are in well-drained and comparatively dry soil. They revel in water in warmer weather, but may rot if left in moist soil during winter dormancy. Wash the bulbs, cut away any rotted sections. Dust cuts with bordeaux powder, sulphur, or similar fungicide. Store in a dry place until August.

CAMELLIAS

Should flowers be picked with a stem? This does remove the terminal growth bud just behind the flower, but does no harm. It stimulates shoots from the axils of the remaining leaves, and these will carry next year's flowers. Try to leave at least two of the lower leaves on the newer section of the stem carrying the flower. This acts as a form of pruning and encourages compact growth.

Pick occasional large sprays of flowers from old trees if you care to. The new growth, stimulated from old wood, may not flower the following season, but will help to rejuvenate the tree.

ANNUALS

Remove buds of Iceland poppies until the plants have made sturdy clumps. A surface mulch and fortnightly applications of packeted liquid manure will help them establish.

Check stock plants for aphids, which cause centre foliage to flatten and cup downward. Check polyanthus and foxgloves for red spider, which leaves the foliage lustreless, with a light mottling or an all-over light brown if severe.

Control these by spraying to wet the underside of the foliage with malathion, a complete pestkiller, or more penetrating sprays such as rogor, lebaycid, anthio, and meta-systox. Do not use meta-systox on vegetables.

Don't allow gaps, due to losses among annuals, to spoil your spring display. Replace these with plants from an entire corner of the bed, or if planted in drifts reduce the size of the planting.

Fill the vacated area with a quick-flowering subject—a splash of livingstone daisy in sunny areas (use seedlings, now) or for height, linaria and virginian stock are a good fill-in for partly shaded areas, quick-growing from seed sown direct.

Ranunculus and lobelia planted now will flower a little later than most of the spring annuals. Lobelia carries through well into summer. Phlox, petunias, and petite marigolds are easy fill-ins in warm climates, such as Brisbane and farther north. They flower quickly.

Control of sap flow applies particularly to peaches and nectarines, which need consistent cutting to encourage new, fruit-bearing wood. Leading branches are shortened back to a strong, lower growth pointing outward. Thin, twiggy branchlets are removed, others shortened to just above a growth bud.

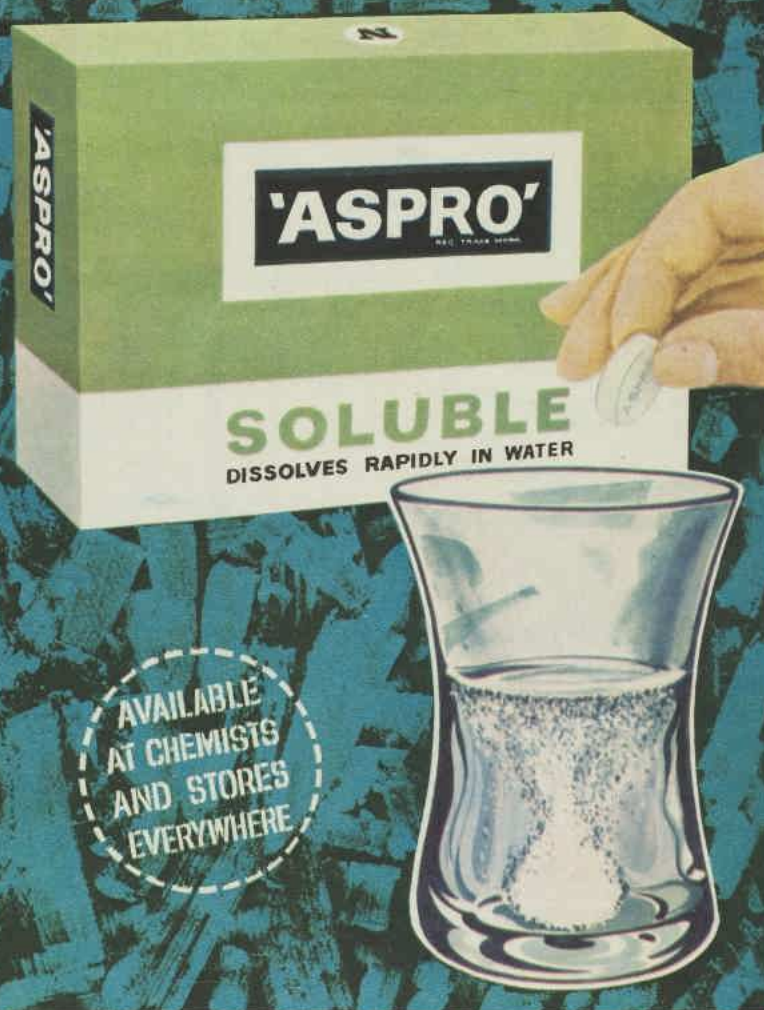
To assess the amount of fruiting wood to be removed, it helps to distinguish between fruit and growth buds. Growth buds are comparatively long and narrow; flower or fruit buds plump and more rounded. Usually when there are sets of three buds, the centre is a growth bud and the outside ones flower buds. When flowering commences, this is easier.

Leaf Curl: To prevent leaf curl of stone fruits, spray at "bud swell"—just before buds burst. The spores of the fungus harbor in the scales of the buds, and unless sprayed will infect the young foliage. Use copper oxychloride sprays, zineb, maneb, or phaltan, thoroughly wetting the buds.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 129

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

When you are recommended a soluble pain reliever, remember—



SOLUBLE 'ASPRO' DISSOLVES INSTANTLY IN WATER, IS EVER SO SMOOTH AND HAS A PLEASANT, NEUTRAL FLAVOUR.

World famous 'ASPRO' both soluble and regular tablet form are now Microfined which means that 'ASPRO' works 2½ times faster than before to relieve headache and pain.

stop headache and pain

'ASPRO'

MICROFINED

NOW WORKS 2½ TIMES FASTER

RELIEVE THE SHOOTING PAINS OF BACKACHE

Take fast-acting De Witt's Pills. Countless numbers who, have known the suffering of rheumatism and sciatica bless the relief that only De Witt's brings. In more than 80 countries, De Witt's Pills are trusted for safe, fast relief from backache, and the pain of rheumatism and sciatica.

De Witt's Pills

LOOK ALIVE with
The Bulletin
POLITICAL COMMENT,
NEWS, and VIEWS
EVERY WEEK • ONLY 20c

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 593—BOWLS FROCK

Bowls frock is available cut out to make in white terylene/viscose. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$9.75; 36 and 38in. bust, \$9.95; 40 and 42in. bust, \$10.15; 44in. bust, \$10.35. Postage and dispatch 40 cents extra.

No. 594—DUSTER BAG

Handy duster bag is available ready to sew and embroider on blue, lilac, yellow, or green cesarine. Price is 95 cents plus 5 cents postage and dispatch.

No. 595—GIRL'S SHIFT

Practical shift that can be worn over jumper is available cut out to make in wedgwood-blue, ruby-red, brown, or turquoise silk-finish corduroy. Sizes 6 to 8 years, \$2.95; 10 to 12 years, \$3.15. Postage and dispatch 20 cents extra.

* Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



HOUSEHOLD HINTS

● Readers' useful hints to help you save time and money in your housework, gardening, and cookery. Each hint wins a prize of \$2.

AFTER dyeing the children's bedspreads, re-use the dye water to color single sheets; the dye will naturally be weaker, and softer colors will result. The colored sheets will be easily distinguished among white double ones in your cupboard. — Mrs. Pamela Ford, Box 57, Beverley, W.A.

Use a butterfly hair clip to close up poultry after stuffing it. The clip makes a most efficient fastener, and is good also for other stuffed meats. The clips can be bought cheaply at chainstores. — Mrs. J. A. Thompson, Burringbar, Tweed River, N.S.W.

Press all knitted garments, even baby's white knitteds, under a sheet of newsprint. They will look like new. — Mrs. L. Gallagher, No. 4 Sovereign St., Indooroopilly, Brisbane.

Instead of using polythene, frequently recommended for growing strawberries, I use double thicknesses of grain bags. Place bags all over garden bed, overlapping a little, and cut holes where the plants are to go. Water and liquid fertiliser soak through the bags, risk of fungous diseases is greatly reduced, and bags have rotted when the runners appear. Strawberries are clean when picked. — Mrs. J. D. M. Thompson, "Taringa," Chinchilla, Qld.

To prevent the hood of a small child's raincoat or cape blowing off in windy and showery weather: Sew a length of elastic approximately 3in. or 4in. on the inside centre front of hood, gather hood slightly on to elastic. It makes a better fit. — Mrs. M. Overton, Somerville, Vic.

Use your steam iron to raise the nap of a carpet or rug that has been flattened by heavy furniture. Hold the iron close to and just above the flattened spot, making sure it does not touch. The steam will bring the nap up. — Mrs. R. Locke, 177 Hoare St., West Cairns, Qld.

Your tin-opener will work much more easily if you run a stream of hot water over it before piercing the tin. — Mrs. R. D. Bannister, Osterley, Tas.

Keep the aluminium plate from a bought pastry flan and use it to sift flour on to when cooking. Being flexible the plate can be formed into a pourer for tipping flour into mixing bowl. The plate lasts a long time, and saves using your lunch-wrap paper. — Mrs. B. F. Lyon, 3 Yvonne Court, Glen Waverley, Vic.

A remedy for too-narrow knitted jumpers or cardigans: In the same wool, knit two long strips of ribbing, 1in. wide and the length of underarm and side seams. Insert when sewing up each sleeve and side seam. It also gives an effective finish to the garment. — Mrs. D. Orth, 34 Parkes St., Manly Vale, N.S.W.

When an electric light globe shatters in its socket, it is often difficult to remove. Do this safely by first switching off current, then pressing a large piece of cork over the jagged base. Turn cork counter-clockwise and the socket can be released. — Mrs. S. Armstrong, 18 Livingstone Ave., Prospect, S.A.

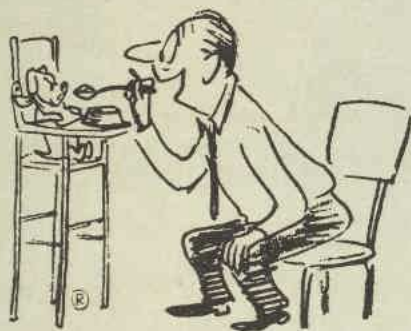
They're DOG-MATIC!



"Just ignore him, Mr. Jenkins... he's already had his dinner!"



"Stop feeding him between meals."



"Hey, Mum... how soon will you be through with the flea spray?"



MRS. H. WIFE



"I hope all your nuts and bolts fall out!"

Stay looking Twenty for more than Forty years

"... The priceless gift of lasting skin loveliness has been brought at last to the eager, outstretched hand of every woman. Now through the discovery of a remarkable tropical moist oil that recaptures and preserves the original youthful beauty and radiance of the skin there's no longer any real reason why the average woman shouldn't stay looking 20 for more than 40 years..."

Modern science has at last found the means for every woman to gain and retain the exquisite smoothness and fine-grained texture of her complexion. The evolution of a unique tropical moist oil, which remarkably influences the balanced functioning of the skin cells, now makes it possible to bring prolonged dewy, petal-soft perfection to the complexion with as little effort as it takes to smooth a film of beauty fluid lightly over your skin.

This moist oil is isotonically balanced so that rich beauty elements can be quickly and easily absorbed. As the replenishing oil and moisture reaches the sub-surface cells, your well-nourished skin will begin to bloom with new vitality, recapture its youthful beauty and elasticity.



Day-Long Nourishing

Smoothed over your face and neck each day and used as a beautifying base beneath make-up, the hygroscopic properties of tropical moist oil of Ulan will enable your skin to benefit from the natural attraction of moisture from the surrounding atmosphere all through the day, overcoming the formation of tiny lines or wrinkle dryness and ensuring that make-up blends beautifully and stays matt.

Beautify Your Skin As You Sleep

The nourishment you can give your skin at bedtime will keep your complexion satin-smooth and check any signs of wrinkle-dryness



immediately. Wrinkles indicate a lack of the natural protective oils in your skin and the need for urgent vitalizing massage with Ulan vitalizing night cream is necessary. This provides natural oils and moisture, plus rich unguents and vitalizing elements that so completely benefit and beautify a lovely complexion.

Smooth the vitalizing night cream evenly over your skin from neck to forehead and work it in gently with upward and outward movements of the fingertips. This rich blend of creams and moist Ulan oil strengthens skin cells, protects against wrinkles, and renders the skin soft and velvety.

Cleanse Away Skin Impurities

It is said that every time you wash your face you can start a wrinkle but now you can avoid the taut, dry feeling of a soap-and-water washed skin. Cleansing your face with a non detergent beauty milk is a further way to preserve the youthful attributes of a lovely skin, in addition to your faithful moist oiling.

The special action of the dissolving Delph cleansing milk lifts, absorbs and floats out every particle of dust and stale make-up, without the risk of robbing the skin of its natural, protective oils and so avoiding keratinization (skin coarsening).

Spread the Delph cleansing milk lavishly over your face and neck and allow its dissolving action to "unclog" your pores. Rinse away the milk with clear

water or use light, sweeping strokes with a tissue to reveal the soft, radiant splendour of your perfectly cleansed skin.



Beauty Toning With Lemons

The ritual of toning your complexion is yet another important beauty aid. A skin freshener is essential to keep pores refined to an ideal tension, particularly after cleansing, when these tiny openings in the skin are more relaxed than ever.

To brace and refine your complexion, utilize the natural toning properties of special beauty lemons in the skin freshener form. Lemon Delph skin freshener stimulates a lazy circulation, melts out plugged pores, clears away blemish-inducing impurities, and keeps your complexion clear, fine-textured and beautiful.



After cleansing, saturate a pad of cotton with the lemon Delph freshener and briskly pat your face and neck all over until the skin tingles refreshingly and takes on a youthful radiance.

Your Perfect Make-Up

This is the magic touch that makes a complexion come suddenly into full flower. Take care to smooth on a film of oil of Ulan before you blend a tinted base over your skin. The petal-flake foundations are superb. All you have to do is stroke on the creamy Evenmatt fluid make-up to create a breath-takingly beautiful complexion with a delicate, lasting bloom. The Evenmatt petal-flake technique is particularly successful for covering unevenness of the skin, freckles, ageing lines, and blemishes.

A gentle blush of rouge on the cheeks comes next, and then the entire face and neck can be dusted with Evenmatt powder to match the foundation used.



Your eyebrows should be groomed and lightly pencilled into shape, and a pretty shadow chosen to blend above the eyes. Use liner along your upper lids, and two coats of mascara on the lashes to make them look long, soft and feathery.

Apply lipstick with a blunt-tipped brush to achieve a clear, sharp outline, then fill in with colour from the tube. Blot with a tissue. For really long-lasting results, apply colour and blot a second time.



Modess

because

A new Blue Shield of protection

Today you have the choice of a New Modess . . .

New "Blue Polythene Shield" Modess with an exclusive accident-proof barrier of Blue Polythene on three sides



A moisture-proof shield of soft Polythene cradles the Napkin.



Accident-proof at the bottom. Accident-proof at the sides.



Wrapped in the softest Masslimm[®] cover, the Blue Polythene Shield gives you safe, sure protection.



Your choice of Modess Napkins includes Modess Regular (green pack), Modess SUPER (pink pack) for extra absorbency and VEE-FORM[®] by Modess, the slimmer, form-fitting style.

Johnson & Johnson

At last the day dawned
when they were to commence
this precious vacation

EARLY ONE MORNING

By C. TURNER



SUZY and David packed the car the night before, set the alarm for four-thirty, and plugged in the coffee-pot. If everything went on schedule, they could have a quick eye-opener and still be on the road by five o'clock. Then, later on, they could stop at a restaurant along the highway and have a nice big breakfast—a really scrumptious beginning-of-vacation breakfast.

It was, in a way, their first vacation—their first honest-to-goodness get-away-from-it-all. Last summer they spent the two weeks with his folks in St. Louis. The summer before that they stayed with her folks in Dallas. The summer before that they stayed home, because they couldn't afford to go anywhere. And the summer before that they weren't even married.

Suzy was almost asleep when Dave sat straight up in bed and snapped his fingers. "Forgot to put my golf clubs in the car," he said. "Remind me to grab them in the morning. They say there's a swell course at Surf Shores."

"Oh, Dave . . . you play golf every weekend," she murmured drowsily into the pillow. "I was hoping that . . ."

Actually, she didn't mind his playing golf every weekend with the other junior trust officers. It was expected of him. Besides, he enjoyed it so much. After a particularly good game he would come home on top of a happy cloud, kiss her, and hug her . . . and she certainly couldn't complain about that.

But she had been looking forward to these next two weeks as sort of a second honeymoon—a first honeymoon, really, because nobody would have called those two nights and a day in that small town just below the State line a genuine honeymoon. She wouldn't have traded them, though, for anyone else's Grand Tour of Europe.

Dave lay back. "Ben Taylor says it's the finest golf course he ever played . . ."

And then he was asleep. Suzy raised on her elbows, leaned over and kissed his shoulder. "I love you," she whispered, then she, too, sank into sleep. The next thing she knew the alarm was ringing.

"It can't be four-thirty," she moaned.

"Up and at 'em," Dave said, jumping out of bed. "This is it."

When Dave came into the kitchen, he was shaved and had that marvellous scrubbed look she loved, and he was whistling. He was wearing the new sports shirt she had bought

him and his favorite slacks. When he saw her still sitting there, he stopped whistling.

"Hey, honey," he said. "It's getting late."

"I know, darling," she said, "but I just can't get into focus."

He placed a kiss on her curled head. "Come on, old sleepyhead. You'll wake up when you hit the fresh air."

She hurried as fast as her body permitted, and joined him where he sat waiting in the car. She was wearing slacks and carrying the small, zippered case with the last-minute things in it. Her hair was still in curlers; she would comb it in the car.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I just couldn't get the sleep out of my eyes or the curlers out of my hair. I even left the bed unmade. Me, Miss Housewife of the Year."

"It'll be there when you get back."

Then they were on their way, with two whole wonderful weeks ahead of them. Dave was whistling again and Suzy was still fixing her hair. When they were only two blocks from home, Suzy said, "I can't do it. I just can't."

Dave turned the rear-view mirror toward her. "Will this help?" he asked.

"I mean I can't go off and leave the bed . . ."

"Honey," he said, "nobody will know."

"I will," she said.

"Hey, baby, none of that now . . . We're getting away from it all, remember?"

"That's just it. I can't really get away from it all as long as I know the bed's unmade."

"You're not going to ask me to turn back?"

"Well, no-o-o . . . I guess not," "That's my girl," he said.

The highway stretched straight in the morning sun and there wasn't a cloud. Before them lay those two precious weeks of delicious idleness. No, this vacation has to be perfect, Suzy said to herself. I can't let anything spoil it.

"Darling," she said hesitantly. "Darling . . . would you mind terribly . . .?"

"Women," he muttered, with the barest promise of a smile. "If it's that important to you, I guess a half hour or so won't matter."

Suzy squeezed his arm gratefully as he pulled into a convenient turn-off. For a moment there was an uncomfortable silence between them, then Suzy said brightly, "When we stop for breakfast, I think I'll order everything on the menu, maybe even pancakes or waffles."

Again the silence fell.

When they drove up in front of the house, the key was ready in Suzy's hand. "I won't be long," she said. "I promise."

In a few minutes she was locking the door and coming toward him, his golf bag swinging heavily, clumsily from her shoulder.

"I forgot!" he exclaimed, getting out to take the cumbersome bag from her.

As she got into the car, she wondered if she should tell him the real reason she asked to come back, reveal her small deception, and she decided not to. He could have rented clubs, of course. But she would have known. And nothing was going to spoil their vacation.

(Copyright)

Now, where did you say it hurts?

BAND-AID Brand Dressings come in a range of shapes and sizes. Next time a hurt happens, cover it quick with a BAND-AID Brand Strip, Spot, Patch or Extra Wide Strip.

BAND-AID

BRAND

strips·patches·spots
extra wide strips



Johnson & Johnson

**"Nothing relieves coughing
like 'Decongestant'..."**



Whether you have a light, annoying cough—or a heavy chest cough—nothing relieves coughing like NYAL 'Decongestant'!

Only NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir gives you 11 prescription-strength cough fighting ingredients. This proven effective formula penetrates into the bronchial tubes... loosens phlegm... soothes inflamed membranes... reduces bronchial congestion.

You'll breathe easier... get more restful sleep at night, undisturbed by constant coughing. You've never known such soothing relief!

NYAL 'Decongestant'—6 fl. oz. 75c; 12 fl. oz. \$1.29; 16 fl. oz. \$1.68.

'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR



Nyal

SOLD BY CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

**Guaranteed
dependability**

When buying medicines, the name NYAL is your best guarantee of dependability. Only the best medicinals obtainable enter into the composition of NYAL products. They are compounded by the most modern methods, under the supervision of qualified pharmacists, and standardised by competent chemists.



**PHONE YOUR NYAL CHEMIST
for FREE home delivery**

Tick off the products you need, then ring your Nyal chemist. Most chemists provide a free home delivery service.

N723 3 47



Restore Well-Being

When normal well-being is in jeopardy owing to vitamin deficiency, Pluravit's balanced combination of 10 vitamins and 11 minerals is helpful in the maintenance of good health. Valuable for the relief of lassitude and loss of appetite, if due to vitamin deficiency. One capsule a day, only 8c.

30 capsules ☐ \$2.25



Breathe freely In 2 Minutes

Get wonderful relief from stuffy head colds—anytime, anywhere—with a Nyal 'Decongestant' Nasal Spray. A fine mist of medication penetrates high into nose and sinuses. Relief lasts for up to 4 hours. Special formula for children. Both forms available as DROPS.

☐ 72c



Non-Irritating Pain Relief

Dolamin relieves pain... without stomach upset. Brings prompt relief from headache, nerve pains, fever associated with colds and influenza. 24 tablets cost only 39c; 50's—60c; 100's—\$1.17. (Now also available with codeine, as Dolamin Forte: 48c for 20.)

36 Tablets ☐ 48c



Heal cracked, sore lips...

With medicated Nyal Cold Sore Cream and Lotion. The LOTION dries up cold sores... stops itching and burning. The CREAM keeps your lips soft and supple while the sores heal. Economy-size Cream, 57c.

CREAM or LOTION
☐ 39c



Relief from cold miseries

Coldrex—the unique 2-layer cold tablet—relieves miseries of colds, coughing; 'flu; feverishness; nasal congestion. Coldrex gives relief 5 ways. (1) Shrinks swollen tissues. (2) Stops urge to cough. (3) Helps clear chest congestion. (4) Relieves pain, feverishness. (5) Provides Vitamin C. 12 tablets 48c.

24 tablets ☐ 87c

NYAL COMPANY DIVISION OF STERLING PHARMACEUTICALS PTY. LIMITED, ERMINGTON, N.S.W.

It's an Old Country

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

ON the Friday of the week following his mother's funeral, Tom Adamson had dinner with the Wentworths, Andrew and Madge. They had a big top-floor flat high above Sydney's Kings Cross. Andrew was an assistant professor in the Eng. Lit. Department of the University where Tom taught Colonial Economic History. Andrew and Madge were English; it was only three or four years since they had left the old country. And this was really the chief reason why Tom had accepted their invitation, though, of course, he hadn't told them so. "Just the three of us," Andrew said. "That's what you wanted, isn't it?"

"Yes, Andrew, it is—that is, if you insist on hearing what might turn To page 54

Lady Ellowstone's party reduced Tom Adamson to a state of bemused wonder.

BEGINNING A SERIAL CONDENSATION OF THE NOVEL "IT'S AN OLD COUNTRY," BY J. B. PRIESTLEY, PUBLISHED BY HEINEMANN.



Feeling low yesterday...



jumping high today...

Jack's the new under-12 gym champion. "But only yesterday," says Jack's mother, "he was tired and listless. Cranky, too. Good thing I remembered Laxettes. Gave him some last night. Today, he's a different boy, just full of pep." Mother Nature normally keeps your children regular. But when Nature forgets, remember Laxettes. Laxettes, the chocolate laxative, restores your child's regularity overnight. Gently. Safely. No taste but the chocolate. Kids love 'em. Only 35 cents (3/6).

New Aid To Beauty

Your skin will become fair and beautiful with a new lemon extract cleanser that gives the complexion a clear youthful loveliness. Ask your chemist for the new Delph cleansing beautifier that beauticians the world over have acknowledged as wonderful for the skin. It clears the skin of all impurities that lead to ageing lines, melts out plugged pores, removes every trace of stale make-up and smooths away wrinkle-dryness to give the complexion soft loveliness. Delph cleansing milk will make you more beautiful the first time you use it.

BRONCHIAL COUGHS?

Double "D" eucalyptus breaks up stubborn head colds and bronchial coughs. Pure Double "D" eucalyptus is the safe, economical and efficient household remedy for throat, nose, chest and muscular ailments. Don't take chances—take Double "D."

With 101 uses in the home

DOUBLE "D"
EUCALYPTUS EXTRACT
The pure, strong eucalyptus with the sweet, fresh smell

into a long and boring story

"Just try to get away without telling it, mate. Look—you dropped a queer hint to me. So now, of course, Madge is half out of her mind with curiosity."

"Yes," Madge said. "When is it you're going home?"

Tom smiled. "I'm flying to London next Wednesday. But I'm not going home. I'm leaving it. I've lived here ever since I was three—thirty-three years."

"My mistake," said Madge. "The point is, you always sound so English."

"If you want me to explain," said Tom, "you'll launch me into my long story."

"Well, wait till we've finished dinner and we can concentrate."

But, over coffee when Tom smiled lazily but gratefully across the table at them both, he felt himself to be invaded by a certain dark melancholy. Unusual couples like these Wentworths, who really were happy together and were not just pretending to be, couldn't help making him feel shut out, moving away on some lonely orbit, unable to do or say anything that could mean very much to them. So it wasn't modesty or a fear of boring them that made him reluctant to begin talking about himself. It was the feeling that however curious they might pretend to be, however much friendly concern they might show him, they would feel relieved and happier when he had said his piece and had gone. The point being that they didn't need—and so didn't want—anybody else around.

"Now, then," said Andrew, "you're going to England to find your father. Right?"

"Right," said Madge. "Tell us what it's all about, Tom, and don't rush it—take your time."

Tom hesitated, then plunged in. "I'll start with my father, Charles Adamson. Born 1897 in Surrey, second son of the Reverend Cyril Adamson, schoolmaster. Served 1915 to 1919 Northumberland Fusiliers, ending with rank of captain. Had one year up at Oxford, then went on the stage. Turned painter as well as actor, then divided his time between painting and acting."

"Was he any good—I mean, as either?" Madge asked.

"My guess is that with both he was neither very bad nor very good. He married my mother in 1928 and they lived in London. They had two children—my sister, Joan, born 1929, then me, born 1930. I'm sorry about this 'Who's Who' style, but I'm trying to give you the bare facts. And I think the dates are important. In the spring of 1933 he left London to join a woman he'd been having an affair with—just went and left us flat. My mother knew where he was and wrote to him several times, first begging him to come back and then reminding him that the little money she had was running out and she had herself and two children to keep. He never replied to these letters. She never had a single word from him."

"What a stinker!" Madge said.

"My mother came from a Cotswold farming family called Carpenter, but she'd trained as a nurse and that's how she came to meet my father in London. Incidentally, she was six years younger, born in 1903. She had a brother eight years older than she was, James Carpenter, who'd come here to Australia in 1913. He was a good sheep and cattle man, very tough and a hell of a hard worker, and by 1933 he was running his own station in western Victoria, not far from the Hopkins River, back of Warrnambool. And this was

IT'S AN OLD COUNTRY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

where I was raised, folks, because later in 1933 that's where my mother took us, at the invitation of my Uncle James.

"Perhaps I ought to add that although Uncle James made sure I got a good education when he saw that's what I wanted, I never really liked him and he never really liked me. He was a bachelor, and my mother kept house for him until she joined me here in Sydney four years ago. Of the three of us my sister Joan was the one he was really fond of, and she finally married another sheepman, called Coram, and they moved in with Uncle James, and now that he's dead—he died two years ago—the station's theirs and they're happy as Larry."

"When I talked to Joan after Mother's funeral and then on the telephone yesterday she still thinks I'm a soft idiot to want to spend any time and money even inquiring about our father. She hopes he's dead and forgotten. And this was after I'd explained what my mother had said to me during the last days of her illness."

ANDREW raised his eyes to Tom and asked, "Your mother suddenly had some doubts of her own, didn't she, Tom?"

"Yes. Right at the very end. But it was all confused, and nothing came out clear and certain. There she was in hospital with an inoperable cancer, suffering a lot of pain, and there were days when I couldn't see her at all, and other days when I could see her but she'd been heavily doped and her mind was weak and wandering. Just as I thought she was going to tell me something she'd doze off or the nurse would tell me I had to go."

"She'd had a letter from somebody in England—Joan had sent it on—telling her my father hadn't been as much to blame as she thought, that it had been all a mistake. Mind you, I never saw this letter. When she read it she was having a bad bout, and she'd torn it up and dropped the pieces into one of those trash buckets they're always taking out and emptying. But later when she was calmer she began thinking over what she'd read. She felt she might have been wrong about him all those years—over thirty—and she begged me to go and find him. In fact she made me promise I would. And that's why I'm flying to London on Wednesday."

"Good for you, Tom!" cried Madge. "Probably she never really stopped loving him."

"But look, mate, how much do you know about him now? I mean, it's been a long time—with a big war in between, turning everything upside down and inside out." Andrew leaned forward and filled Tom's glass with brandy. "Do you know where to start?"

"No, not really. He'd be only sixty-nine now, but, of course, he may have died years ago. Or he may be alive but not living in England any longer. Or he may have changed his name. And what he certainly hasn't done is to make a name either as a painter or as an actor."

"Didn't your mother tell you anything about his relatives and friends?" Andrew asked.

"She tried to, but then it was too late," Tom replied. "She did her best in a vague rambling fashion, but over thirty years had gone by and her memory was going anyhow. All I've got—half a name here, a possible address there—doesn't fill a page of a

small notebook. And, of course, I don't know anybody. I've never been back to England."

"What?" Andrew said. "I was distinctly under the impression that you'd moved around—"

"So I have. I did a post-graduate year at Berkeley, and, of course, I went down the coast—San Francisco to Los Angeles. I even took a look at Mexico—"

"But you never went to England," said Madge, "and I know why. Because your mother didn't want you to go there—hated the very idea of it—right? But now you have to go to find your father."

"I know—it seems ridiculous—"

"No, it doesn't. Not to me, anyhow. That is, if you can afford to go."

"Oh—that part of it's all right. I had some leave coming. And even if I'd thrown up my job, it wouldn't have worried me financially. My Uncle James left most of his money to my mother, and now I get half hers, so I'm really rather well off."

"You feel it's a kind of challenge, don't you, Tom? And perhaps you also feel that so far you haven't been much of a challenge-answerer. Or am I being unfair?"

"No, you're not. And the challenge idea is right, though I suspect I see it as something much bigger and tougher, more of a make-you-or-break-you thing. But I also feel as I owe my existence to this marriage, I have to do my damndest to find out what really happened to it, and what sort of man my father was and perhaps still is."

"I'd feel exactly the same," said Madge.

"I may feel a fool over there, going round asking about a father I haven't seen for over thirty years. But don't imagine it's also a way out. I've reached a dead end here—work, personal life, the lot. I need this journey

and whatever happens at the end of it."

Madge looked hard at him. "I think you do, Tom. I think you've got to find yourself as well as your father. London—England—an old country," she continued, but then stopped. She shook her head, as if at herself and not at him, and then flashed across a grin. "Don't stay on over there and never write so that we never, never know if you ever found him. You won't do that to us, will you, Tom? Right. Well now, what can we tell you that might help?"

"Damn little, I'm afraid," said Andrew. "I've been wondering about that. Cudgelling my poor, beaten-up brains. But get your notebook out, mate. Then Madge first. I'm just a provincial scholar. She's more the artistic metropolitan type."

But, though he stayed until well after midnight and sometimes all three of them were talking at the same time, all a bit stoned, he found he couldn't fill half a page of his little notebook. And five days later, while both of them wanted to take him out to the airport, neither of them could, because of work. He went alone.

During his first few days in London, Tom Adamson could have almost believed that his plane had not landed on the bright surface of the earth but somewhere far below it. He seemed to be wandering in some subterranean kingdom, perhaps in a city at the bottom of the sea. The days—it was now early July—were warmish but had no sunlight in them. There was a thin haze spread over everything, taking both the exact shape and most of the color out of it. This midsummer city was almost ghostly. Yet at the same time it was all thick with an atmosphere these Londoners might have parcelled and labelled for export, it was all so thick.

Though he couldn't resist spending most of these first days sightseeing, he kept his

To page 55

Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear
or cut out ready
to make

"GLORIA." — Attractive dress with three-quarter-length sleeves is available in orange-glow, china-blue, or cyclamen-pink imported wool frocking.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$15.25; 36 and 38in. bust, \$15.45.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$11.65; 36 and 38in. bust, \$11.85.

Postage and dispatch 50 cents extra.



NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 48. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Don't let your dog suffer with WORMS any longer.



The only WORM SYRUP available in Australia that does the complete job. ALL-PARA removes Roundworms, Hookworms, Tapeworms and Whipworms. NO fasting necessary. NO drastic aftermath.

ALL-PARA

ALL VETPHARMA veterinary products are guaranteed. Ask for FREE pet care leaflet as all leading chemists or write direct to "VET-PHARMA," 431 VICTORIA RD., GLADESVILLE, N.S.W.

Painful Hemorrhoids

It strikes 7 out of every 10 people in all walks of life. Yet many otherwise intelligent people know little of its dangers. Piles (hemorrhoids) are aggravated by many factors—including over-exertion and unsuitable diet. Neglect—and reliance on superficial relief—invites serious medical consequences.

Eight years' Swiss research developed Varemoid Tablets—now regarded by overseas specialists as the leading anti-inflammatory treatment for piles. Remarkable improvement is being achieved—even with sufferers of over 20 years. A week's course will convince you. Ask your family chemist for Varemoid. Simple and dignified treatment—two tablets with meals.

Write for free, informative booklet to SERA Pty. Ltd., Dept. 28, P.O. Box 241, Lane Cove, N.S.W.

Varemoid tablets
The oral treatment for HEMORRHOIDS

VARE333 (W)



DON'T EXPERIMENT WITH YOUR RHEUMATISM...

You can rely on De Witt's Pills to bring you fast relief. In more than 80 countries, De Witt's Pills are trusted for safe relief of backache and the pain of rheumatism and sciatica. Take De Witt's Pills—the trusted remedy.

De Witt's Pills

DON'T CUT CALLOUSES CORNS, WARTS Use New Rub Off Creme Get rid of lamming corns, calluses, warts with a wonder-working cream called DERMA-SOFT. This unique formula softens & dissolves hard to remove growths so they rub right off leaving skin smooth & soft. So don't suffer another minute. Get DERMA-SOFT at chemist.

THE MAGAZINE OF BRIGHTER READING 15c

Everybody's

IT'S AN OLD COUNTRY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

search steadily in mind. Actually, he made his first move not five minutes after he had unpacked, in his rather stuffy little single bedroom. It had a telephone but no directory, so he went below and commandeered the section A-D, which offered him well over fifty Adamsons. And there, staring him in the face, making all his mystery-mongering about his father look silly, was — Adamson Charles, 3 Ashtree Place S.W.3. Of course, this might be another Charles Adamson, but then again it might not.

However, there was no reply to his ringing. He tried the number six times during his first two days, but always with the same result.

He had been booked into this hotel by the travel agent in Sydney. It was a rather small and old-fashioned place behind Brompton Road.

On Sunday Tom postponed any attempt to find anybody. He went out to Hampton Court, where the sun was shining at last but on far too many other people.

It was on Monday morning that he began to search in earnest, making a start by ringing Charles Adamson's number again. This time his call was answered, by a woman who said she'd come in to clean and tidy up, and that Mr. Adamson was away and had been for the best part of a week. Mr. Adamson was an oldish man, Tom supposed. The woman said that he supposed wrong and couldn't have the right number, Mr. Adamson being no more than about thirty-five and not likely ever to be an oldish man, the way the place looked some mornings. So now 3 Ashtree Place S.W.3 was evidently a dead end.

WITHOUT leaving his room he spent the next half-hour staring at his notebook and the vague sketches of names and addresses his mother had given him. One half-name, Ben-something, Bel-something, the best his mother could do, though she was sure he was one of Charlie's actor friends, took him to the theatre advertisements in "The Times." And there the man was, playing in the successful comedy at the Haymarket: Benson Belgrave. He was in the telephone book, too.

"Mr. Belgrave, my name's Tom Adamson. I've just arrived from Australia to make some inquiries about my father, Charles Adamson. I believe he used to be a friend of yours, Mr. Belgrave."

"Rather a long time ago, I'm afraid. And I haven't the least idea where he is now." He sounded mildly amused but ready to ring off at any moment.

"I don't want to be a nuisance, Mr. Belgrave, but I've come here to find him—or at least to discover what's happened to him—and I know so little about him that I really don't know where to start. Could I come and talk to you, please?"

Belgrave must have caught the rather desperate note in Tom's voice, and now he no longer sounded amused. Gravely courteous, he suggested that Tom should come and see the play that night—he would have a ticket left for him at the box-office—come round to his dressing-room, and then have supper with him at his flat.

Abandoning the search for the rest of the day, Tom went sight-seeing in a rather absentminded fashion, finding it impossible to forget for more than a moment or two that soon he would be going to the Haymarket and then, during or after supper, talking to one of his father's old friends.

The play was a drawing-room light comedy about an impoverished earl, played with authority and distinction, with a restored elegance and charm, by Benson Belgrave. The best of the others was an old actress who played the earl's sister, and next to her, better than the young men, a girl with a delightful voice and a delicious nose.

Belgrave was sitting in front of

his dressing-room mirror, wiping cold cream off his face. Now he looked quite different from the earl, rather old and tired. Tom accepted a whisky and soda from the dresser, and then sat in a corner, trying to appear small, harmless, no trouble to anybody.

"I can see a resemblance," said Belgrave, when he had finished with his face. "But you're bigger all round than your father as I remember him." He got up and took off the faded old dressing-gown. "Did you enjoy our play?"

"I enjoyed your performance enormously, Mr. Belgrave. I've never seen acting like that before. Everything was so beautifully

controlled, economical, pointed. It was you and one or two of the others who held me and fascinated me, not the play itself, which seemed a bit empty, if you don't mind my saying so."

"Not at all. Quite agree with you." Belgrave was dressed now. "Let's go, shall we?"

In the taxi, Belgrave said: "I hope you'll like this little house of mine. Really quite tiny, though I do share it with a friend. But he's away just now, filming on location. I bought it just before the war, when you could still buy a little house in Chelsea without robbing a bank—or the public. We have a Spanish couple taking care of us—quite stupid but willing. Have you ever enjoyed yourself

To page 56

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



This is the flaky cracker biscuit that doesn't need butter,



remember?

Not even when you serve them hot like this:



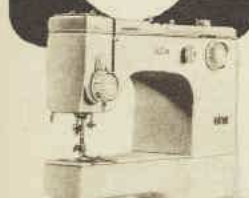
CORNISH CORN SNACK: To corn niblets, add chopped ham, chopped green pepper and diced red chili with a seasoned white sauce. Heat and serve. Straight onto a Cornish Wafer. It's a wonderful snack.

CURRIED PRAWN SNACK: Heat cleaned prawns in savoury curry sauce, heap on Cornish Wafers, sprinkle with Paprika and garnish with a sprig of parsley. A delightful seafood snack.

MADE IN AUSTRALIA BY PEEK FREAN FROM AN ORIGINAL CORNISH RECIPE

CW518

Does
100%
of all
your
sewing
auto—
matically



new
elna
world's best from
Switzerland

Advertisement

Lemons for Beauty

TO keep your skin clear and fair you need the natural cleansing and bleaching tonic of lemons. Ask your chemist for a bottle of lemon Delph, the latest type skin freshener used by beautiful women throughout the world. Lemon Delph makes the complexion, neck and shoulders fair and lovely as it melts out plugged pores, closes them to a beautifully fine texture. Lemon Delph freshener is excellent for a quick cleanse or to quell a greasy nose. A little brushed on the hair after your shampoo will give it the glamour of sparkling diamonds. This is a luxury skin freshener, cleanser and tonic.



IS INDIGESTION THE LAST COURSE OF EVERY MEAL?

It needn't be. You can enjoy your favourite foods again, thanks to the balanced formula of

DeWitt's

ANTACID POWDER OR TABLETS.

NEW RX FOR ASTHMA

New Improved Laboratory-tested MENDACO is certified to stop attacks of Asthma, Bronchitis, Sinusitis and Hay Fever. Stops wheezing, coughing—lets you breathe easily and sleep like a baby. Get MENDACO at chemists money-back guarantee. Only 5/6

decorating and furnishing a house you're fond of?"

"No. And I wouldn't know where to start," Tom told him. He didn't add that this seemed to him a woman's job. The house turned out to be as elegant and charming as Belgrave's earl, but was rather too cramped and carefully arranged, like a tiny museum, to please Tom, who liked big, careless rooms. After he had had a wash, Belgrave, now wearing a black velvet jacket, led him into an exquisite doll's-house dining-room, where Sancho Panza in a white coat served them with supper.

After the coffee, Belgrave gave him a sharp look, and said: "I suggest you explain why you're so anxious to find your father, my dear fellow."

Tom did, as briefly as possible, but omitting nothing of any real importance. "I knew before I came here that it wouldn't be easy to find him," he said in conclusion, "but now it's beginning to look really difficult, perhaps impossible."

"Surely not. Your father must have had relatives."

"For thirty-three years my mother refused to tell me anything about him, except that he was a very bad man. Then when she changed her mind and asked me to find him, she was already close to dying and not able to concentrate and search her memory. All I could get out of her about my father's relatives was that he had an elder brother—she thought his name was Louis—but where he lived, what business he was in, she couldn't remember. She was equally vague about his friends. I had only half your name, and if I hadn't seen that Haymarket advertisement I wouldn't have been able to appeal to you. And I am appealing to you, Mr. Belgrave. I realise you've been very kind—but don't stop now, please."

BELGRAVE nodded. "My dear fellow, I'll do what I can. Charlie Adamson was a friend of mine once—though a long time ago, mind you—and I want you to find him. That is, of course, if he's still alive. Let's see—how old will he be now?"

"That's something I can tell you. Sixty-nine."

"A year older than I am. And what's that nowadays? Though, of course, there was the war. And I must warn you that I've never set eyes on him, never even heard his name mentioned, since 1940. But let's be practical for a minute or two, my dear fellow, before I wash you away on a flood of reminiscence."

"Now, Charlie alternated—as I never knew anybody else to do—between acting and painting. Very well, then. He was certainly a member of Equity—our actors' trade union—when I knew him. So call there and ask if they know anything about him. But, of course, he may have stopped acting years ago. He preferred painting, though when I knew him he couldn't make a living out of it. Perhaps he can now. So why don't you go round to some of the galleries?"

"I will," said Tom, bringing out his notebook. "But aren't there a hell of a lot of them?"

"Yes, but most of them have sprung up during the past ten years. Try the older ones. You may be wasting your time, but it's worth a try."

"Of course. Thanks very much." Tom made some hasty notes. "How good was he—as a painter or an actor?"

"He wasn't really good in either capacity, when I knew him. But he wasn't bad, either. He had some good parts in the later 'twenties and early 'thirties, mostly

based on looks and charm. The women always liked him."

"Did you?"

"He was good company, Charlie Adamson. He was also very selfish. But then so am I. The truth is, nearly all actors are. We feel so insecure, so uncertain of ourselves, we've no time and energy to spare for any serious consideration of other people. Not everybody, of course, but most of us. We're lazy, too, once we're established and have our own reliable technique. I don't say Charlie was lazy, dividing himself as he did between the stage and his easel, but then he was still fairly young when I knew him."

"By the way, I can just remember your mother. She didn't like actors and never ought to have married one. Perhaps Charlie told her he'd be soon out of the theatre. He was a great promiser. Not a coldblooded liar, but one of those fellows who believe all their promises at the time they're making 'em. The ironical thing was that when he did leave the theatre, he also left his wife and lived with another woman."

"Oh—then you know about that—"

"Yes—and I'll tell you about it. But let me explain first about Charlie and the theatre. He was out of it for about a couple of years, perhaps a little longer. It must have been about 1936 when he turned to acting again. And he'd missed his chance. He was nearly forty then, no longer a juvenile lead, and managements weren't particularly interested in him. Oh—he got parts, mostly character, but instead of fifty pounds a week they'd offer him twenty or fifteen, and though he hated touring, soon he had no option and was probably down to twelve or even ten pounds a week. The truth is, my dear fellow, he was steadily drifting downhill right up to the time the war broke out. And, if you ask me, that's why he joined the Army, though already into his forties."

"He was in the Army, then?" Tom tried not to sound too excited.

"He was during the summer of 1940. That's the last time I ever saw him. I was playing lead in a little comedy at the old Royalty, and Charlie, who was on leave, had seen the play and came round to have a drink with me. I don't remember what branch of the service he was in, probably he never told me, but I have an idea that he'd just got a commission and so was wearing a brand-new uniform. I seem to remember chaffing him because he looked too old to be a subaltern. And that's all, and I'm afraid not much use to you, my dear fellow."

"No, a dead end, I imagine. But what about the woman he went to live with after leaving my mother? Did you know her, Mr. Belgrave?"

"I did indeed. She was an actress—a leading lady for many years—called Elinor Coping. She was Nelly to most of us. I never liked her acting myself. It was both coarse and uncertain. But she'd a powerful personality, always got plenty of publicity, and had a sexual aura as strong as a fish market. She pretended to be our age, I mean Charlie's and mine, but she was already a leading lady when we were just beginning, and I'd say she was about ten years older. If she's still alive—and that's something I don't know—she must be getting on for eighty now, and I'll bet a horrible old bitch. Just a

minute, I'm going to look her up in 'Who's Who in the Theatre,' which is generally reliable."

He went across to the bookcase, took out a fattish volume, and peered at several of its pages. "Yes, well you see, she has no entry now among the biographies of living actors and actresses. That's because she hasn't acted for a long time. On the other hand, her name's not in the obituary section, which is very carefully edited. It's at least ten to one then that Nelly Coping's still alive, giving somebody hell somewhere." He returned to his chair.

"Well, that's something, isn't it?" said Tom hopefully. "Though I suppose she mightn't still call herself Elinor Coping."

"Not a chance, I'd say, my dear fellow. She married some rich man in the late 'twenties. I've forgotten his name, but I have a notion he was much older than she was and some kind of industrialist from the

FROM THE BIBLE

● God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty.

—I Corinthians 1; 27

north. She left the stage, after a bad flop, about 1930, and I think her husband died about two years later."

"And then the next year, 1933, somehow she persuaded my father to leave his wife and family. She is the one, isn't she?"

"No doubt about it," said Belgrave cheerfully. "Mind you, they'd had an affair before then, and for all I know it may never have been really broken off. I don't think Charlie was ever in love with her, but he was strongly attracted—she was that kind of woman. Even so, that's not why Charlie went to live with her. And I'm not guessing now. I know because he told me. He'd had enough of the stage and wanted to paint. And she'd plenty of money, a big house somewhere in the country, and there he could paint his head off. She probably told him she'd put up the money for a big one-man show—so, of course, he couldn't resist it."

"And what about his wife and children?" Tom demanded bitterly. "I know you think he was selfish, but surely he couldn't have been so callous? What was my mother supposed to do while he was living it up with his rich mistress?"

"No, no, my dear fellow. Now you're going back on what you told me earlier, that he couldn't have behaved so badly, that something went wrong. After all, that's why you're here. Now Charlie Adamson may have had enough of his wife—they just couldn't get along—but I can assure you he was extremely fond of his two children and was a bit of a bore about them. He'd no intention of leaving you stranded, I'm certain of that. But he was living with Nelly Coping, a ruthless female if there ever was one. Now you say your mother wrote to him several times and never had a reply. But suppose he also wrote to her several times and never had a reply—um?"

"But you don't know that."

"Yes, I do, because he told me. That was when he'd broken with Nelly and come back to the theatre. He told me his wife had never replied to his letters but, without a word, had taken herself and the children straight out to her brother in Australia. It's my belief that Nelly Coping destroyed all those letters coming and going. And then somebody who'd had a hand in it—a maid perhaps—finally wrote to your mother and told her more or less what had happened. If any one person was responsible for that complete break between your parents, then that person must have been Nelly Coping."

Tom was angry. "I'd like to wring her neck."

"My dear fellow, I don't suppose she has a neck now. She was putting weight on over thirty years ago. By the way, don't ask me where she lives or what she calls herself nowadays, because I haven't a clue. She married again, perhaps twice. But I haven't a single fact that might help you. Sorry!"

"You've been extremely kind and helpful, Mr. Belgrave," said Tom, getting up. "Here's the address and phone number of my hotel. If you do remember or learn anything I could use, please let me know. And just one last thing. Mr. Belgrave, you are sure you never saw or spoke to my father after the summer of 1940?"

"Positive, my dear fellow."

"But you might have heard or read something about him—"

"I might, but I don't think I did. In fact I'm almost certain—" But there he checked himself.

"You've just remembered something, haven't you?" said Tom.

"No, it's not as simple as that—it really isn't. I've not remembered the actual something but only the idea that there was—or is—a something I ought to be remembering. No, it's too vague, too elusive. Sorry! Don't forget I'm getting on and I've had a long day—"

But Tom knew Belgrave was lying, that what he had suddenly remembered was not something too vague, too elusive, to be caught, held, described, but something quite definite and probably discreditable, which he was keeping back either because he didn't want to hurt Tom's feelings or because he was tired and felt he had talked long enough.

NEXT morning

Tom took a taxi to Equity. A stern, middle-aged woman regarded him dubiously. "Charles Adamson? I don't remember that name, and I've been here over twenty years. Is it important?"

"It is to me," Tom told her. "Nothing to do with the theatre, I'm afraid. Purely private. But he's a relative, and I know he used to be on the stage. In fact, last night Benson Belgrave, who used to be a friend of his, told me he'd been a member of Equity."

"Well, Mr. Belgrave ought to know. Did he suggest that you come here? He did? Take a seat, then, and I'll see what I can find out. Charles Adamson, wasn't it?"

After about ten minutes she returned, bringing with her a slip of paper that she carried as if it were a tablet of stone. "Charles Adamson was a member of Equity throughout the 'thirties. His membership lapsed during the war, when he was no longer acting, probably in one of the services. There's no record of his having rejoined after the war, so it's more than likely that he never returned to the

stage. And I'm afraid that's all I can tell you."

Tom hardly felt any disappointment. In some obscure fashion he had known all along that his father had long ceased to be an actor. It was far more likely that he had started painting again after he had left the army, and that even now he might be earning a living, even if it was only a very modest living, as a painter.

So he spent the rest of the morning and, after a snack-bar lunch in a crowded pub, all the afternoon going round the older galleries. His inquiry drew the same blank everywhere. However, at the very last gallery he visited, the Cadogan, something different happened.

The place was in a confusion of unpacking and hanging, and in the centre of this confusion was a shaggy elderly man smoking a fierce little pipe. "Now what?" he cried as Tom approached him.

"I'm sorry to bother you—" Tom began.

"So am I. If you've come to buy a picture, you can't. Not until Thursday. If you've come to sell one, give it up. Anyhow, I'm not the boss here. Just a dog's body. John Edgar Ridley—dog's body," he added bitterly.

"Well, Mr. Ridley, I don't want either to buy or sell a picture. I want to ask you if you know my father."

"That's a change. Haven't met anybody for years who cared a damn about his father. Goes for my lot, too."

"I'm trying to find mine. His name's Charles Adamson. He was both a painter and an actor."

"So was Sickert at one time," Ridley began. But then he stopped. "Now wait a minute. Let me think. Charles Adamson. Charles Adamson." He relit the fierce little pipe, then spoke through a cloud of smoke.

"Yes, I remember him. Bought three or four pictures of his—oh—at least thirty years ago. But I doubt if I'd have remembered him if I hadn't mentioned Sickert. He tried to paint like Sickert—broad low-tone—name palette—but, of course, he couldn't pull it off. Promising, though, especially for an actor. And he's your father, is he? Well, what happened to him? Still painting, is he?"

"I don't know," Tom tried not to sound exasperated. "I was hoping you'd be able to tell me, Mr. Ridley."

"Me? Look—I can't work miracles, my boy. I've just remembered him after thirty years. Three or four pictures—about twenty-five pounds apiece. And I think we had one drink together. You must admit that's not bad—"

Tom got up. "Well, thank you, Mr. Ridley." Then he hesitated. "Did you like him—I mean as a man, not as a painter?"

Puffing away, Ridley thought for a few moments. "Trying to remember. Yes, I think I did," he said carelessly. "Otherwise we wouldn't have had that drink, would we? He wasn't important, you understand. I didn't need to handle him. No money in him. No future as a painter. Never saw him acting. Never liked going to the theatre. I probably bought those pictures because I liked him—pleasant, attractive sort of fellow, I'd say."

It was raining hard now. There were no empty taxis to be seen; the buses were filled to capacity; there seemed to be no handy Underground station. Tom walked and arrived at his hotel wet and disappointed. He had a long, hot bath and read a paperback detective story in it.

So it was rather later than usual when he felt ready to dine, and though he disliked

To page 57

both the hotel dining-room, with its sad old ladies and chuckling priests, and the food it served, he decided not to go out.

The manageress, Mrs. O'Shea, was also dining alone, in the corner near the entrance from the kitchen. She invited him to take Gaelic coffee in her sitting-room, which was behind the door marked Private to the left of the cashier's desk. It was a fairly large room, which began as an office, with a desk and a hard chair and a little frosted window that could be opened into the cashier's department, but then turned itself almost violently into an O'Shea sitting-room, with two big easy chairs, a lot of crimson and metallic-green cushions, little tables for ashtrays and Gaelic or any other coffee, and larger tables belting with photographs of innumerable O'Sheas.

The lady herself was, as usual, dressed in black, but to show that she was now off-duty she was wearing a scarf so dazzling that it appeared to be fluorescent, phosphorescent, and possibly radioactive. And above it, looming out of mythology, was the great beautiful ruin of her face, larger than life, belonging to the widowed queen of Cuchulain or somebody. The smoke from her perpetually smouldering cigarette did not force her down into this world but suggested some ancient and unimaginable sacrifices. As she squinted at him through this smoke, from the other easy chair, she seemed amiable enough, but Tom found her terrifying.

After they had sampled the Gaelic coffee and Tom had praised it and thanked her, she said: "It's a pleasure to me to be entertaining a fine tall young man like yourself, Mr. Adamson. I'm wearied to death of all these priests and sad old women." She must have been well into her sixties herself, but spoke as if she were about half the age of her guests — which in spirit no doubt she was. "You're some kind of scholar, aren't you, Mr. Adamson?"

Tom explained that he lectured on Colonial Economic History at a University in Sydney.

"You have the brains for it, I can tell by your manner and looks, Mr. Adamson. So you'll be over here on a what-d'you-call-it — a sabbatical — isn't it?"

"No, it's not quite like that, Mrs. O'Shea. I'm not over here doing research. As a matter of fact, I'm looking for my father."

"Are you telling me you've come all the way from Australia looking for your dad? You'll explain that or never speak another word to me."

He began with no intention of telling her everything, but she asked so many questions that it all came out. "And though I've only just started," he said finally, "I'm beginning to think I've reached a dead end already."

"Shame on you, Mr. Adamson! As you say yourself, you've only just started. I've put in more time and trouble finding a pair of bedroom slippers. You men, you've got no proper perseverance."

"I've always been a fairly obstinate character up to now," Tom told her. "I've never been told I gave up too easily. I think the trouble is, Mrs. O'Shea, that while I really do want to find my father — it's serious and important to me — I also can't help feeling a damn fool going round asking questions about him. After all, a man's supposed to know about his own father."

"For a start don't waste any more time and trouble

inquiring among actors and picture dealers and the like. You're on the wrong tack altogether there. It's so out of sight, out of mind, with all that lot. It's relatives you want. Relatives, Mr. Adamson."

"All that my mother could tell me was that he had a much older brother, Louis, who probably died years ago, and that this Louis, she seemed to remember, had a daughter about ten years older than I am, and, she thought, a son about my age. But if she ever knew their names, she'd forgotten them. And, of course, the daughter probably married years and years ago, and I don't know what her married name is."

"The best bet — well, the only one really — is the son about my age — my cousin. If he's anywhere around, he probably knows all about my father. And, as I told you, there is this Charles Adamson in the phone book I thought might be my father, but then the cleaning woman who told me he was away also said he was only in his thirties. So there might be just a faint chance."

Five minutes later Mrs. O'Shea was through to Charles Adamson, 3 Ashtree Place S.W.3. But not to the man himself. "Well, find him, find him," she was saying impatiently. "Tell him it's urgent — life or death. Listen, young woman, I don't care if it's a party and he's stoned as you call it, I want him at the other end of this telephone or there'll be trouble."

STILL keeping the receiver to her ear, she turned to Tom. "It's my opinion we're on to a wild one. If he's not giving a party, then he's running a night-club."

Now she shouted into the instrument. "You're Mr. Charles Adamson, are you? . . . Okay, so you're always called Chas — just Chas. Now, listen. This is very important and might be greatly to your advantage. Was your father Louis Adamson and did he have a younger brother, Charles, who used to be an actor and a painter? He was? He did? That's all I wanted to know, Chas. You get back to your party before they kick the sideboard into firewood." As she put down the receiver she gave Tom a huge triumphant glance.

"That's your man — your very own cousin, Chas. Don't forget he likes to be Chas, not Charles. So off you go in the morning and pay him a call, though not too early, I'd say, because he'll have a terrible head and mouth on him — but he'll be the right man to tell you all about your poor dad. You can't beat relatives."

The next morning, remembering what Mrs. O'Shea had said about not calling upon Chas too early, Tom had decided to arrive there about eleven, but he had found it impossible to stay in the hotel. The curious excitement of the night before had come rushing back a moment or two after he had wakened and had then remembered where he was and what was about to happen.

Ashtree Place consisted of two short rows of houses facing each other across some railed-in grass and several trees. Tom didn't know much about architecture, but these houses seemed to him to be Georgian on a rather small scale. Number Three looked older and shabbier than its neighbors because it hadn't been painted recently. On the

No special talent

BY DOROTHY M. ROSE

It was a simple game of cards but was destined to become an eventful occasion

ONE O'CLOCK. Barby jumped up from her typewriter. Lunch hours had a special purpose lately, especially today's, the last in which to polish her secret accomplishment, so she could surprise Russell Hunter tomorrow night, Saturday.

Barby threaded her way between desks in the big outer office, now practically empty. She curbed her expression to a casual half-smile as she edged past the desk which four men appropriated for their regular noontime game of bridge.

Three of the men glanced up from studying their hands, and said "Hi!" Russell Hunter didn't.

No matter. Barby smiled indulgently, hurrying along the corridor. Whatever Russell did, work or relax, his attention was undiluted, his concentration total. And, anyway, he kept his attitude toward her during business hours, quite properly, no less casual than his attitude toward the other secretaries.

But his feelings for her weren't casual. He was interested in her — in Barbara Parsons! It would take lots of living up to.

She hustled into the cafeteria now, grabbed a sandwich and made her way out of the building and toward another, the one where many of the noontime recreational activities for employees were conducted.

She plopped down opposite Bill Baker at the table for beginners. Bill was shuffling a deck of cards, somewhat inexpertly.

"Hi, Barbara . . ." Bill greeted her, his face lighting up. "Ready to suffer with me as a partner again . . .?"

"No hardship," she parried lightly. She sensed that Bill Baker didn't like cards, not really, any more than she did. He was new to the company. In research, she thought. Probably he'd joined the bridge class out of loneliness, to make acquaintances, meet people.

She felt sorry for him. That was why she'd invited him to complete the foursome at her house this Saturday night. Bill and her girlfriend, Carol, just might hit it off.

Right now Barby had other things on her mind. She bit into her sandwich and studied her cards. Bridge was so difficult: evaluating, bidding, then playing the hand. Playing with novices wasn't bad. But, thinking of Saturday, Barby felt a nervous quiver in her tummy.

Russell was a whiz at cards, an expert, as he was at everything. She just had to be good. Cards were the ideal diversion for a man who used his brain, top speed, all day. "One heart," Barby ventured.

She looked across at Bill, still surveying his cards, his uncertainty heightened, now that she had bid. She felt a little impatient with him. But that wasn't fair. He was a beginner, too. So, instead of urging him to hurry, she chatted to give him time.

"I read somewhere," she said,



"that playing cards, even if you're not crazy about it, is a good form of self-discipline. Teaches you to be unselfish, you see, because you do it to give others pleasure . . ."

Bill looked up and nodded, looking thoughtful.

He and Carol arrived, separately, on Saturday night. Barby introduced them, then dashed about, checking everything: cards, score pad, ashtrays.

Russell came last. And his reaction to her plans for the evening was gratifyingly enthusiastic.

"Didn't know you played cards, Barbara," he said. "Say this is great . . ." he actually rubbed his hands.

Barby grinned with pleasure. "I'm not good yet," she warned. "But I've been learning bridge with the beginners' group at work . . ."

She was Russell's partner, of course. Fortunately, he didn't talk while he played. Barby gave all her concentration to the game. Her spirits lifted at sight of a good hand, drooped at a poor one, and she held her breath over the bidding.

But, miraculously, she and Russell played well together. Just one hand remained, a crucial one. As Bill dealt that last hand, Barby sat back almost relaxed now, and listened to Russell talk about his work.

Russell won the bid. And Barby had the dummy hand. She laid down the cards gratefully. Russell had to play the hand. She watched him take trick after trick. Smoothly, quickly. Oh, everything had gone beautifully! Then, with only a few cards in his hand, he regarded those on the table, stared, and stiffened.

"You're short a card!" he said, frowning at Barby.

Oh, no, she couldn't be! Barby looked down. There was the missing card on the floor by her chair!

"Didn't you count your hand?" Russell demanded. He raised his cards high and tossed them on the table. "Well, there goes the game . . ."

Bill insisted at once that he must have dropped the card while dealing. Russell recovered himself. "Forget it," he told Barby. But his flare-up of disapproval had been sufficiently evident, if only fleetingly.

Barby fled to the kitchen, hot-cheeked, feeling a fool. She had to serve coffee and cake.

"I'm still sure I must have dropped that card . . ."

Barby wheeled. Bill had come into the kitchen.

"Oh, no," she said. "It was my fault. I'm no good at cards. I guess I just don't have the talent . . ."

"So what?" Bill said. "You have something better. A talent with people . . ."

Nice Bill! She had tried hard. Quite suddenly disappointment with herself turned to disenchantment with Russell. She could hear him, still carrying on a post-mortem inside. It was Russell who had no talent with people! So self-centred! Probably always would be!

She smiled at Bill. "At least I know when the game is over," she said. And blushed. She knew from Bill's expression that he realised she meant more than a game of bridge.

(Copyright)

To page 58

left of the faded green front door were three bell pushes: the top one was labelled Chas Adamson; the middle one had a card over its original label, and on it was written Countess Helga Leborg; and the bottom one said firmly Basement — Dr. Firmius.

Tom rang Chas' bell and then went straight in, the front door being unlocked, crossed a dingy and neglected hall where there appeared to be a lot of unwanted pamphlets lying about, and began climbing some stairs covered with threadbare and stained carpeting.

At the top of the second flight of stairs was a small landing dominated by a door that badly needed repainting. It had no bell but it had a large brass knocker with some metal letters above it — CHASADA S N. As he had

IT'S AN OLD COUNTRY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

rung from below, Tom was hoping that this door would be open, with his cousin standing there to welcome him; but it was most inhospitably closed. Disappointed and rather annoyed, Tom used the knocker vigorously. Nothing happened. He banged away even harder.

A voice seemed to come from the opening to the letterbox inside. It shouted somewhat hoarsely: "Will you go away?"

"This is Tom Adamson—your cousin. You said I could come and see you this morning," he shouted back.

The door opened slowly, only a few inches, to reveal a very dark eye, alight with curiosity.

"I rang at the front door, you know," Tom told it.

"That's the trouble," said Chas as he opened the door properly. "Nobody I know does. But welcome, welcome, coz!" And he led the way into quite a big sitting-room furnished with a kind of shabby grandeur but looking now like the shore on which a party had been wrecked, with empty bottles, glasses, messy bits of food, cigarette ends, all over the place.

"The old shambles, eh?" said Chas, grinning. He was wearing nothing but some flat slippers and a striped silk dressing gown that had had too much greasy stuff spilt on it. He was rather shorter than Tom but sturdily built, and

he had black curly hair beginning to retreat from his forehead, very dark eyes set in an odd way, rather like those of an animal, and a wide and curling mouth, not thick and loose-lipped but rather thin.

"I did a nice little deal with a couple of chaps in Manchester two days ago," said Chas, grinning again. "So I felt I had to throw a party. By the way, got a cigarette? I'm clean out. Thanks." After he had lit the cigarette, he gave Tom a long look that began narrow and hard and then opened out into a sparkling matiness which had a curious energising effect on Tom. "Well, well, well, so you're Uncle Charlie's son Tom from Australia—um? Delighted to see you, coz! No, really I am. Dee-lighted!"

"And I you, Chas. Now, can

you tell me about my father? He's not dead, is he?"

"Dead? Of course he isn't dead. Why should he be?"

"Then where is he — do you know?"

"Haven't the foggiest at the moment, coz. Been out of touch lately. But just say the word—and I'll find him for you. Too easy. I've hundreds and hundreds of contacts. Have to have. So you say the word, I pass it on, and Uncle Charlie's found. How's that?"

"Fine, Chas. The word's now been said. After all, I'm here to find him."

"Then stick around, Tom boy, keep in close touch, and you'll soon have him on a plate. What do you do? And what do you earn?"

Tom explained what he did and said that he probably earned what would be in English money about fifteen hundred a year.

"Man, you're just droning for peanuts. Isn't there any real money in the family out there?"

"A certain amount," said Tom cautiously. Chas might be already having a heady effect upon him, but he was still able to feel he would have to be careful about money with Chas. "Tell me, Chas, what do you do?"

CHAS spread his hands. "I'm a kind of promoter. Tried shipping one time — in a small way, of course. Then cars. Then I'd an interest in a couple of nightclubs. But if I wasn't there, I got robbed. If I was there, to look after my end, I went half out of my mind through sheer boredom. Then the two chaps I was in with sold out to a very hard character. But we'll save that story for a better time and place, camarade."

"As I told you, I've a lot of contacts. If I hear of anything going cheap and I think I know a possible customer, I do a deal. Small profits but a quick turnover, and no great overhead. Take this little Manchester deal. Ten secondhand fruit machines—the old one-arm bandits — and now my only worry is that the fellow who promised to let me have them cheap was properly stoned at the time. Incidentally, though I don't look it—I own this house. My old man left it to me, together with a bundle of shares I played around with before kissing 'em goodbye."

"But you have tenants below, haven't you, Chas? A Dr. Firmius in the basement. A Countess Helga. Something between you and him."

"Dead right, Tom boy. But the maisonette's really let to some people called Morgensten who are in the States. And they've sublet it to the Countess, who's a hell of an eyeful—you wait—but better kept away from. Old Firmius below gives no trouble except that he's more than halfway round the bend. But look, boy, why don't I get dressed and then we can go round to our local, the Swan and Lily? Give me ten minutes."

To page 59

OUR TRANSFER



DUTCH boy and girl motifs are pretty designs for kitchen linens. They are from Iron-On Transfer No. 202. Order from our Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price: 15c plus 4c for postage.

SIMPSON ELECTRIC! ELEGANT!!



AMBASSADOR DELUXE



BOSTON DELUXE

BELLEVUE

BELMONT

AMBASSADOR

FAST TOP-OF-THE-RANGE COOKING!

Gleaming porcelain enamel cooking tops, recessed for simple wiping up of any boilovers. Beautiful control panels on all models. Two round hotplates, big grill-boiler hotplate, most with divided control. All hotplates with infinite heat-control switches for perfectly controlled cooking.

"Ambassador" and "Belmont" have miracle non-stick griddle plates, for wipe-clean, no-fat cooking. Big, separate grill

MIRACLE NON-STICK GRIDDLE PLATES!

compartments, smokeless covers and infinitely variable height "grill-elevators." Ovens are all big family size, with rounded corners, integral shelf runners for easy cleaning. Big, look-in windows, full oven equipment. "Bellevue," "Belmont," "Ambassador" have rotisseries for perfect cooking of roasts and poultry. They even think for you! "Ambassador" and "Belmont" have time-of-day clocks coupled

OVENS THAT THINK FOR THEMSELVES!

with an oven timer—just set the dial, and Simpson switches on, cooks for the appointed time—then switches itself off! So convenient for every-day modern living. See these five exciting new Simpson Styleline Electric Ranges soon. They bring you a unique combination of features—features you need. There's a Simpson Electric Range for every kitchen plan and budget.

NEW FOR '67!

SIMPSON

AUSTRALIA'S FIRST FAMILY
OF HOME APPLIANCES



IT'S AN OLD COUNTRY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

Tom felt it would be easier to begin tidying up the room than to try to sit at ease in it. He had cleared away the bottles, glasses, and most of the plates by the time Chas returned, looking quite trim in a dark fannel suit and one of those striped ties that suggest exclusive cavalry regiments.

"Tom, d'you happen to have a spare fiver? Looks bad in the local if I can't stand my round. Thank you, thank you, thank you! I don't know about you, but I'm in dire need of strong cool drink. Lead on, coz."

The Swan and Lily, only just round the corner, was a longish, low building that looked very old. The saloon bar, into which Chas led the way, at once delighted Tom.

"Such a marvellous atmosphere," Tom said. "This is what we don't get in Australia. How far do you think this room goes back?"

"Three years," said Chas. "Reg and Percy had it done — a nice plastics job — just after they took the place over."

Then, hastily recovering himself, Tom said, "Chas, what about your sister?"

"What about my sister?" As if he had no idea what Tom meant.

"Well, you have a sister, haven't you? And she might know something about my father."

"Oh, of course — quite right, quite right, clobber!" He finished his drink. "Better order two more. Yes, indeed, our Uncle Charlie. Well, of course, Leonora hasn't my contacts, but she just might have heard something I've missed. It's worth a try. But leave the arrangements to me, Tom boy."

"Glad to. But I don't want to be a nuisance, Chas."

"You and I," said Chas with great deliberation, "are going to find your father, my Uncle Charlie. It's Number One on the program. Highest priority. And no time, trouble, and expense spared. As I told you, I'll have him on a plate for you — and long before you'd know where to begin to look on your own. But, of course, we'll see if Leonora knows anything."

Tom asked Chas to tell him about Leonora.

"Leonora? Well, she's been married for years and years and years to a fellow called Dudley Corris, who's a contractor, though he doesn't do much now because he's a Tory MP. And even in the House, which is full of stupid old sods, he's known to be one of the stupidest. So they gave him a knighthood. And my old sis is now Lady Corris. She enjoys this, and it's about all she does enjoy. One son, the apple when younger, but now a sad disappointment. Christened Edward but insists upon being Ted — won't answer to anything else. Plays the guitar."

"As for Leonora and her Dudley, they're like a pair of stuffed horses just taken out of the deep freeze. I haven't spoken to Sir Dudley for about four years. And Leonora and I don't hit it off. In fact, you're more likely to get something out of her if I'm not there. But I'll go down to their place with you. They'll be in the country now — or at least she will. House called Bushworth Lodge — other side of Oxford. Oh — now then — hold it — I've an idea..."

But then he noticed three men and two girls who had just arrived and told Tom he must have a word with one of the men. Left to himself Tom edged nearer the end of the bar, to leave more room for

newcomers ordering drinks. After a few minutes, when Chas had still not returned, Ida, the barmaid, had nobody else to serve and she drifted toward Tom's corner.

"Listen," she began, coming close to him, "did I hear you say something about Australia?"

"Why, yes, I've just come from there. And Chas Adamson is my cousin."

"Then perhaps you don't know him very well — um?"

"No, I don't."

"I thought not," she said. "Well, I'm broadminded. Have to be — doing this job here. But now I'm telling you to keep well out of his way. He's a villain — the real thing. Sooner or later they'll have him inside. Up to now he's been lucky. But it can't last."

"But why — what does he do?"

"Anything but work and go straight. There's a bookie comes in here —" But then she checked herself and moved away. Chas was back.

"Fellow there owes me seventy-five quid," he announced. "He used to admit it, without paying up, of course. Now he says he doesn't owe me a cent. If we'd been alone I'd have shaken him till his false teeth dropped out. Let's have a short drink, then find something to eat. Then I'll tell you my idea. You'll love it. But we ought to have a car. Got to be mobile to find Uncle Charles — um? And it's silly to hire a car. Thing is to buy one cheap — a good car, mind you — from somebody who never ought to have bought it in the first place."

He picked up his pink gin. "Chap over there, just come in, probably has one he can't afford any longer. How much can you run to — three hundred — four —?"

"Well, I don't know. I haven't thought about it, Chas."

"Don't start then, clobber. Just leave it to me. Shan't be long."

So Tom was left alone again, this time for quite a spell.

"It's in the bag, Tommy-me-lad," Chas announced later as they served themselves at the snack bar.

"Just a minute, Chas." And Tom looked at him without smiling. "If we're going to spend some time in each other's company, then there's something I must tell you. I don't like this clobber and Tommy-me-lad and the rest of it. Just call me Tom and leave it at that."

"Right you are. Anything to please, Tom." And he grinned, in no way looking or sounding abashed. It was impossible to imagine him feeling abashed; his cheeky self-confidence was yards thick.

"Thanks, Chas. Now what's in the bag?"

"The car, the car we need. That chap Monks I was talking to is as broke as I am. He has an Allerton-Fawcet I can get for as little as three-twenty-five if I dangle the notes in his big fat face. You know the Allerton-Fawcet, don't you?"

Tom said he'd never even heard of it.

"Where've you been? It's a smallish sports type, very powerful, very fast, tremendous acceleration, just the kind of car I like to drive."

"Speak for yourself, Chas. I drive just to get from place to place, that's all. I don't imagine myself winning some grand prix. I like to tootle along in comparative comfort and safety."

"That may be all right in Australia, Tom, but it's no

good here. Wait till you've spent half the morning trying to get in front of an overloaded lorry. You need a fast car here just to overtake all these trucks crawling along the roads. The Allerton-Fawcet was made for this good work. Monks has only had his a couple of years, and, of course, he wasn't going to come down to three-twenty-five. But if I show him the lovely money he'll never be able to resist it. And when we've found your poor old dad and you don't want to take a car all the way to Australia, I'll bet you anything you like I can sell that Allerton-Fawcet for more than you gave for it. And we need a car for this weekend I've been planning — the idea I mentioned to you —"

"Has it anything to do with finding my father, Chas? That's why I am here, don't forget."

Chas halted his attack on the very large piece of veal-and-ham pie he had chosen, a

tice was to spend weeks trying to decide about a car — and even then it would be a staid, dependable sort of car, no roaring and raffish Allerton-Fawcet — but once again, in spite of certain doubts, he found his caution vanishing in the curious atmosphere his cousin created.

Then later, not without some difficulty, for the man who answered the telephone at Bushworth Lodge didn't seem to have much English, Tom spoke to his cousin Leonora, now Lady Corris, and was invited, not quite reluctantly but with no obvious enthusiasm, to lunch on Saturday.

It wasn't easy to drive the Allerton-Fawcet slowly — both Allerton and Fawcet must have been against it — but Tom did his best between the Crown and Lion at Anglefield, where Chas had removed himself and their two bags, and Bushworth Lodge. Pointing out not unreasonably that it was he who knew English roads and traffic, Chas had insisted upon taking the wheel himself between London

that just to break his bit of ice.

"But I'm afraid I'm going to be useless. You see, your father and mine saw very little of each other. They didn't get along at all. I remember meeting him a few times when I was quite young, and thinking him amusing and rather attractive. On the stage and all that — rather fascinating to a girl in her teens. But that's a long time ago. I haven't the least idea where he is now, what became of him..."

THERE she stopped. "What became of him," Tom repeated slowly, looking hard at her. She didn't meet his look but tried to seem busy taking a sip of sherry, not a convincing performance. "I think you know something that you suddenly decided not to tell me, Leonora. Don't forget, I've come a devil of a long way to find him. And anything might help."

"Well, it was all very embarrassing. It happened a year or two after the war. I can't remember the exact year. Dudley and I were married during the war, and somehow your father, whom I hadn't seen for years, found out my married name and where we were living. He came — and I must say looking rather shabby and dissipated — to borrow money, not just a few pounds but, I seem to remember, several hundreds. He was quite desperate, he said. He didn't explain why because Dudley came in then and was very curt with him — Dudley didn't like the look of him, and, anyhow, he hates people who try to borrow money — and there was an embarrassing little scene between them, and that — well, that was the end of it. I never saw him again."

"But did you ever hear of him again, Leonora?" She hesitated a moment, then began hastily: "Dudley always looks at a lot of newspapers. And one morning — a few months after your father had called on us — Dudley saw a paragraph in one of his papers. I don't remember the details, but it said that Charles Adamson, a former actor, had been sent to prison for handing out dud cheques all over the country. I'm sorry, Tom. I didn't want to tell you."

"That's all right," he heard himself saying. "In fact, now that I know, I'm not really surprised. I think an old actor friend of his I met suddenly remembered, but then pretended he hadn't. Somehow this prison thing has been in the air ever since I came over here. I think I feel better now the truth's out."

"Naturally, you'll want to know where this happened. And I wish I could tell you. But I simply don't remember. It wasn't in or near London, I'm sure of that. Somewhere in the Midlands or the North, I fancy," she concluded vaguely.

"I can try to find out. But it's years and years ago, and what's happened to him since, where he is now —" She sounded gloomy; he felt gloomy.

"Well, you found me out, didn't you, Tom?" She was being a bit sprightly, perhaps to cheer him up. "That was clever of you. How did you manage it?"

"That was easy. Your brother — Chas — told me."

"Oh! And there was plenty of meaning in it. 'Yes, of course — Charles. You're in touch with him, are you? Then I can tell you what's happening. He's told you he'll find your father for you in no time. And you're already discovering that it's all going

To page 62

THE BOYFRIEND



"Darling, if I'd only known you could cook like this — I'd have stayed at home tonight!"

savage attack up to now, to stare in apparent amazement. "Come off it, chum, come off it! Didn't I tell you as soon as you'd explained that I'd find him for you? What happens is this. You ring up my sister Leonora in the country — I'll give you the number — and say you're driving down Saturday morning to see her. She'll ask you to lunch if she isn't going out. I'll drive down with you — I know the way and it's a bit tricky — but you drop me at a rather good pub called the Crown and Lion, where we'll spend the night —"

"Do we have to spend the night?"

"Just let me explain before you start pulling a long face, Tom. This pub's at a place called Anglefield, which is halfway between Leonora's house, Bushworth Lodge, where I'm barred, and the vast bogus mansion owned and occupied by one Lady Ellowstone, who will be giving one of her notorious Saturday dinner parties."

"But do I want to attend one of this lady's notorious Saturday dinner parties, Chas?"

"You do but you don't know it. The old girl's very rich and quite barmy — been well round the bend for years. And her great thing, well, never mind about that now, I'll explain it later, when I've arranged for us to be invited. The point is — we need a car, and Monks' Allerton-Fawcet is a hell of a good buy and I want to nail him while he's still in the next room and half stoned. You can put your hand on three hundred and twenty-five pounds — cold cash — can't you, Tom?"

Tom had to admit that he could. His usual cautious prac-

and Anglefield. He did everything that Tom had always detested in other drivers. His aggressiveness and recklessness, selfishness and rudeness, were appalling. He behaved as if he hated all fellow-drivers, as if their very existence on the road was a planned insult.

Once Chas had been left behind, it was all different. Tom enjoyed the side roads he took, and the green-gold and white pastures, the sleepy villages, the vague hills, what seemed to him now the whole dream landscape of Oxfordshire. He was rather sorry when he arrived at Bushworth Lodge, a fair-sized mock-Tudor house among rosebeds and borders of the tall, blazing flowers of high summer.

His cousin Leonora herself was tall but far from blazing. She bore no resemblance whatever to her brother Chas, and their close blood relationship seemed incredible. She was a thin, wintry sort of woman, about fifty.

She explained at once that lunch would be rather late. Her husband was working with another MP — Bob Nokes, a Labor man — on a joint committee report, which they were anxious to complete before lunch as both of them had engagements later in the afternoon. So, if Tom had no objection, she would give him a glass of sherry in the garden and then, while they were alone, he could tell her what it was all about. She listened carefully to his brief account of himself and to his longer explanation of how he came to be looking for his father.

"I wish I could help," she said when he had done. "I really do, Tom. It seems odd to be calling you Tom, a complete stranger, but after all we are first cousins, aren't we?" "Yes, Leonora." He said

(Advertisement)



Keep a Firm Chineline

End wrinkle-dryness and sagging muscles caused by a lack of natural protective oils and diminished muscle tone by treating your chineline to a regular massage with vitalizing cream. Before retiring massage Ulan vitalizing night cream well into your chineline, moving from the cleft in the chin along the jawline to the ears. This tissue toning and massaging will keep your chineline youthfully firm, smooth and supple.



DON'T BE CAUGHT OUT BY INDIGESTION

Neutralise that excess acidity, get fast relief with the balanced formula of

DeWitt's
ANTACID POWDER OR TABLETS.

ESRON
COOGEE HEIGHTS MOTEL
96 St. Paul's Street,
RANDWICK, N.S.W.
50 new S.C. suites, ocean views, 40ft. pool. Every conv. for holidays.
\$5 daily 2 people, \$4 single.
39-2493

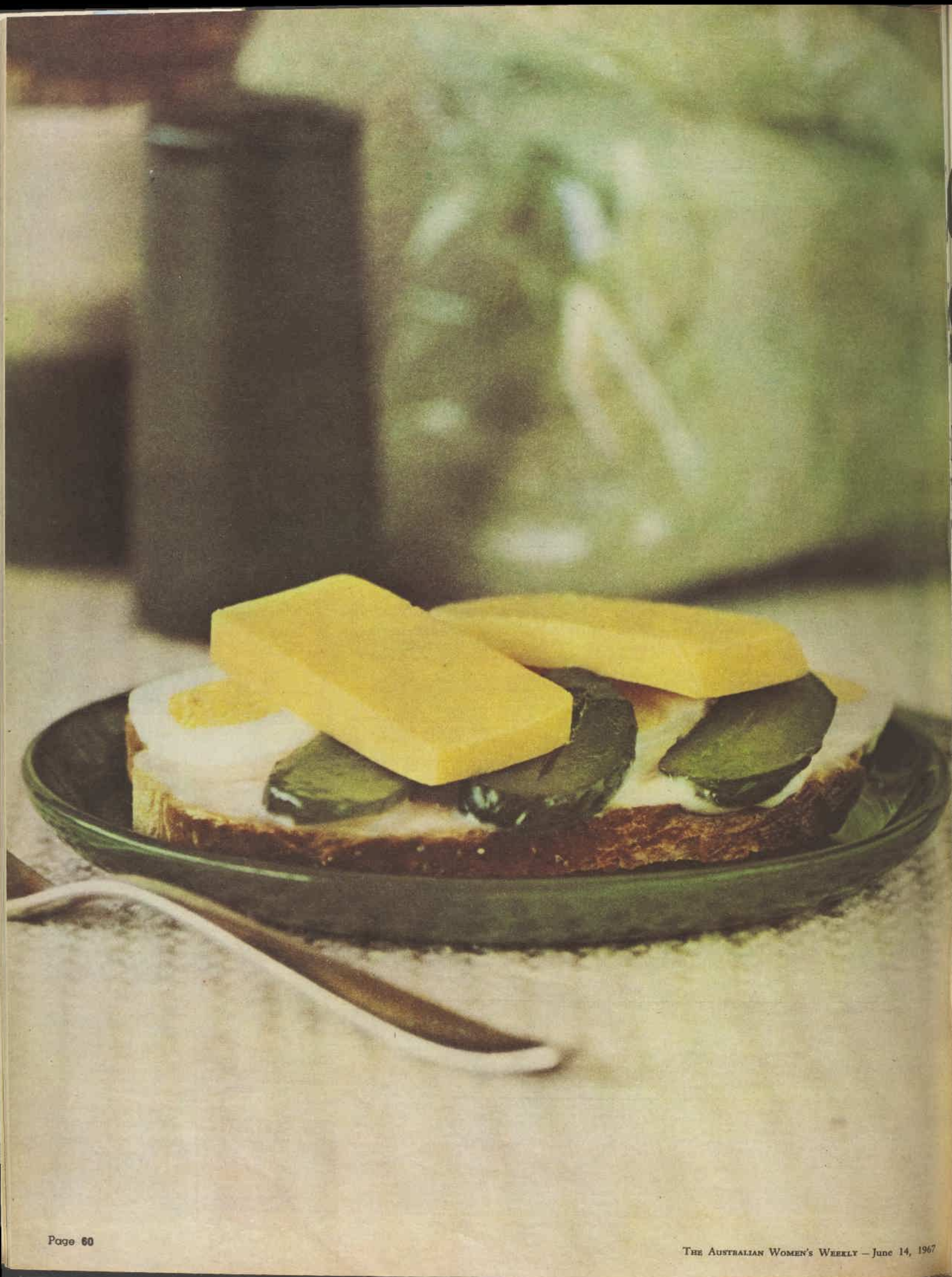
SORE THROAT

Double "D" eucalyptus breaks up stubborn head colds and bronchial coughs. Pure Double "D" eucalyptus is the safe, economical and efficient household remedy for throat, nose, chest and muscular ailments. Don't take chances — take Double "D."

With 101 uses in the home

DOUBLE "D"
EUCALYPTUS EXTRACT
The pure, strong eucalyptus with the sweet, fresh smell

All characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



The open-face sandwich!

It's the real thing when you make it with honest-to-goodness KRAFT Cheddar Cheese!

IT'S a quick and inviting lunch for a busy housewife because every bite of KRAFT Cheddar Cheese has the fresh taste you go for, just as much as the kids do. And how you all thrive on it! After all, it takes 8 pints of creamy milk to make every pound of KRAFT Cheddar Cheese. So it's little wonder you, and so many other mothers, rely on its purity and nourishment.

Open-face Sandwich:

Spread Vienna bread with butter and KRAFT Salad Dressing. Cover with slices of hard-boiled egg, gherkin and KRAFT Cheddar Cheese . . . you couldn't eat a more nourishing lunch if you spent an hour cooking it!

Four more good lunch ideas . . .

- 1 Cracker biscuits topped with lettuce, sliced cucumber and KRAFT Cheddar (specially good for Mondays!)
- 2 Toast spread with prepared mustard and topped with grilled pineapple, KRAFT Cheddar and bacon.
- 3 Rye bread spread with KRAFT Salad Dressing, topped with lettuce, sliced tomato and KRAFT Cheddar.
- 4 A long bread roll, slightly hollowed out and lined with lettuce. Filled with GREENSEAS® Tuna and topped with KRAFT Cheddar.



for good food and good food ideas
*Reg'd Trade Mark. KRAFT



It takes 8 pints of fresh, creamy milk to make every pound of KRAFT Cheddar Cheese



Date cake wins \$10

● A rich date cake, which will be a favorite for those with a sweet tooth, wins this week's prize of \$10 in our recipe contest.

THE prizewinning cake is flavored with rum and vanilla, and contains garam marsala, an Indian mixed spice that can be bought at large food stores.

A consolation prize of \$2 is awarded for a Hungarian casserole recipe—an unusually savory dish in which potatoes, smoked sausage, and bacon are combined. It is ideal for a winter meal.

RUM DATE CAKE

8oz. pitted dates
4oz. butter or substitute
1 cup boiling water
1 cup sugar
1 egg
1/4 teaspoon vanilla
3/4 tablespoons rum
1 1/2 cups sifted plain flour
1 teaspoon bicarb. soda
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon garam marsala spice
1/2 cup chopped hazelnuts

Chop dates, combine with boiling water, butter or substitute, sugar, and vanilla in heavy saucepan; heat to boiling. Cook approximately 10 minutes or until slightly thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, cool.

Beat egg in separate bowl, stir into cooled mixture. Sift flour, soda, salt, and spice, then fold into mixture gradually, making sure to blend well. Gently stir in rum and nuts. Pour into greased and lined 8in. square cake tin, bake in moderate oven approximately 45 minutes or until skewer inserted in centre comes out clean. Remove from oven, while still hot cover with frosting.

DATE FROSTING

8oz. chopped pitted dates
1 cup boiling water
4oz. butter or substitute
1 cup sugar
1 tablespoon rum

Place prepared dates, boiling water, butter or substitute, and sugar in saucepan, stir over moderate heat until mixture is very thick (approximately 20 minutes). Remove from heat, cool, add rum. When lukewarm, spread on cake, then cool cake completely in tin. Cut into small squares for serving.

This cake keeps well stored in the refrigerator.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. K. Hart, 16/58 Campbell Parade, Bondi, N.S.W.

HUNGARIAN CASSEROLE

1/2 lb. smoked sausage
1/2 lb. bacon pieces
1 1/2 lb. potatoes (boiled)
1/2 pint sour cream
salt, black pepper
green salad

Slice the cooked potatoes, line bottom of large casserole with the slices. Sprinkle with bacon pieces, arrange layer of sliced smoked sausage, dot with sour cream. Repeat layers until casserole is almost full; sprinkle black pepper and salt on final generous layer of sour cream. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes or until heated through thoroughly.

Serve with side-dish of green salad.

Consolation prize of \$2 to R. Baker, 14 Baltic St., Fairlight, N.S.W.

WRITING Aptitude Tests FREE!

Today, there is a big demand for Radio Script Writers, Journalists, Story Writing.

Send for the elaborate literature—Writing Ability Tests—it will lead to a wonderful opportunity to obtain an Impartial and Instructive Analysis of your chance of success in Story-writing, Journalism, Radio Script. If these Tests reveal that you have the necessary ability to become a Writer, you will receive an Invitation to take the Correspondence Training of the A.S.J. The decision to accept or decline rests, of course, entirely with yourself. Whether you pass the Tests or not, you will find this genuinely frank, sympathetic and constructive criticism most helpful—a thing that money can't buy. A panel of professional writers give you scientifically prepared Tests and Expert Criticism. This is your once-in-a-lifetime chance to find out if you have real hidden aptitude. Quantity of tests is limited, so mail the coupon NOW!

AUSTRALIAN SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM
50 Hotham Street, Melbourne, C.2

Please send me your Writing Aptitude Tests, without cost and without obligation. I am over 16 years of age.

Name _____

Address _____

State _____

W.W. JUNE, '67



PERIOD PAIN?

Subtly packed like a lipstick, powerful D&M Tablets are specially formulated to relieve severe periodic pain—quickly. To also help overcome associated feelings of depression, nervousness and fatigue.

D&M TABLETS

Sold only by chemists. 55 cents.



"15 yr. old corn vanishes"

writes Mrs. R. E. Smith, Glen Iris. See what Heros will do for you. Corns, callus, snagging roughness, nicotine stains wash away with one treatment. No dangerous blades. Cannot chemically affect skin. Greatest advance in 20 years. 79c all chemists.

Heros
chirology sponge

to be rather expensive. Am I right?"

"Quite right. I take it, Leonora, you don't approve of Chas?"

"I don't—no. I've been quite long-suffering with Charles. I never see him if I can possibly avoid it. And Dudley absolutely refuses to have him either in this house or in our London flat. You must understand, Tom, that Charles is utterly devoid of any scruples of any sort. You can't believe a word he says. He refuses to do any decent honest work. He's beastly with women. He never stops lying and cheating—"

"Yes, I know."

"Oh—you know?" She was really feeling surprised. "But, if so, why do you have anything to do with him? Don't believe for a moment he'll really help you to find your father. All he'll do is to spend your money and probably land you into trouble. So why have anything to do with him? You're obviously not his type at all. Unless I'm very much mistaken, Tom, you're a quiet, sensible, conscientious person, just the opposite of Charles—"

"But that's the point, I think."

"What is? I don't see what you mean."

"It's not easy to explain, Leonora. In order to find my father, I'm having to turn my life upside down. And I suppose what fascinates me about Chas—or Charles, if you prefer it—is that he's anything but quiet, sensible, conscientious, so entirely different from what I am—or was. He's myself upside down, so to speak. And, of course, I know very well—I may be a bit naive, but I'm really not a fool—that Chas would never spend even half a morning really trying to trace my father."

TOM

smiled. "I also know already that he's an expensive chum to have around. That car you saw me arrive in was entirely his idea. Even so—and this is the hard part to explain, Leonora—I can't help feeling that it may be through Chas—me-upside-down—that I may find my father if I'm ever going to find him. You're looking puzzled. I don't blame you. Perhaps it's something any woman would find it hard to understand—"

There he had to stop because Tweedledum and Tweedledee, smelling of whisky, joined them. Tweedledum turned out to be Leonora's husband, Sir Dudley Corris, Conservative Member of Parliament, and Tweedledee Mr. Bob Nokes, Labor Member of Parliament and a trade union leader. Sir Dudley was rather pinker and smoother and better-dressed, and the Nokes eyebrows and moustache were rather larger and fiercer; but there really was very little difference in their appearance. Tom, who after all had spent some years lecturing on political and economic subjects, did not propose to stand any nonsense from them.

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words. Enclose stamps in cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4083WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

IT'S AN OLD COUNTRY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

"Coming from Australia," Sir Dudley told him, "you'll never believe, I dare say, that Bob and I are really at daggers drawn."

"No, I won't," said Tom coolly. "Because I don't believe you are."

"Ah, that's where you're wrong," said Nokes triumphantly. "Oh—on a little matter like this joint committee we can work together all right, just as we've done this morning—eh, Dudley?"

"Quite right, Bob."

"I don't say we can't be friends outside the House. We can. It's a matter of pride that we can—not like in most countries where the parties are at one another's throats, day and night, anywhere and everywhere—"

"They've never had the parliamentary experience we've had in this country," Sir Dudley remarked with some complacency.

"Or, of course, there may be some real differences between them," Tom told the politicians. They stared at him with almost as much surprise as they would have felt if one of the characters in the hunting prints on the wall had suddenly addressed them.

"I'm sure somebody would like another cutlet," said Leonora. "They're quite small." And they were, too; it was a meagre lunch. Tom, who was hungry, hoped that this mysterious mad Lady Ellowstone, if she invited him and Chas, would have a less frugal notion of dinner.

"Don't you be misled by appearances—er—Tom— isn't it?" Sir Dudley was rather patronising. "No doubt it all seems rougher and tougher in Australia."

"I'll bet it does," Nokes told them. "I was there a few years ago. Fairly rough and tough. A real democracy."

"It's only Australian journalism and manners that are rough and tough," said Tom, determined now to assert himself. "Politically it's really a timid country—has been for years. Academic people, university teachers—and, remember, I'm one—seem to me far bolder here, altogether more independent, than they are over there."

"Isn't that interesting?" said Leonora, appealing to nobody in particular and without any sign of interest in her voice.

"I understand you haven't been here since you were a small child," Sir Dudley said to him. "How does this country strike you?"

"I've not had a chance to look at it properly yet," said Tom. "But so far it seems one part garden to three parts rubbish heap."

The Nokes eyebrows moved down. "Hard to please, aren't you, young man?"

"Probably, Mr. Nokes. But aren't most people too easily pleased? They are in Australia."

"I've always wondered," Leonora began. But then she stopped, and on her face was an expression Tom hadn't seen on it before. It suddenly made her look fully alive, though not entirely happily, for it was without a certain apprehension. She was looking at somebody who had just entered the room, behind Tom's back. "Edward—Ted—you're shockingly late, you know. Mr. Nokes—Tom—this is our son, who is Edward but likes to be called Ted."

"I'm not shockingly late if I didn't come in here to eat, am I?" Ted muttered to his mother. "Just looked in to say I'm off to London and don't know when I'll be back—not before Monday, that's certain." He didn't look at his father, who also seemed to

avoid looking at him: they weren't even on looking terms, Tom decided.

"Your—what-is-it?— combination—group," said Leonora, forcing a smile of sorts out of what must have been a dreadful mixture of love, fear, misery, "has engagements tonight and tomorrow, has it?"

"A bit dicy, but I'm hoping so."

"I bet you play a guitar, don't you, young fellow?" cried Nokes jovially.

"Yes, I do. What do you play?"

"Solo whist when I get a chance. And that's not often. I'm too busy helping to keep this country going."

"Going where—for heaven's sake? No. don't tell me. Just save it, Dad."

SIR DUDLEY

jumped up, scarlet with fury. "Shut up and get out!"

"Suits me." And Ted went out. With a cry that might have meant anything, his mother hurried out after him. "I'm sorry, Bob—talking to you like that—"

"Don't mention it, Dudley. They're all alike—idle and impudent young beggars. You get 'em in Australia, too, I expect, Mr.—er—"

"Oh—yes, Sydney's full of 'em. I've even got students who look and talk like that."

The Tweedledum-Tweedledee battle, chiefly for his benefit, Tom felt, was resumed in the garden. Sir Dudley was all for private enterprise, proper rewards for initiative, no encouragement for idleness, no interference from the State; and Nokes rattled away about the public ownership of the means of production, the elimination of the profit motive, the strength and glory of the trade union movement; and they seemed to Tom like an alternating pair of gramophones or tape-recorders. He was almost asleep when the two politicians left him for their afternoon engagements; and then—and then...

He seemed to be waiting outside some prison gates for his father. Several faceless sort of men came out, then at last his father. Tom knew at once this was his father. But then, as the figure came nearer, Tom also knew that his father had borrowed most of his face from Fergus—the never-quite-sober elderly head porter at the hotel—a very silly thing to do, though he didn't feel he could say so to his father...

"Did I waken you? What a shame!" Leonora was giving him as good a smile as she had in stock. She was now looking quite smart in a garden-party kind of way. Obviously she was expecting guests.

"Sorry about this," Tom said, struggling out of his chair. "I ought to have cleared out. I'll do it now."

"No, please don't if you haven't to be anywhere else in a hurry. I have to entertain a County Conservative Women's group and they'll all be much happier if they find a good-looking young man passing them things. I really mean it. You'll be doing me a favor, Tom."

Half an hour later he was toiling away among the assembled ladies, all middle-aged to elderly. When they stopped talking about gardens, they talked about sons or grandsons at school or in college. No girls ever seemed to be mentioned. Nor for that matter any rebels like Ted. Just an undeviating male line of succession.

Did these women ever tell themselves that their whole style of life, roses and lawns and schools and all, might easily collapse? Were they brave or utterly damned stupid? Leonora, for instance. Why did she have to pretend she had never known anything but this country-house, land-owning life, when, in fact, she had merely married a contractor who had made money and got himself into the House and had been knighted for his docility? And then, just when she had fitted herself neatly into the long-established pattern, she had found herself facing Ted.

And Ted came back into the picture. This was when Tom found himself offering a piece of chocolate cake to the only young girl at the party. She looked about eighteen. She insisted upon detaining him. "Where do you come into this?"

"Well, I'm Leonora Corris' cousin from Australia. I was lunching here and then stayed to make myself useful."

"Where's Ted?"

"He went to London."

"Oh—blast! I ought to have known he would. I think Ted's rather fab, don't you?"

"Not exactly, no. But I'm a square type."

The last of them went about half-past five, and then he told Leonora he ought to go, too.

"Sit down a minute, Tom. You've been so kind and patient, I really am very grateful. Would you like a drink now? Sure? Well, do sit down and let's talk seriously for a little while."

"What about?" he said as he stretched himself out in the low cane chair again.

"Well, I was wondering if you could help me with Ted."

"No, I couldn't, Leonora. Not because I've other things to do—though of course I have—but simply because it would be quite useless. Youngsters like Ted can't be got at. They seal themselves in. Until they're ready to come out, they have

To page 64



LOOK FOR
Lincoln
QUALITY FAMILY KNITTING WOOLS



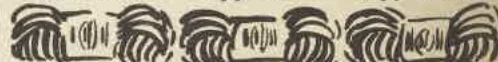
Famous Lincoln high-quality, medium-priced knitting wools have been sold throughout Australia since 1918.

LINCOLN
—the best buy in any ply.

5 ply Crepette

8 ply Buffalo

12 ply Stick Knit



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—June 14, 1967

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.



● Continental vase.

I AM enclosing two snapshots (one published) of my vase and would like to know its history, where it was made, and when. I enclose a sketch of the mark on the base of the vase. — Mrs. K. R. Winn, Newcastle, N.S.W.

This unique Continental porcelain vase is a reproduction of the antique style of the third quarter of the nineteenth century. The exquisitely hand-painted Watteauesque sub-

ject, which is typically eighteenth century in character together with the naturalistic panel of flowers on the reverse side, bears witness to the Meissen or Dresden (both terms being synonymous) porcelains.

The mark which appears on the base of your example is a pseudo-Cadeuceus mark; the Cadeuceus mark was originally employed at Meissen for a short period from about 1724. It is doubtful whether vases similar to

your example were made as early as the second quarter of the eighteenth century.

Your aristocratic ceramic specimen was made about 1855 to 1870.

The early marks of Meissen which usually appear in underglaze blue were much copied throughout the latter half of the nineteenth century. Also the marks which occur on eighteenth-century Sevres porcelains were also imitated.

Home is a ragged teddy bear
Home is a squeaky rocking chair
Home is the happy laugh your child makes
Home is a bowl of
Kellogg's Corn Flakes
The big flakes with the BIG FLAVOUR

IN The Australian Women's Weekly of April 26 you have a picture of a Rockingham plate. I have a complete tea service, each piece with a crown on the base. It also has the letter "R" and the word "England" and a mark (illustrated) on each piece. Can you tell me about it?—Mrs. D. Farmer, Ulverstone, Tas.

Undoubtedly, your tea service is not an original Rockingham set. The mark you have illustrated together with the word "England" indicate that the set was made in Staffordshire after 1891. The Rockingham factory ceased production in 1842.

★ ★ ★
WOULD you tell me the age and any details of my marine barometer and thermometer. I enclose photos (one used, below). The thermometer measures overall length 37in. and is brass mounted like a ship's compass. It is a relic of the sailing-ship days. The only distinguishable mark is the L. Casella and Col. London, which you can see on the close-up of the head. I would also like the make and date of my two figurines (photograph enclosed but not used).

They stand 11in. high and have a blue anchor underneath the base.—I. D. Clerke, Gardenvale, Vic.

This interesting mercurial marine barometer — stick variety — was made during the Victorian era — about 1845-65. Incidentally, the mercurial barometer was invented by Torricelli in 1618. In England barometers similar in design to your example were made during the Queen Anne (1702-1714) era. It was about this time that Daniel Quare, the noted horologist, made some fine "stick" barometers. It is doubtful whether their quality has been surpassed!

The biscuit porcelain figurines are late nineteenth century — minor Dresden ware made about 1875 to 1885.



● Victorian barometer.

What can I do about my Varicose Veins?

Get Venoruton Tablets today. In a few weeks, you can be rid of the swelling, pain and discomfort that hinder you from full enjoyment of living. Even advanced cases can get relief and check more serious developments. Venoruton has been tested successfully for over 10 years on actual varicose sufferers. Venoruton will help you, too.

Ask your family chemist today about Venoruton or write to SERA Pty. Ltd., Dept. 8H, P.O. Box 241, Lane Cove, N.S.W., for a free copy of "The Venoruton Health Plan."

Venoruton tablets
—for varicose veins

FROM THE RESEARCH LABORATORIES
OF SYMA, SWITZERLAND

VEN33M (D)

to be left alone. Don't forget, I've known dozens of them. If you try to put any pressure on them, they'll be worse, not better, go really wild. And — you won't like this — it might be better for the time being if he didn't even try to spend part of his life here — Oh, hell — I'm getting pompous. Sorry, Leonora!"

"I'm still wondering if I ought to have told you about your father going to prison —"

"And I still say yes. It may help me to find him, if he can be found. And I have a feeling that he can."

"But, please, don't believe you can do it through Charles. I hate to talk like this, Tom, against my own brother, the only one I have. But Charles isn't just lazy and extravagant and wild — he's wicked — really wicked. And his wickedness can't help you or anybody else."

"If this worries you, Leonora, I wish you'd remember what I said earlier—"

IT'S AN OLD COUNTRY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

"That upside-down business? I'm afraid I didn't understand what you meant, Tom."

"I'm not sure I do — yet. But, anyhow, I'll try to be careful — No, I won't say that. Perhaps I've always been too careful, and that's why I had to meet Chas. Now I must go, Leonora — and thank you for having me here." As they skirted the house and came in sight of the Allerton-Fawcett, he handed her a card. "The address and phone number of my hotel. It's just possible you might remember something else about my father. And you could ask your husband if he remembers anything. I'd be deeply grateful if you'd let me know — the sooner the better, please. Right?"

"Yes, of course, Tom. But I hope you'll come down here again—"

"I'd like to, but I don't know where this father business may take me—"

At the Crown and Lion, Anglefield, Chas, half undressed in his bedroom, was drinking whisky and sorting out a pile of full-dress evening clothes, orders, decorations, ribbons. "You owe me two quid, Tom, for your share of this lot, so hand them over."

Chas already owed him a great deal more than that, but Tom decided not to mention it at this moment and gave him two pound notes. "What's it all about?"

Chas grinned. "I'll explain later. But we ought to get a move on now. We're due there at eight. I've had to guess your size in tails and everything else, but I don't think I'll be far out. Now, as orders and decorations must be worn, I'm giving you this lot. You're getting the Imperial Service Order, then

St. Michael and St. George, a Knight Commandership of the British Empire, and this very tasty Order of the Golden Eagle — Rumanian, I fancy. I've bagged the Bath — I mean the Order of, not the bathroom, which is all yours. But get a move on, Tom. If we're late, we miss half the fun—"

"But I can't wear—"

"Yes, you can. Everybody's in the gag except the old girl herself and she's completely barmy. Come on, chum, be a sport. Here you are." And he dumped all the stuff on Tom and almost pushed him out of the bedroom.

AS he changed, Tom reflected that only Chas, with his upside-down values, his gusto, his curiously hypnotic quality, could have induced him to take part in such a masquerade.

"As I told you," Chas said as he sent the Allerton-Fawcett shooting out of Anglefield, "Lady Ellowstone — Gladys — is well round the bend, has been for years, but she's allowed to keep and to spend quite a large packet of the millions her husband left. He was a shipping man. They say she was originally a barmaid, but that's never mentioned. Most of the time she lives quietly in this damn great house, but she insists upon giving these Saturday-night dinners, when orders and decorations must be worn."

"She has a secretary-companion, Miss Trask, who, of course, is in the know. But the man who really runs these dinners is an artful old sod called Bassenthwaite, who's really an old character actor who functions as her majordomo-cum-butler. He keeps a room at the Crown and Lion, where he hires out these rigs and decorations. Half the guests are out-of-work actors and actresses, and the rest are odd-balls like me — and you, for that matter, chum. By the way, I'll be Lord Ashtreeplace—"

"Not very inventive there, are you, Chas?"

"No, but it serves. You'd better be simply Sir Thomas Adamson—"

"No cover there, Lord Ashtreeplace."

"You don't need any. Of course, rumors go floating round, but Miss Trask and Bassenthwaite sit tight on any publicity. And Bassenthwaite has a pal called Crike, who's a private detective. A few months ago, a gossip man from one of the Sundays bribed his way in, but Crike soon knew too much about him and killed his story. Crike'll be there tonight. He comes as a bishop. If I get the chance I'll ask him about finding your old man."

"I'll admit I rather fancied myself when I saw how I looked as a fraud," Tom said, "but even so I don't see how you and the rest find this charade worth the time and trouble. And don't tell me, Chas, you've taken pity on the poor old lady."

"Hell, no! But it's a giggle. And then old Bassenthwaite, who knows about food and drink and hasn't to count the pennies, lays on a marvellous dinner—you'll see."

The drive must have been half a mile long. The vast house that rose up through the green dusk seemed to be something between a mansion and a belated castle, with terraces below and turrets above. In the courtyard half a dozen cars, ranging from a gigantic old Rolls to a three-wheel bubble, were already parked, and there were two or three more arriving behind the Allerton-Fawcett.

A multitude of lights had been turned on; there were

two footmen in uniform just inside the immense hall; and as Tom, guided by Chas, crossed it and then turned to the right, there, standing between the open double doors, wearing some kind of uniform in black velvet and a gold chain and holding a large gilt-edged card, was one of the most impressive figures Tom had ever seen.

"Good evening, Bassenthwaite," said Chas in a condescending Lord Ashtreeplace manner.

"Good evening, my lord. And good evening to you, Sir Thomas. I'll announce his lordship first, Sir Thomas."

Bassenthwaite then moved forward several stately paces, produced a cough that was an apology of the utmost dignity, and then announced in a magnificently rich tone: "Your ladyship — Lord Ashtreeplace, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honorable Order of the Bath, Knight Commander of the Royal Victorian Order, Officer First Class of the Ancient Latvian Order of the Bear."

Tom then heard himself announced: "Sir Thomas Adamson, Knight Commander of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, Companion of the Imperial Service Order, Knight Commander of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire, and Paladin of the Ancient Order of the Golden Eagle."

He moved toward a blaze of jewels and then found himself bowing over the hand of their wearer, Lady Ellowstone, who appeared to be stoutly built but yet had a very thin face. Her head wobbled constantly, almost indignantly — as if it wanted to be somewhere else. The company he now joined looked extraordinarily distinguished. Sherry and various cocktails were being offered, accepted, and disposed of at a rate perhaps rather uncommon in the highest circles.

The drawing-room was very big, and everything in it seemed to be very big, too: settees that could make six giants comfortable; pots that four men would have to lift; indoor plants that would not have looked out of place in a primeval forest; and lights sufficient for an airport. This overall bigness, together with all the colored sashes, stars, orders, medals, suggested that a curtain would soon rise in one of the world's larger opera houses: all that was lacking was the sound of an eighty-man orchestra playing the overture, though music of a sort was coming from somewhere.

Tom, anxious not to feel nervous or foolish, and keeping drinking time with the company, swallowed three powerful dry martinis, and after being introduced by Lord Ashtreeplace to a countess, a dame, two rather pretty girl honorables, and several assorted peers and an admiral who was already more than half plastered, began to feel a little drunk himself. Crike, a large, slack sort of man with one eye that drooped and ran, was there as the Bishop of Murchester. In his most magnificent manner, Bassenthwaite announced to her ladyship, their excellencies and lordships, etc., etc., that dinner was served.

There were place-names at the dining table, the longest Tom had ever seen and really a wonderful sight. Chas had been right about Bassenthwaite as a caterer. The menu opened with caviar, smoked salmon, pate de foie gras, dallied delicately with consommé, then forged ahead

To page 65

Special people brush with



the special toothbrush



**Only Tek has
ANTI-GERM
built-in germ
fighting action**

Johnson & Johnson

T4632B

Page 64

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 14, 1967

IT'S AN OLD COUNTRY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

"Well, I'm going, anyhow. And thanks for being so nice to me. You're sweet." And she gave him a quick kiss and hurried indoors.

"You're looking rather dishevelled, Lord Ashtreeplace." "I know. That's why I wanted to get hold of you. Here — let's move out of the light." Chas stopped after they had gone a few paces. "Quite simple, Sir Thomas. Seem to have lost my handkerchief, so I want to borrow yours for a minute — just for a quick tidy-up."

AFTER doing some rather vague work with the handkerchief, Chas grinned. "Never worn tails before, have you, old boy? Well, you never keep a handkerchief in your trousers pocket. It's low — damn low. You pop it into the pocket in the tail — like this. See?"

"Well, now that's settled, what about going? I'm ready, Chas."

"I've had all I want except a drink or two for the road. But I have to see Bassenthwaite for a minute or two. Don't know why, but I like to keep in with him. He has a little room of his own just off the dining-room. Stick around, Tom. Give yourself a drink. There's an old malt whisky in there that's pretty marvellous."

"I might risk one with plenty of water. But what about our hostess? Don't we thank her — and so forth?"

"Vanished, I think, chum. In a tizzy about something somebody said. Well — Bassenthwaite now. See you later."

Tom was enjoying the old malt, standing alone near the grog tray, when suddenly he found himself staring at the drooping moist eye of the Bishop of Murchester, who then filled and emptied a whisky glass so quickly that it seemed like a conjuring trick. As soon as he had done this and had turned to Tom, he seemed to rid himself of any ecclesiastical suggestion and become Crike, private investigator.

"Finish your drink, if you don't mind, Mr. Adamson," he said in a hoarse low tone, "because, if it's all the same to you, I want you to come outside and walk along the terrace as far as the dining-room. OK?"

"If it'll amuse you, Mr. Crike," Tom whispered, "but what's the point of it?" However, he finished his drink.

"Tell you when we're outside." Then, when they were walking along the terrace, he went on: "From outside the dining-room I can see the door to Bassenthwaite's pantry. He has your cousin in there now. That's right,

isn't it — cousin? I thought so. Well, when Bassenthwaite's done with him, he may — or may not — want to see you, Mr. Adamson. And he'll give me a signal. So that's why we're here."

"Yes, Mr. Crike," said Tom, more amused than annoyed, "but you're not explaining what it's all about. Bassenthwaite may want to see me. But do I want to see him? That seems to have been taken for granted."

"I don't think you'll object as soon as Bassenthwaite has explained. Ah — your cousin's coming out now. Very jaunty. You keep back a minute, just till he gets out of the dining-room." Then, after a pause: "All right now, and Bassenthwaite's given me the signal. So in we go, Mr. Adamson."

Bassenthwaite was in his shirtsleeves, smoking a pipe. It was a large pantry and Bassenthwaite had turned it

into a kind of sitting-room. He pointed to one comfortable chair and took its companion himself. This left Crike standing, but apparently he wasn't staying. "I'll look in again in about ten minutes — eh? I take it our friend had nothing to hide. Didn't expect he would have. Too fly. I'll go and circulate." And off he went.

"Well, Mr. Bassenthwaite, you gave me a superb dinner, so if there's anything I can do in return, tell me what it is."

"I'm glad you enjoyed it, Mr. Adamson." Even in his shirtsleeves, smoking a pipe, Bassenthwaite still had a weighty dignity. But now the butler had vanished and in his place was the old actor — and he must have been about seventy — who had played so many noble Romans and great Renaissance princes that something of their manner and weight remained with him. "And all I want you to do in return, as you put it, is to turn out your pockets for

me." And clearly he wasn't joking.

Tom stared at him. "I think you'll have to explain why. Am I supposed to have stolen something?"

"Crike and I believe somebody has. It's an emerald bracelet that Lady Ellowstone was wearing. The clasp must have given way — we've had trouble with it before — but exactly when and where we don't know. But the bracelet's gone — and somebody has it."

"Is that why Chas was in here? Well, I'll turn out my pockets for you." Tom stood up. "But I must point out that apart from the moment when we shook hands I was never anywhere near Lady Ellowstone either during dinner or afterwards, when I was out on the terrace with a girl."

Bassenthwaite nodded. "Crike pointed that out, too. Even so — just humor me, will you, Mr. Adamson?"

To page 66



Beautify Your Hair

YOUR hair will reflect a new loveliness and lustre — the delightful translucent glow you see when looking into the depths of amber or precious stones. It is clearer, cleaner and more radiant when beautified with the modern "Peek-In" glow shampoo by Delph.



If your pillow is flat and limp — If your pillow is hard and lumpy — If you just can't get a good night's sleep

invest in rest, that's best



DE 004

TONTINE PILLOWS

FILLED WITH PURE LUXURIOUS DACRON® FIBRE

Easy lies the head that rests upon a Tontine pillow. Made of pure polyester fibre, encased in the finest, close weave, white Japara cloth, Tontine pillows stay soft and plump throughout their long life. Puff back into perfect shape every time. Completely hygienic. Tontine pillows are also non-allergenic — a benefit to hay-fever and asthma sufferers. \$4.95 at all good furniture stores and emporiums. Tontine, the finest pillow that's ever been. Sweet dreams.

* Dupont's registered trade mark.



Page 65

LULUBELLE



"Give me my ALL, please!"

RIVETS



"Certainly. And it won't take long. All I have in this suit—look—a wallet, some loose change, and a box of matches—"

"No handkerchief?"

"Oh, yes—of course—it's in some mysterious back pocket that Chas discovered for me." He pulled out his handkerchief, but there was something else there, and he pulled that out, too. And in the tiniest fraction of time before his fingers actually touched the thing he had known what it would be.

"Thank you, Mr. Adamson," Bassenthwaite said as he took the bracelet. "Quite small, as you can see, but a very nice piece—beautifully matched stones—and her ladyship's very fond of it. She may be vague about titles and decorations and the kind of people who have 'em and now and again she's given me a look as if to say she

IT'S AN OLD COUNTRY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

knows it's only a show I'm putting on for her—but she isn't vague about her jewellery. I'll send her maid up with this shortly."

"I hope you don't imagine I took that bracelet—"

"I'm sure you didn't. In fact, I'm sure you didn't know it was there. Even if you could have taken it, you're not that good an actor. I've seen too many in my time trying to act astonishment. No, our friend Chas took that bracelet—Crike says he'd plenty of opportunity just after dinner—and then he popped it into your back pocket—"

Tom couldn't deny it. "But it was just one of his idiotic jokes,

you know, Mr. Bassenthwaite. A joke against me as well as you—"

"Might have been, might not," Bassenthwaite looked hugely dubious: he had the face for it.

"Ugly bit of work, I'd say. And he doesn't come here again. Of course, you may think this whole dinner business on the ugly side—a lot of people pretending to be what they aren't and dressing up to deceive a silly old woman. But it makes her happy for an hour or two. And if it was all the real thing, would it be much better? Might even be worse, taking itself seriously and not making anybody feel happier." He put down his pipe, got up, and struggled into his uniform coat. "Have to get back

on the job. Ah—this'll be Crike. Come in, Mr. Crike."

"By the look and sound of you, I'd say you've found it. Planted?"

"Planted in Mr. Adamson's tail pocket. He thinks it was just a joke, so we'll leave it at that, though, of course, Chas Adamson doesn't come here again. Now I must get back on duty, also send this bracelet up to her ladyship. But if you'd like to stay and have a word with Mr. Adamson about his father, you do so, Mr. Crike."

"What's this about my father?" Tom asked as soon as he was alone with Crike. "How did you know I was looking for him? Did Chas tell you?"

"He told Bassenthwaite, who told me. Now Bassenthwaite knew your father when he'd stopped calling himself Adamson—"

"When and where was this?"

"Hold on, Mr. Adamson. I'm a private investigator—that's my living—so I sell information, I don't give it away."

"But this was Bassenthwaite's—"

"And he let me have it. I could please myself about passing it on to you. After all—and I'll say it again—I make my living selling information. Now I don't know how you're fixed financially. Could you afford my services?"

"I imagine so," Tom told him rather stiffly.

CRIKE waited a moment. "Aren't you going to ask me what my terms are, Mr. Adamson?"

"No, I'm not, Mr. Crike. I came over here to find my father myself, not to employ somebody else to do it. And I must add that I resent your refusal to tell me what Bassenthwaite told you."

"I've already explained that, Mr. Adamson. As for finding him yourself, I doubt if you've a hope in hell of doing it—that is, without competent professional assistance. It isn't even the needle in the haystack, because once a man's been in prison and has changed his name, you might say he's trying to stop even looking like a needle. But here's my card, Mr. Adamson. Go on, take it. You might change your mind. It's my experience that people are always doing that about my kind of work."

"Possibly." Deciding now that he didn't take to Crike, Tom was stiff with him. He was equally stiff with Chas on their way back to the Crown and Lion. When asked what had happened in Bassenthwaite's room, he was coldly curt. "Bassenthwaite knew at once you'd planted that bracelet in my back pocket. I told him it was one of your idiotic jokes. He was dubious. But then, so was I. You'd have kept it, wouldn't you, Chas, if you could have done?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"That makes you a thief."

"Don't be such a prig. The old doddypot has more jewellery than she knows what to do with. And she can't live much longer, anyhow. I can, and I'd have done nicely for the next few months on what that bracelet would have fetched."

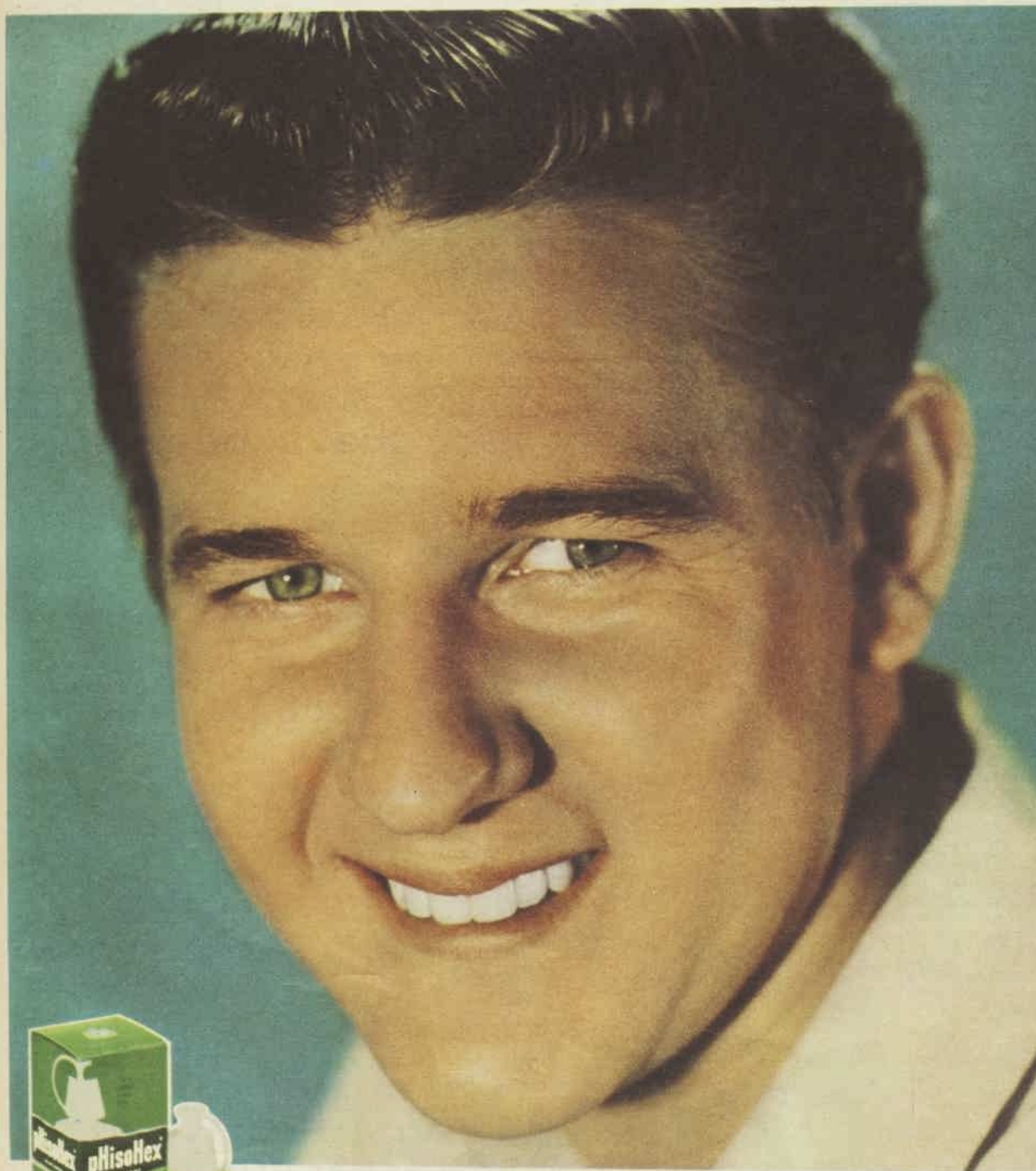
"I still don't like thieves."

They went in silence to their bedrooms. When Chas came down next morning, after Tom had finished his breakfast, he announced that he hated Sundays in London and had rung up some friend who didn't live too far away and were picking him up in a car in time for lunch and had asked him to stay the night. So Tom returned to London alone in the Allerton-Fawcett, taking a picnic lunch and doing a certain amount of exploring down sideroads, which for the most part turned out to be extremely dull. And Sunday night in his hotel was even duller. He went to bed early and read a paperback.

To be continued

Our serial condensation is from the novel "It's An Old Country," by J. B. Priestley, published by Heinemann.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—June 14, 1967



SELF-CONFIDENCE — AND AN ACNE-FREE COMPLEXION

If you are embarrassed by acne or skin blemishes—if you are not completely satisfied with your skin—regular washing with pHisoHex will help you through the "acne years." pHisoHex helps because it is a special liquid cleanser that thoroughly removes all dirt, grease and grime. It contains no harmful alkali. But it does contain a powerful antibacterial germ fighter, hexachlorophene, which can stop tiny blemishes from developing into unsightly pimples. You simply wash with pHisoHex, instead of soap, 3 or 4 times every day to help clear your skin of acne—and then to help it stay clear. For skin medication between washes, use pHorac Cream. Flesh coloured, it hides pimples while it heals. Winthrop Laboratories, Ermington, N.S.W.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS

pHisoHex

contains 3% hexachlorophene
(Pronounced Fy-so-hex)
ALSO AVAILABLE IN NEW ZEALAND

BUTTERICK PATTERNS

57.—A-line yoked dress with cuffed sleeves. Pattern carries varied necklines and sleeves. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.



58.—Young cut-out jacket and knee-length hip-length skirt without waistband. Bust sizes: Teen 28, 29, 31, Young jun. 30, 33in. Teen 30, 34, 36in. Price 65 cents includes post.



4143.—Little girl's dress with full circular skirt attached at hipline. Elasticised full-length sleeves as shown, or sleeveless or short sleeves in pattern. Sizes 4 to 14 (23, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32in. chest). Price 50 cents includes post.



4190.—Slim, slightly A-line evening dress. Street-length dress, sleeveless or with full-length sleeves, also in pattern. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 70 cents includes post.



2198.—Lovely knee-length nightgown with curved yoke and lace trim. Shortie pyjamas, brunch coat, and long pyjamas also in pattern. Sizes 22, 34, 36, 38, 40in. bust. Price 50 cents includes postage.



3999.—Slim skirt with waistband or without. A-line skirt with or without waistband also in pattern. Sizes 24, 25, 26, 28, 30, 32in. waist. Price 60 cents includes postage.



BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME	DESIGN	SIZE	PRICE
ADDRESS			

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

A POWER cable leads to Goat Island in the middle of the harbor. Is this what caused the blackout? Mandrake and the police head for the island to find out. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Time in Basel can be priceless (11).
- Giraffe-like animal in Africa (5).
- He dabbles with the feet in shallow water (7).
- Eject out of Mediterranean island (7).
- Germany's steel production centre (5).
- Move out of place (4).
- The Duke in Shakespeare's "As You Like It," Act II, Scene I, tells that those of adversity are sweet (4).
- Perplexes by questions (5).
- You in a torn raglan are stiff in manner (7).
- Withdraw concerning a religious leaflet (7).
- I break a game for a picture (5).
- Grammatical competition with one insect (8-3).



Solution of last week's crossword.

- Ann's cue for shades of difference (7).
- Aromatic vegetable substance used to flavor food (5).
- Direct in writing (7).
- Cheerful songs could be still (5).
- A Swiss canton or a French department, for instance (7, 4).

DOWN

- Good ones can't-tolerate an empty plate (8-3).
- Look cautiously from both sides (4).
- Set up in a stable (7).
- Rescue property from any peril surrounded by an ointment (7).
- Ended by a top astronomer (4).
- Erect (3, 2).
- Composer of the "Peer Gynt Suite" (5).

Solution will be published next week.

Overflowing with family appeal..



There is no more exciting biscuit assortment than this. Imagine—the sweetness of Nice, the warmth of Ginger Nut, the richness of Butter Oat Cake—and lots more of your favourite biscuits, all true Arnott's quality. And they're kept fresh—in every new-look, double-wrapped pack. There's goodness, too, found only in the biscuits made by Arnott's—where quality ingredients come first.

NICE/GINGER NUT
BUTTER OAT CAKE
MORNING COFFEE
COCONUT BAR
ORANGE TEA/PRINCESS



Arnott's FAMILY ASSORTED Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality

202/67

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 14, 1967